Collier's

JUNE 12, 1943

TEN CENTS

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NAVY CROSS

AWARDED TO
T. JAMES E. SANDS
ION AT GUADALCANAL
Oct. 26, 1942

See page 14

NE12, 1943

LOUIS BROMFIELD
It's a Farmer's War, Too

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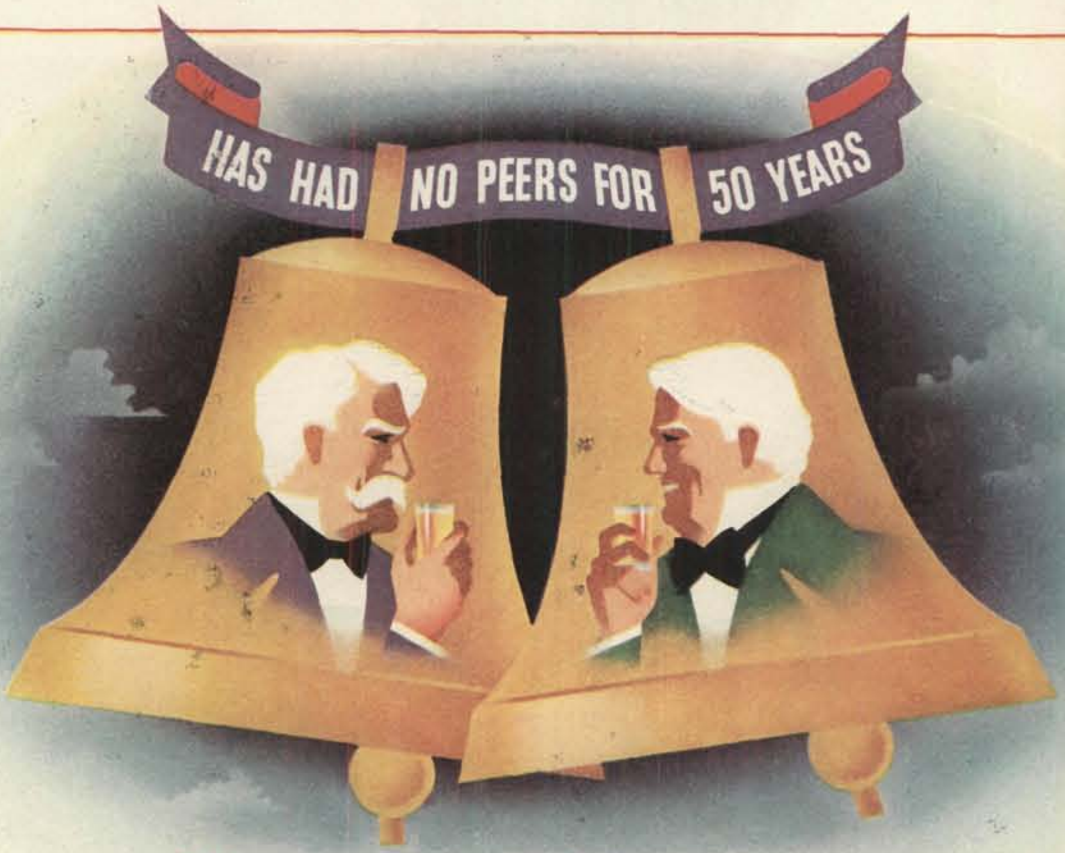
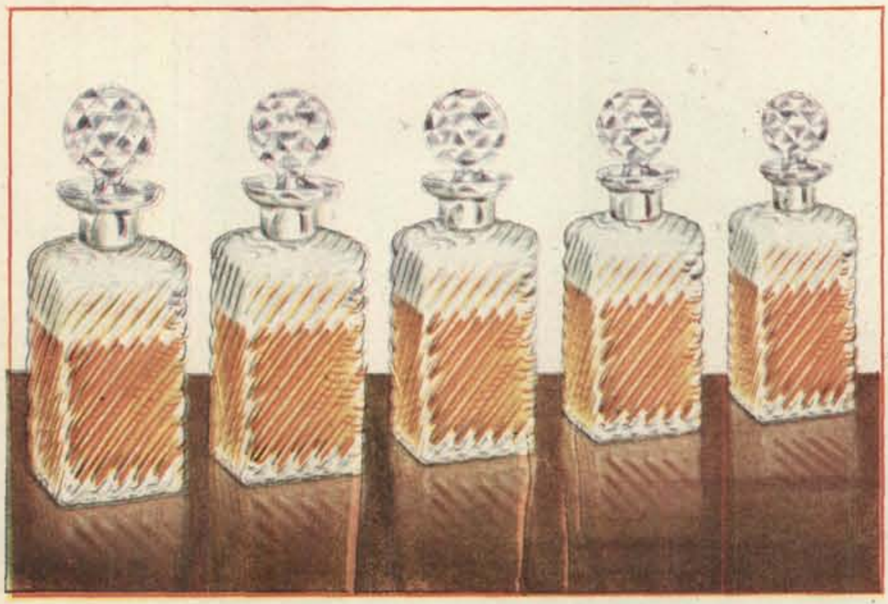
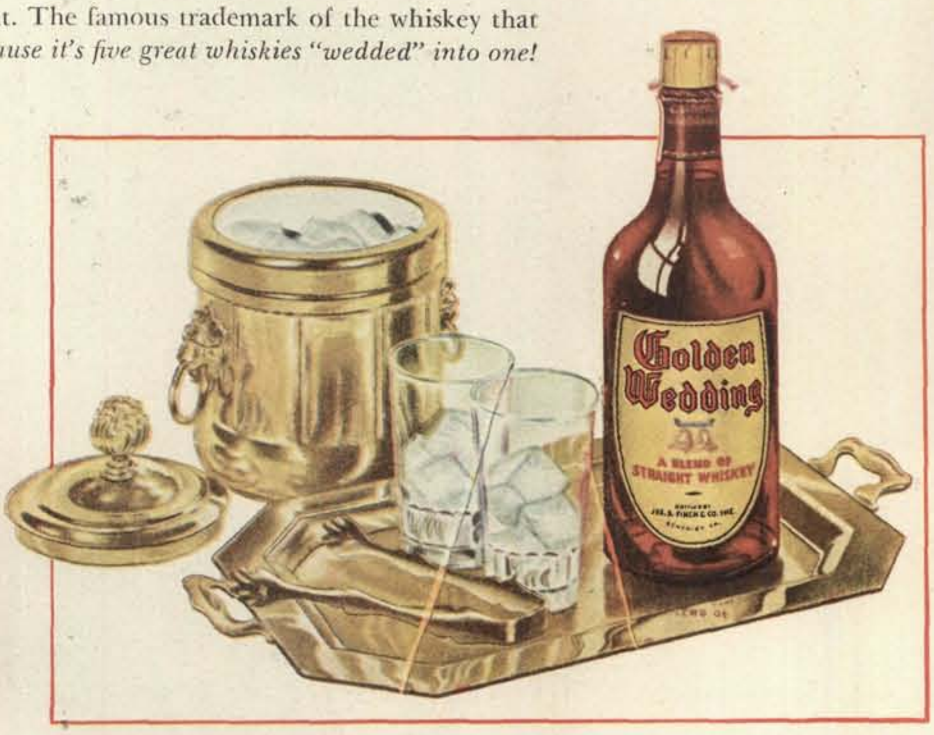
Remember This Famous Sign of Five Great Whiskies "Wedded" Into One


HAS HAD NO PEERS FOR 50 YEARS

Golden Wedding

1 HERE is the sign of real enjoyment. The famous trademark of the whiskey that has had no peers for fifty years—*because it's five great whiskies "wedded" into one!*



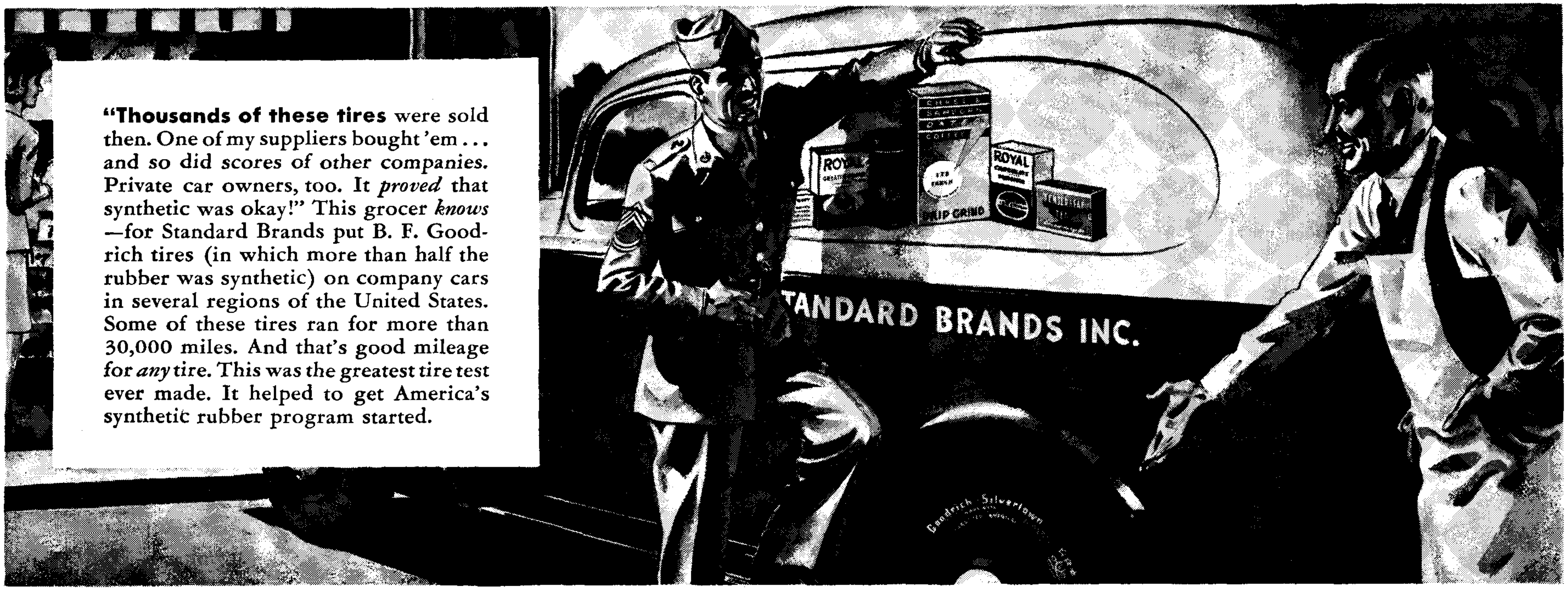

Golden Wedding
A BLEND OF STRAIGHT WHISKEY
JOS. S. FINCH & CO. INC.

2 AND HERE are the *five great whiskies,* carefully chosen from the finest aged stocks—each for a rare distinction of its own. *Richness . . . character . . . flavor . . . tang . . . bouquet.* It's the "wedding" of *all five* that gives you **Golden** Wedding!

3 TASTE Golden Wedding today. Its smoothness and lightness will delight you. Golden Wedding's distilleries are now working 100% for war but enough whiskies for Golden Wedding—made before the war—are available to meet your moderate demands.

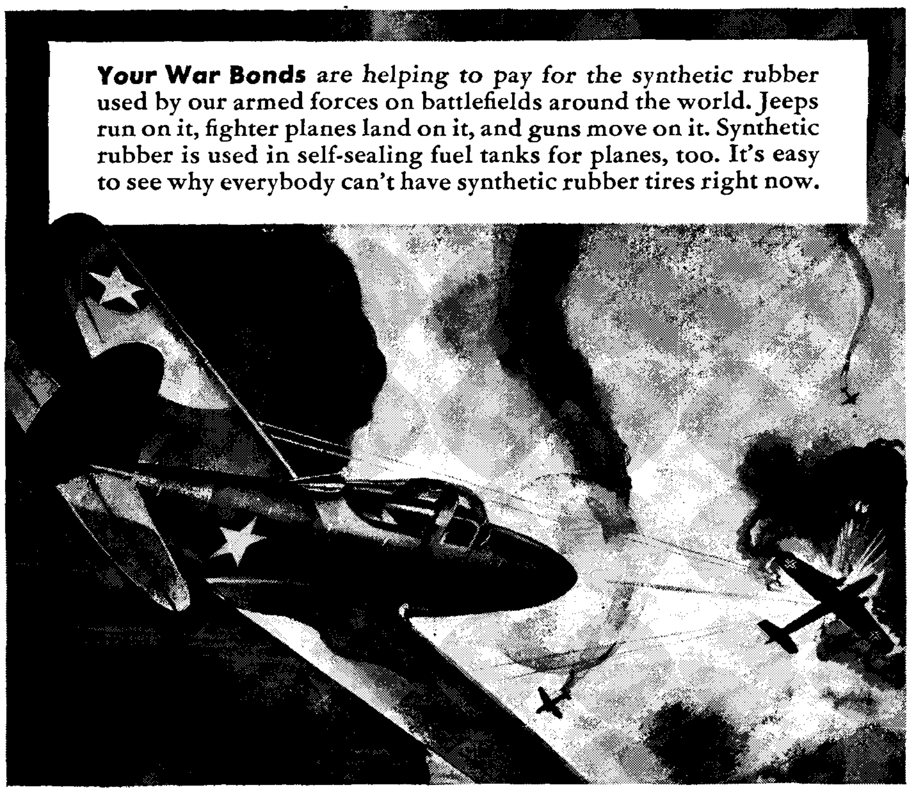
A blend of straight whiskies—86 Proof—the straight whiskies in Golden Wedding are 5 years or more old. Copr. 1943, Jos. S. Finch & Co., Inc., Schenley, Pa.
Tune in Schenley's Cresta Blanca Wine Carnival every Wednesday evening, Columbia Broadcasting System.

"YOU'RE RIGHT... 'WAY BACK IN 1940 THEY HAD COMPANY CARS RUNNING ON B.F. GOODRICH TIRES MADE WITH SYNTHETIC RUBBER"

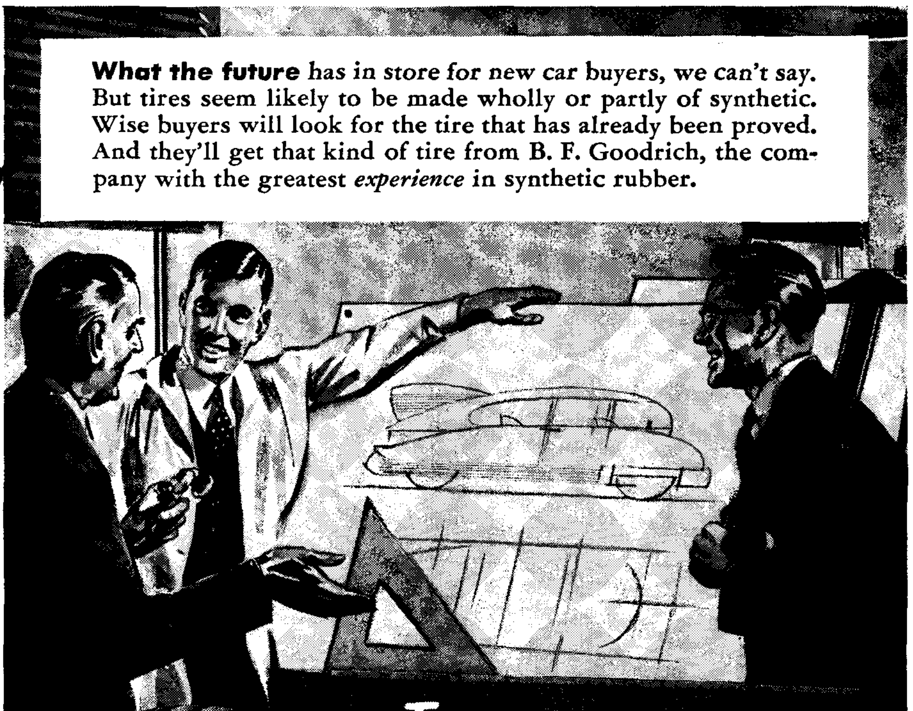


"Thousands of these tires were sold then. One of my suppliers bought 'em... and so did scores of other companies. Private car owners, too. It *proved* that synthetic was okay!" This grocer *knows*—for Standard Brands put B. F. Goodrich tires (in which more than half the rubber was synthetic) on company cars in several regions of the United States. Some of these tires ran for more than 30,000 miles. And that's good mileage for *any* tire. This was the greatest tire test ever made. It helped to get America's synthetic rubber program started.

Your War Bonds are helping to pay for the synthetic rubber used by our armed forces on battlefields around the world. Jeeps run on it, fighter planes land on it, and guns move on it. Synthetic rubber is used in self-sealing fuel tanks for planes, too. It's easy to see why everybody can't have synthetic rubber tires right now.



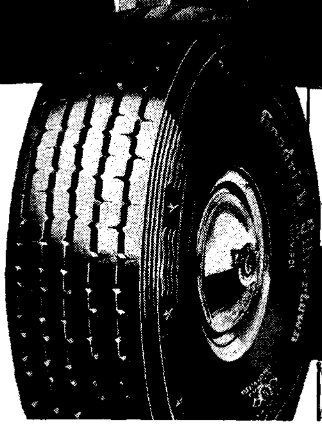
What the future has in store for new car buyers, we can't say. But tires seem likely to be made wholly or partly of synthetic. Wise buyers will look for the tire that has already been proved. And they'll get that kind of tire from B. F. Goodrich, the company with the greatest *experience* in synthetic rubber.



LISTEN TO JOSEPH C. HARSCH
in "THE MEANING OF THE NEWS"
OVER THE COLUMBIA BROADCASTING SYSTEM
EVERY NIGHT, MONDAY THROUGH FRIDAY

Inside information by a man who has lived where the news is being made

BFG



In war or peace

B.F.Goodrich

FIRST IN RUBBER

NAVY

Picture
OF THE MONTH

Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Presents

BATAAN

Starring

ROBERT TAYLOR

as Sergeant Bill Dane

WITH: *George Murphy, Thomas Mitchell, Lloyd Nolan, Lee Bowman, Robert Walker, Desi Arnaz*

ORIGINAL SCREEN PLAY BY: *Robert D. Andrews*

DIRECTED BY:...........*Tay Garnett*

PRODUCED BY:..........*Irving Starr*

CAPSULE REVIEW: America will never forget "Bataan." It is more than a motion picture. It is a tribute to the heroism of the boys who gave their lives to upset the Japanese time table. It is stark, stirring and contagious. Any American sitting back home in a comfortable theatre seeing this picture will feel slightly inadequate. Old men will want to enlist, mothers will want to grab a gun and find a way of hurdling the Pacific to land on the necks of those sons of Tokyo. The emotions kindled by "Bataan" are anger and pride. It makes one proud to have had such martyrs of all race, creed and color representing our cause in the Philippines.

The story told in this MGM picture seems almost incredible. Surely men could not survive as long as they did under the conditions imposed. Surely the will to fight and resist must have been sapped long before the bitter end came to the thirteen valiants. Yet it is absolutely true. Its fictionizing is no more than a telescoping and a juxtaposition of characters. Men of all the news services who have been in Bataan say it is the McCoy.

Seeing "Bataan" you are in Bataan, living a life in hell. In fox-holes, in trees, in the shadow of a rock guarding your water, your ammunition, your cigarettes, organizing your activities twenty-four hours a day to keep open the bridge from the mainland to the temporary haven which you are guarding with your life so that there shall be no further encroachments on civilization. When spirit counts all men are proven brothers. And it is of this stuff that a great story is made, a great chapter in our history recorded.

Robert Taylor as Sergeant Bill Dane, battle-scarred and unshaven, gives a performance that is a triumph of his imagination. But there are many others. Taylor is only one. George Murphy, Thomas Mitchell, Lloyd Nolan, Lee Bowman, Desi Arnaz and Robert Walker. Watch Robert Walker. He is a sailor boy who back home had dabbled in everything; worked in a garage, punched cattle in Texas, jerked sodas on Broadway, went to sea, was shipwrecked and found himself there in the company of heroes. Tay Garnett has directed this original screen play by Robert D. Andrews in a manner that, to say the least, is uncompromising. In pictures like "Bataan" the films prove their inestimable value to the times. Mighty events make mighty narratives.

WALTER DAVENPORT	Politics	WM. O. CHESSMAN	Art
W. B. COURTNEY	European War Theater	CLARENCE H. ROY	Articles
QUENTIN REYNOLDS	Russia and Far East	AMY PORTER	Articles
KYLE CRICHTON	Articles	FRANK D. MORRIS	U. S. Navy in Pacific
HERBERT ASBURY	Articles	FRANK GERVASI	Middle East War Theater
DENVER LINDLEY	Fiction	JIM MARSHALL	West Coast
ALLEN MARPLE	Fiction	AIMEE LARKIN	Distaff
JAMES N. YOUNG	Fiction	U. L. CALVOSA	Photographs
GURNEY WILLIAMS	Articles	GEORGE DE ZAYAS	Hollywood
HENRY L. JACKSON	Wearables	IFOR THOMAS	Photographs

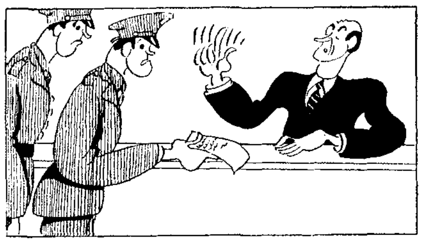
Collier'

WILLIAM L. CHENERY *Publisher*
CHARLES COLEBAUGH *Editor*
JEROME ELLISON *Managing Editor*

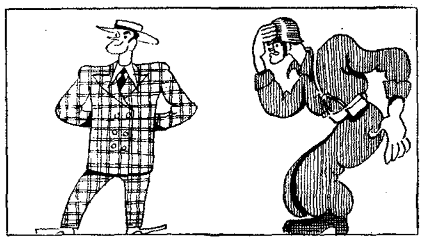
ANY WEEK

WE DON'T think it at all unreasonable of us to mope around asking people what besides the war is going on. Editors, for example. They should know. Anyway, that's what we've been doing. Several of them got a little sore thinking, we guess, that we were kidding them. Some went so far as to ask us what we wanted anyway, whether a war this size didn't satisfy us. Others, more sympathetic, agreed that there must be lots of skulduggery, but that the clangor of war, of patriotic oratory and exhortation, the wails of the rationed and the shrill creaking of government machinery had prevented them from hearing, while vast forests of red tape obscured their vision. Nevertheless, we managed to flush a few neat bits. But we could do much better if you were to stop sulking and write what you know. Our mail is terrible.

SO TWO very new inductees, probably away from home for the first time, were trying to send a birthday-greeting telegram from St. Louis, Missouri, to Little Rock, Arkansas. The clerk told them that greeting telegrams were out for the duration, couldn't be accepted, against the rules. The lads were puzzled, didn't understand. The clerk got bored, merely shook his head. Then an Army captain moved in, listened and said, "Nope, boys, it can't be done. Government orders. The boys down in Washington are writing so many unnecessary telegrams that they decided there wasn't room for yours."



A FEW miles south of Jackson, Mississippi, lives a gentleman who, besides owning a large plantation, amuses himself by getting very drunk every few days. The habit is a thoroughgoing one —or at least it was. It was one of his cuter conceits that whenever he got himself completely saturated, he would sleep it off in a dilapidated summerhouse. His body servant, a strong young Negro buck, would tote him to the place, lay him on the floor, and, squatting at his side, keep the red ants at bay with an insect-spray gun. The ants liked the place, too, having colonized there, multiplying hugely. Well, about a month ago, the boss man got drunk. The boy carried him to the summerhouse and got out his insecticide gun. But this time it was filled not with insect repellent but with simple sirup. The boy sprayed his snoring employer liberally with the sticky fluid. Then he departed and reported, as he had been bid, to his draft board.



WE'VE received a protest from the Win-the-war bloc—a body of uniformed Americans who are in North Africa under the leadership of a man named Eisenhower. The writer of this protest is Master Sergeant Robert A. Cleveland, Army Air Forces. Unlike other letter-writing members of his bloc, he makes no mention of the farm bloc, the labor bloc, the silver bloc, or the little-business bloc. Sergeant Cleveland is sore at the zoot-suit bloc, several pictures of representatives of which have appeared in this reliable magazine. Briefly, the sergeant wants to know what things at home are coming to, anyway. "We Bearded Butchers of the A.E.F.," writes Sergeant Cleveland, "have concluded that if we have to wear that sort of clothing after the war, we would rather remain in Africa and wear the Arab Tow Sack tweed—fifteen francs a suit with two pairs of pants at Mohammed's Walk-Down-a-Flight Haberdashery. We say that any woman seen with a guy in a zoot suit is on the soldiers' 'mustn't touch' list. Please assure us that all the men back home don't look like these drips. If they do, who's to replace us of the A.E.F.?"

IF WE were in the service, there's a certain type of civilian who'd annoy us. In fact, there are several types. It was on a train that we saw one of them. He had cornered a couple of enlisted men and was telling them how he had moved heaven and earth but not an unbelievably stupid War Department in his effort to get into uniform. He told them how he went overseas in 1918, how he fought at Belleau Wood and through the Argonne. The lads stood it as long as they could and finally when he got around again to Belleau Wood and the Argonne, one of the kids spoke. "What war was that, mister?" he inquired innocently. . . . W. D.

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THIS WEE

JUNE 12, 1943

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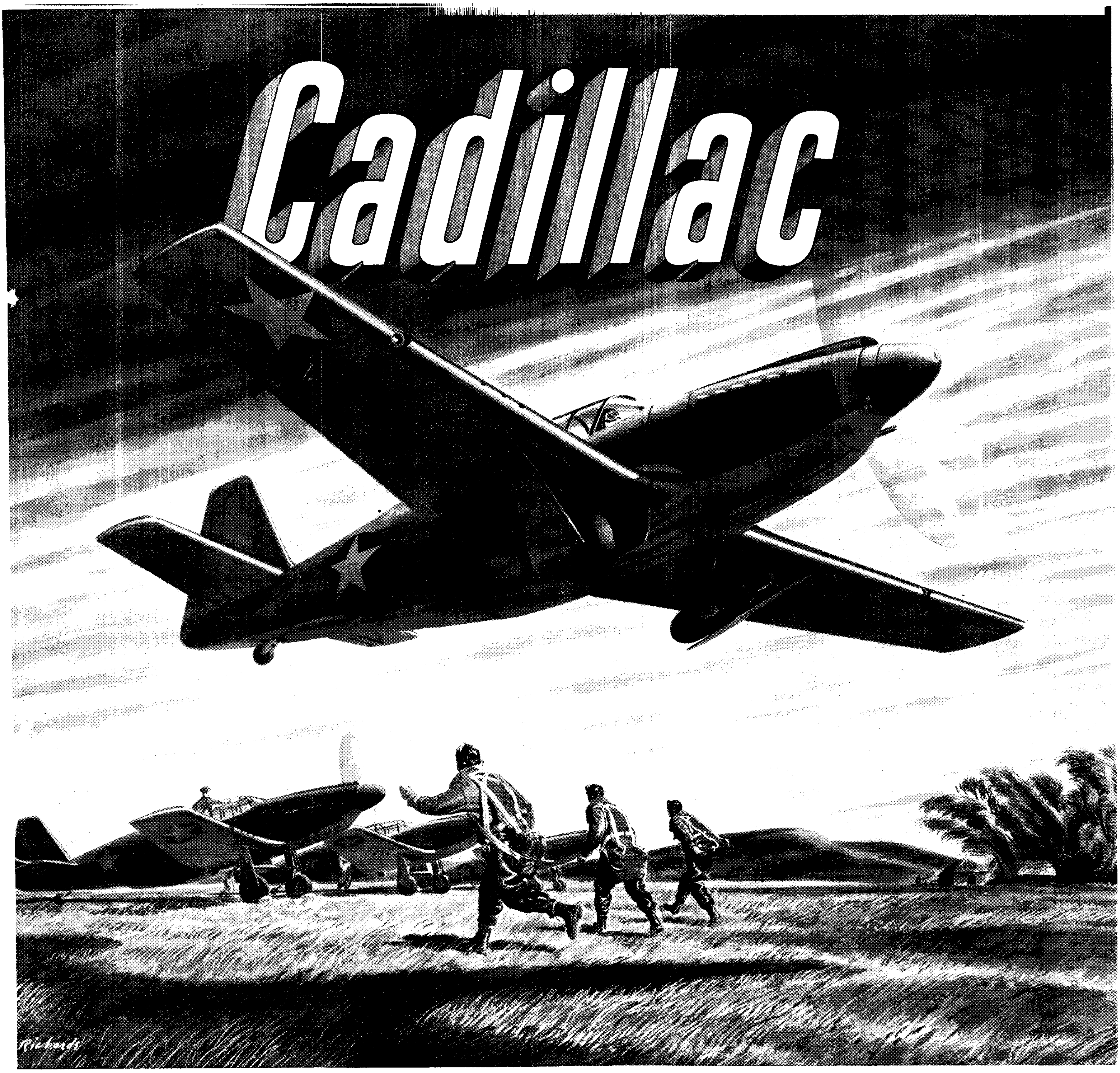
COVER C. C. B



Forty years of "*know how*" in its nose!

Before any of these pilots were born, Cadillac was acquiring a "know how" in manufacturing which will, we feel sure, stand many of them in good stead today.

For one of the wartime jobs entrusted to Cadillac craftsmen is the production of basic power-producing assemblies for America's most famed liquid-cooled aircraft engines. There's forty years of "know how" in the nose of every fighter plane so powered—forty years that help to endow each with a degree of dependability which only the utmost in precision manufacturing and craftsmanship can insure.

Thus the Cadillac peacetime traditions are carried on in time of war, with this far broader implication:

Cadillac's responsibility today is to nations as a whole—to all Americans—to our Allies—with the clear mandate to produce vital war materiel in necessary quantities until the need ceases to exist.

Cadillac proudly accepts this trust and is now engaged in war production to the fullest extent in its history. The M-5 light tank, built in its entirety in Cadillac plants, special machinery for the Navy, and other subcontracted war materiel are and will continue to be our sole concern until Victory is won.

CADILLAC MOTOR CAR DIVISION GENERAL MOTORS CORPORATION

ARMY E NAVY

LET YOUR DOLLARS WORK, TOO—
BUY
WAR BONDS AND STAMPS

Just as fussy today as when

PRO-PHY-LAC-TIC USED TO BUY HIS BRISTLE!

For years hog bristle made the best tooth brushes. Then Science made round-end PROLON
PROLON "ROUND-END"
ORDINARY BRISTLE
Actual Photo-Micrographs
PROLON
Bonded Pro-phy-lac-tic
WITH PROLON BRISTLES
A PRODUCT OF DUPONT CHEMISTRY

Far and away the best of the new synthetic tooth brush bristles, being marketed under various trade names, are those made by du Pont.

"Prolon" is *our* trade name for the very finest grade of this du Pont synthetic bristle.

PROLON—no finer bristle made

So, when you read or hear competitive tooth brush claims, ask yourself this: *How can the same du Pont bristle, in another brush under another name, last longer or clean better than under the name "Prolon" in a Pro-phy-lac-tic Tooth Brush?* You know the answer . . . it can't!

Only PROLON has "round ends"

Pro-phy-lac-tic's big *plus* is that Prolon is the only synthetic bristle that is rounded at the ends.

It's a fact! *Under a special patented process, exclusive with Pro-phy-lac-tic, we smooth and round the end of each and every Prolon bristle in the Bonded Pro-phy-lac-tic Tooth Brush.* See for yourself how much gentler these round ends are on tender gums!

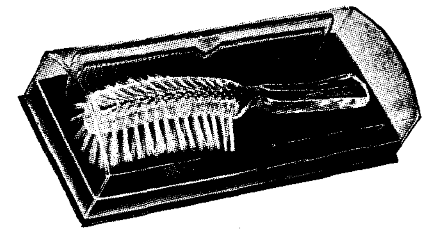
And with PROLON these other "extras"

In addition to Prolon, the Bonded Pro-phy-lac-tic Tooth Brush gives you these three important "extras": **1.** The famous Pro-phy-lac-tic end tuft, for ease in reaching hard-to-get-at back teeth. **2.** Scientific grouping of bristles to insure thorough cleansing of brush after using. **3.** A *written* guarantee for six full months of use.

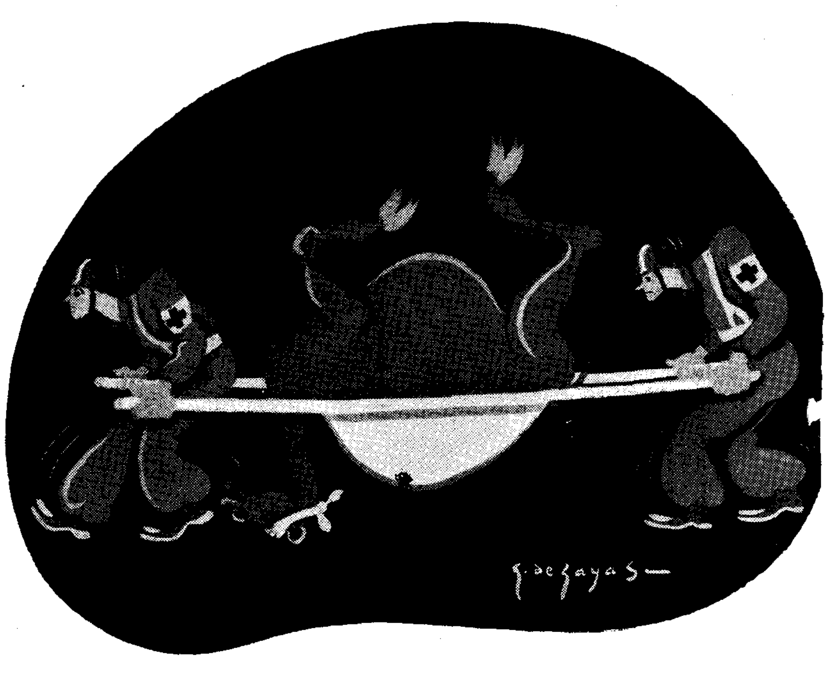
Next time, get the most for your money . . . get the Bonded Pro-phy-lac-tic Tooth Brush.

. . . and don't miss this new line of hair brushes in gleaming Jewelite!

Pro-phy-lac-tic's latest triumph! Dresser sets and toilet brushes in crystal-clear plastic. Choice of four gleaming, jewel colors. Transparent Jewelite backs. Moisture-resistant, snow-white Prolon bristles. $1.50 to $10.00—at most brush-goods counters. *Illustrated: Roll-Wave, a unique "curved-to-the-head" brush . . . with comb, $4.50*



PRO-PHY-LAC-TIC BRUSH CO., Florence, Mass.



KEEP UP WITH THE WORLD

By Freling Foster

Because the camels of North Africa often suffer from heatstroke, the Allied Nations have constructed a number of "Camel Heatstroke Centers" in Algeria, Tunisia and Libya, where prostrated animals may be treated.

The Army Proving Ground at Aberdeen, Maryland, has a sample of every weapon that our men have captured from the Nazis and the Japs. All of this material has been forwarded from our fighting fronts by Ordnance officers whose sole duty is to seek new enemy equipment and send it to Aberdeen to be tested and studied.

During the past 150 years, the mints of the United States have produced 19,559,000,000 coins, of which 10,892,000,000, or 56 per cent, were pennies.—*By Herbert H. Slocombe, New Haven, Conn.*

The powdered metal industry has recently developed a bearing capable of lubricating itself adequately during its entire lifetime. The part is made of pulverized iron and copper, solid lubricants and a volatile substance that evaporates during the baking, leaving so many thousands of tiny reservoirs per square inch that the oil they hold constitutes a third of the volume of the bearing.

A dozen different kinds of recreation kits have been given to our soldiers by the War Department. For example, Kit "C" contains 2,000 books; "J" sound-picture projectors and films; "B-1" radios, phonographs and an amplifier; "D" violins, guitars, a small piano; "A" boxing gloves and equipment for baseball, football and softball; "F" playing cards, poker chips, dice and sets of many games, including chess, checkers and backgammon.

The majority of Reno divorces are granted in court sessions which average only 10 minutes. . . . One brush used for fine work in oil painting is made of a single rat whisker. . . . In the treatment of malaria, a pound of atabrine contains at least seven times as many doses as a pound of quinine.

When artificial pearls are made b dipping white glass balls into a solu tion, a gallon of the mixture contain the silvery coloring matter from th scales of approximately 10,000 fis chiefly herring.—*By Ruth V. Ree New York City.*

Variable stars have been known increase or decrease in diamete within 18 days, as much as 40,00[illegible] miles, or 168 times the distance b tween the earth and the moon.—*B Helen Flahiff, Toronto, Canada.*

In Honduras today, scouts in plan as well as scouts in treetops are em ployed to locate mahogany tree which grow in jungles so dense th they can rarely be found by searche on foot, particularly when there a only one or two of these trees in square mile.—*By Daniel J. Bradle Greenwich, Connecticut.*

Most hairs in a man's beard, befo they are softened for shaving, a harder than some metals, such aluminum, lead and annealed coppe —*By B. E. Washburn, Rutherfor ton, North Carolina.*

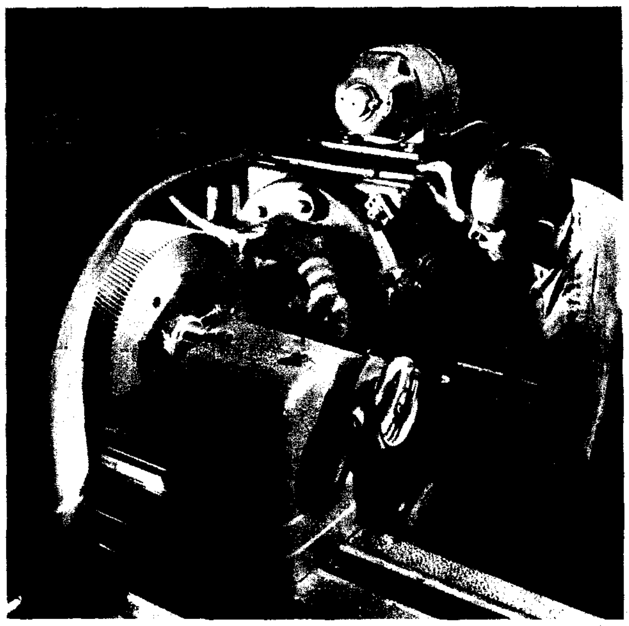
After honorable discharge, Amer can Selective Service men are permi ted to wear their uniform only for a additional three months and on subs quent occasions of ceremony. An other use of the uniform is forbidde by a law of the National Defense Ac the violation of which carries a pe alty of six months' imprisonment, a fine of $300, or both.

Not one of the 8,000 newspape published in Soviet Russia carries go sip columns, comic strips or crim news. . . . The instrument blown b Army buglers is not a bugle, but trumpet. . . . Federal inspected hor meat bears a six-sided green stamp differentiate it from the meat of ca tle, sheep, swine and goats, whic bears a round purple stamp.

Five dollars will be paid for each interesti or unusual fact accepted for this colum Contributions must be accompanied by sat factory proof. Address Keep Up with t World, Collier's, 250 Park Avenue, New Yo City. This column is copyrighted by Collier The National Weekly. None of the items m be reproduced without express permission the publisher

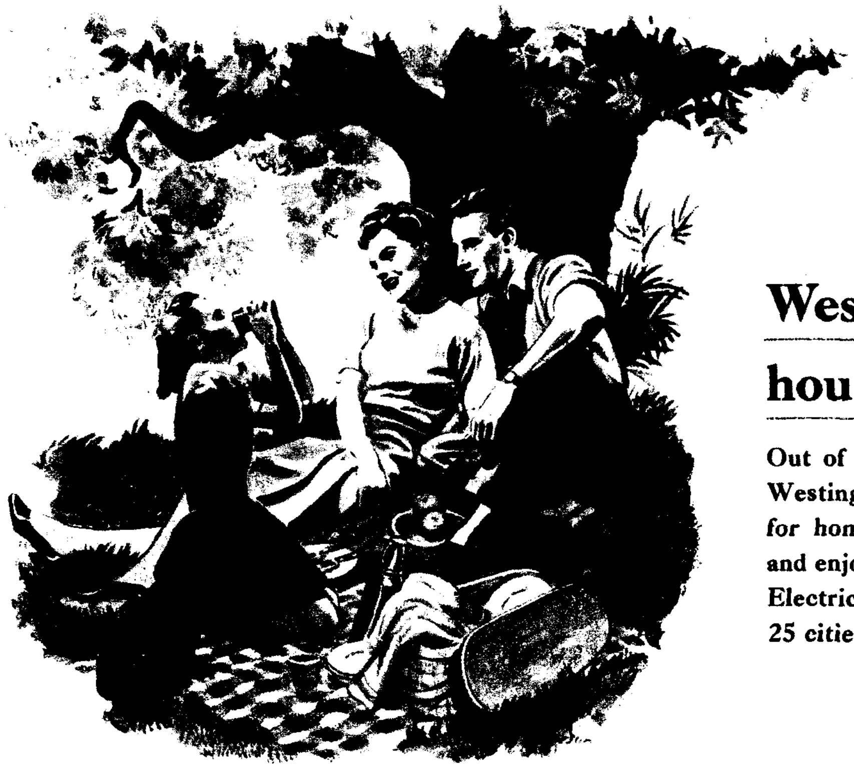
Westinghouse helps in every zero hour . . .

On ships, in planes and tanks, with the troops and gun crews, zero hours bring thousands of Westinghouse war products to their destined, ultimate service—on every front, in every battle.



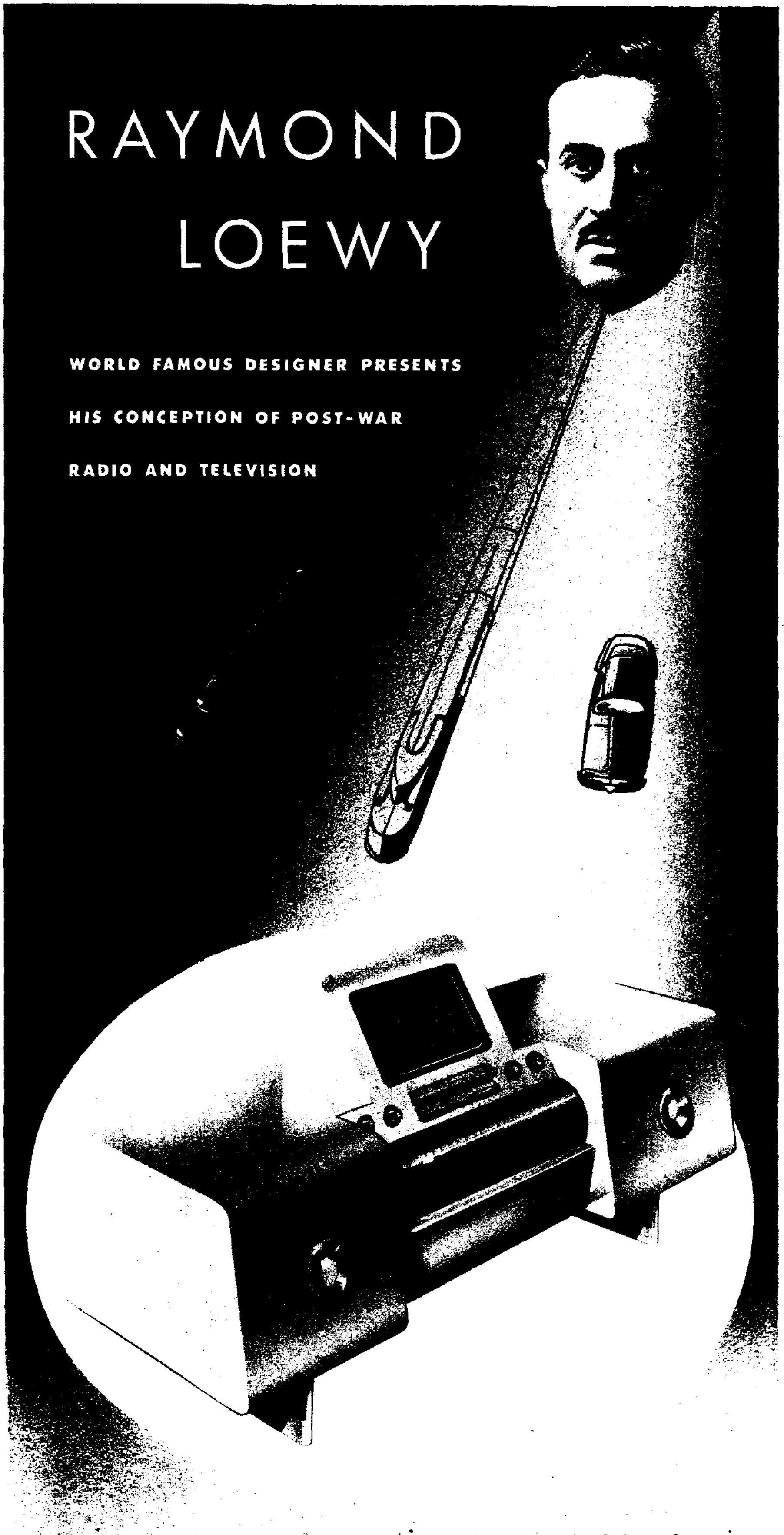
Westinghouse fights with millions of man-power hours . . .

Westinghouse proficiency in electrical design and manufacture, in ceramics and plastics, in metallurgy . . . Westinghouse ingenuity and inventiveness are finding new and better ways for making weapons of war.



Westinghouse will bring future hours of freedom . . .

Out of the skill and experience gained in wartime, will come even *finer* Westinghouse products. Improved electrical appliances and apparatus—for homes, farms, and industries—will bring a new measure of freedom and enjoyment to the men and women of a world at peace. Westinghouse Electric & Manufacturing Company, Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania. Plants in 25 cities—offices everywhere.



RAYMOND LOEWY

WORLD FAMOUS DESIGNER PRESENTS HIS CONCEPTION OF POST-WAR RADIO AND TELEVISION

From streamlined trains and busses . . . to swift, sleek greyhounds of the sealanes . . . to soaring liners of the skyways . . . the shape of all of these has been profoundly influenced by the gifted pencil of designer Raymond Loewy. At Admiral's request, Mr. Loewy presents his conception of postwar radio and television . . . a prevue of new and exciting adventures in entertainment to come when victory has been won. Right now, of course, both great Admiral plants are busy making vital communications equipment for our armed forces . . . to help hasten the tomorrow when peace will make a reality of such dreams as these. ***Continental Radio and Television Corporation, 3800 W. Cortland St., Chicago, Ill.***

TUNE IN . . . 2:30-2:55 p.m. New York time, Sunday afternoon. Admiral Radio brings you "World News Today" over the Columbia Network . . . with direct short wave reports from the leading news centers of the world.

Admiral RADIO

AMERICA'S SMART SET

JUNIOR CATERPILLARS OF THUNDERBIRD FIELD

WING TALK

SOUTHWEST AIRWAYS

Cadets Kiu of Tientsin and Porter of Memphis, sheepishly inspect the popped chute which earned them membership in the Junior Caterpillars

THEY call them "junior caterpillars," those embryo pilots, or even instructors at Thunderbird Field in Arizona who have the misfortune accidentally to pop a parachute while on the ground. It is only natural that the chute-packing department personnel of the Southwest-Airways-operated Army primary school should resent these little misfortunes.

The members of the department started recording the famous "first words" of these unfortunate, flustered and often irate fliers. On a large plaque, appropriately illustrated with a Disney character immersed in the folds of an open parachute is this preface to the list:

"Below find listed on a field of virgin white, the names of those dodos and instructors who, through curiosity, carelessness, or some other foolish reason, have applied upon their rip cords an uncalled-for pull, causing parachutes to pop their contents of silk lines and canopy upon some dirty floor, tarry apron or greasy airplane, resulting in unnecessary work for this department."

Some of the famous first words:

"Gosh! It opened, didn't it?"—Cadet Floyd H. Jamerson, Chicago.

"I didn't do it on purpose."—Lieutenant Ralph G. Connor, Longview, Washington.

"Me no jump. It popped."—Cadet Kiu of Tientsin, China.

"It got caught on door."—Cadet Floyd E. Porter of Memphis, Tenn.

IT ALL started when an Iowa schoolteacher, flying in a Pan American plane 20,000 feet above Brazil, claimed she could see clear across the South Atlantic and see the coast of Africa. The fact that the African coast was 1,822 air miles away didn't phase her. She kept telling the story so many times that people got to wondering just how far it is possible to see from "upstairs."

Distances at altitudes are even more deceiving than on the surface. But lots of people wondered. So, to protect themselves from any more of the ocean-wide gazers, the captains at least made a scientific shot at the question.

The clipper captains' formula on vision range tells you that, given good visibility, a pilot in a Flying Fortress at 25,000 feet can see into Germany before he is out of sight of England's Channel coast. From the same altitude over Tunisia, he could see Sicily. The actual curvature of the earth for the first mile is about nine inches. It increases rapidly thereafter. Your range of vision is equal to the square root of your altitude, multiplied by 1,225 miles. Thus, at 1,000 feet, you can see 39 miles; 2,000 feet, 55 miles; 5,000 feet, 62 miles; 10,000 feet, 123 miles; 20,000 feet, 173 miles; and 25,000 feet, 194 miles.

AND now comes pickaback flying, but not the kind which has been tried before where one plane is launched from the top of another, but one pilot actually pickaback on another pilot in a one-place fighter plane. It is the new system of teaching pilots how to fly the faster and more difficult fighter planes which the Army Air Forces has instituted. After the first few months of this new technique, flying accidents have been sharply cut.

It was first started with a slightly modified Lockheed Lightning, and one of the expert pickaback instructors is Jimmie Mattern, round-the-world flier, who just about fills the cockpit of these speedy twin-engine fighters himself. While original started with the Lightnings, the plan being spread to other types of fighte planes.

DOWN at Randolph Field, Texas, they've organized a Central Instructors' School, so that the latest of best methods of doing things can be rapidly passed on to the cadets in training. No longer will forty-seven instructors teach the same thing in forty-seven different ways.

Information from Allied training fields and from combat zones, as well as from our own training fields, is pumped into the Central Instructors' School, and through its graduates to the young cadets, who will need all the stunts they can learn to be able to knock the Axis air force out of the air.

Now, when a squadron in North Africa learns some new quirk in handling Messerschmitts, all the cadets and officers in training will have a chance to master it before they meet the Messerschmitts in battle.

The new system also offers a cure for that occupational disease of Army Air Forces instructors — the training-field blues. Every flier who has ever expressed an opinion on the subject would rather be in a dogfight over the North African desert than over the elegance of Randolph Field showing a cadet how to do a chandelle.

JUSTIN D. BOWERSOCK

"I LOVE TO HEAR 'EM SING..."

"I never had a girl. When I was sixteen, I fell in love with an engine.

"Nothing to look at or listen to. She'd been slapped around until her disposition was sour. Yes, sir, hateful as a witch. I kept her together with wire and chewing gum and a pat on the back. But when she went to the junkie it busted me up. Puppy love, I guess.

"After her, I really got to know cars and engines. Out of 'em all I picked the one I wanted to stay with. Spirit, that's what she had, sir. Fire! And smooth? She purred like a kitten. She's waiting for me now back home.

"But listen to *these* engines, sir. See how the props make halos around their heads. Look how they take to the sky on one continuous soaring note with never a stop for breath!

"They're my angels, sir, and I love to hear 'em sing! Because I feel like the singing of engines is America singing a victory song. And I know that some day the sky will be filled with the singing of engines . . . and then it will be time for me to go home.

"Home to America . . . home to my town . . . where I want *everything* just as I left it. My little garage with the shop on the side where the kids bring their bikes and the idea room where my brain children are.

"Yes, sir, you learn quick out here . . . fighting hate and slavery. I know now there's only one way to live . . . the way I lived back home.

"Home . . . where a man is free to ~~work~~ and dream and build and invent to his heart's content . . . where there's no limit on freedom—or opportunity.

"*That's* the America I'm fighting for. Don't change that—ever!"

• • •

Here at Nash-Kelvinator, we're building giant, new 2,000 horsepower engines for U. S. Navy Corsair fighters . . . propellers for United Nations bombers . . . working to hurry the day when we'll turn again to peaceful things, to the building of an even finer Kelvinator, an even greater Nash!

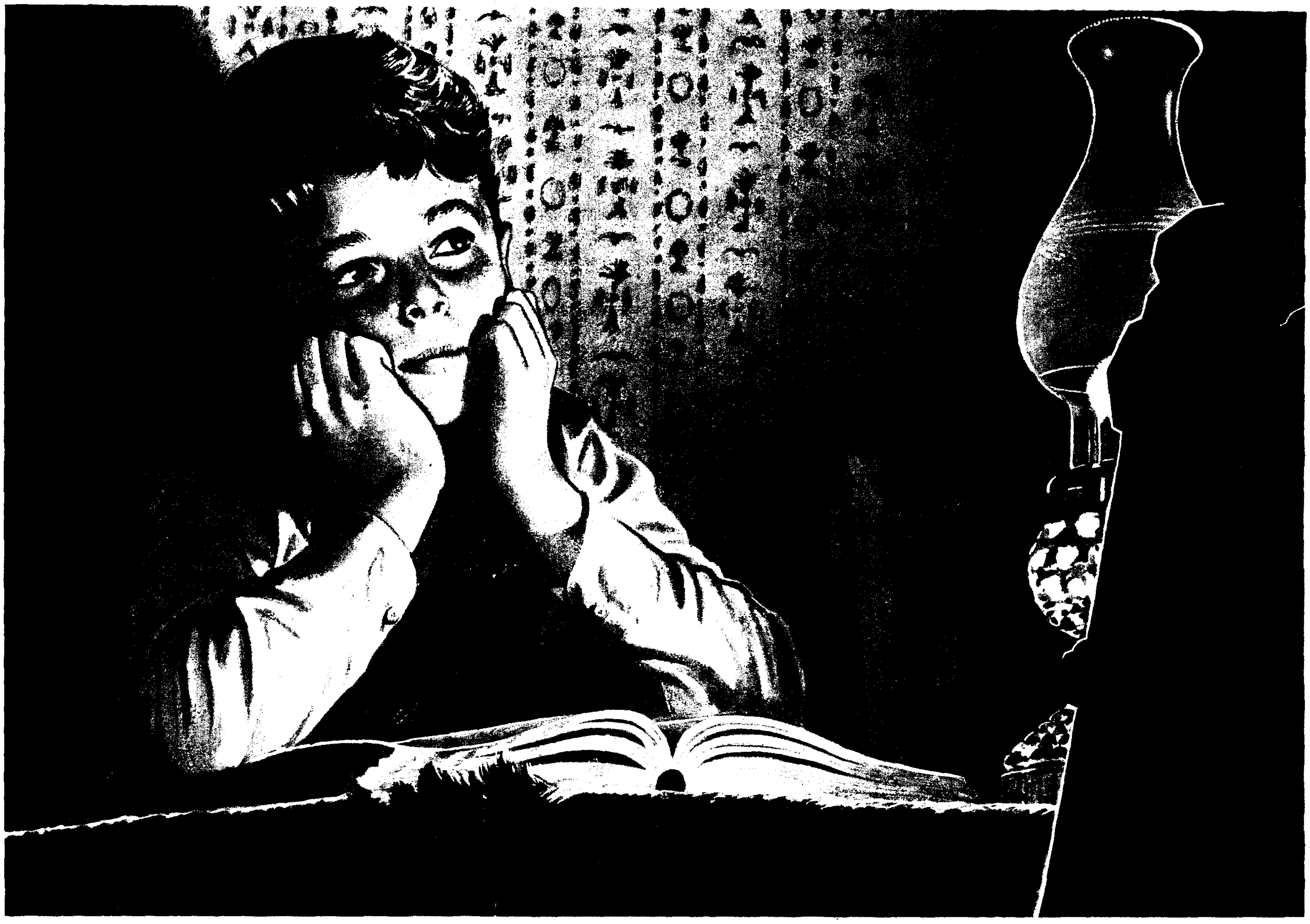
• • •

NASH-KELVINATOR CORPORATION, DETROIT

The above message is dedicated to the mechanics and service men who are "keeping 'em running" on the Home Front and to the thousands who have left to serve Uncle Sam on the Fighting Fronts.

NASH KELVINATOR

In War, Builders of Pratt & Whitney Engines and Hamilton Standard Propellers.
In Peace, Nash Automobiles, Kelvinator Refrigerators and Appliances



Me and the dream and the catalog

When I was a kid of 8, back home on the farm, I used to dream of being the richest man in the world.

I didn't know quite how to go about becoming rich, but I knew exactly what I was going to do with the money. I was going to order everything in the mail-order catalog, all at once, and have it delivered with all charges paid.

I used to sit with the catalog in my lap and see myself with my wealth piled about me, all neatly price marked the way it was in the book.

There was the de luxe motorbike with horn, light, and sturdy basket for parcels, $36.75; the high-powered repeating rifle, $56.45; the varsity model football suit with built-in shoulder pads, $11.98; "Our finest" first basemen's mitt, for right or left handers, $8.69. I looked at them and knew that I had to be rich.

But then I grew older. And I married. And I didn't get rich.

Now I am 44 with an 8-year-old of my own. And there are times when he presses his nose against a store window with a faraway look in his eyes. It isn't hard, remembering my own boyhood, to guess what is on his mind. He's dreaming the way his dad did. He's the richest man in the world, ordering gasoline-powered model airplanes, 100 at a time.

Thinking back to the days I used to spend with the mail-order catalog, I sometimes wish I could make all those queer kid dreams of his come true. But I can't. And it probably wouldn't be good for him if I could.

So I have to be content with the things I can give him. Solid things that last. Things I never had.

For one thing, I can make sure that he can get a good education, no matter what happens to me. I took out insurance to see to that before he was able to walk.

I can spare him the sick feeling of fear I felt as a boy when my dad got hurt in the woods and couldn't work the farm. That was the winter we got down to the bottom of the barrel and thought we would have to mortgage everything. Nothing like that will ever happen to my boy. If I get hurt, my accident insurance will pay for the hospital and doctor and take care of the bills at home until I am back on the job.

And there is something else, my son can count on: he will never have to support his mother and me in our old age. My insurance will provide the money to keep us going.

These things are little enough for me to give my son. But I think they're real riches. I think they're things that count.

* * *

Moral: Insure in The Travelers. All forms of insurance. The Travelers Insurance Company, The Travelers Indemnity Company, The Travelers Fire Insurance Company, Hartford, Connecticut.

Collier's

Going, going, gone. . . . The rooster goes to the man in the pea-green suit for $1200." But it is understood that an old tractor will be thrown in. It's the auctioneer's way of beating the OPA price ceiling

A FARMER'S WAR, TOO

THIS is about farmers and their relation to the war. Farmers are unorganized and inarticulate. They have no National Manufacturers Association or U. S. Chamber of Commerce to speak for them. They are essentially 13,000,000 individual tenants, renters and independent proprietors, scattered all over the country, with a wide range of activities and special interests.

The farm lobby represents a comparatively few rich farmers and commodity dealers. The Farmers' Union represents a few tenant farmers, small operators, sharecroppers—the poor ones. But most middle-of-the-road farmers have no representation at all except through their congressmen. They have been victims of economic and political exploitation. They are accused of many things of which they are innocent. The average city dweller knows so little about the farming industry that he cannot judge the farmers' situation or the vast contribution they make toward winning the war.

I am a commercial farmer and credited with being articulate. Every morning I am confronted with the same problems as every other farmer in America. I know that politics are inextricably woven into food production.

The food crisis is not finished. We have not even seen the worst of it. That will come in December, January and February because whatever has been done under pressure of public indignation and fury has been both too little and too late. Food Administrator Chester Davis is able, honest and experienced, but he will be helpless unless he gets the necessary power and co-operation from the President. Whether he will be given power and co-operation, or be blocked by the maneuvering of the coming Presidential election, no one knows.

Situation Badly Muddled

Knowing Mr. Davis, I feel he would not allow himself to be drafted to handle one of the most colossal messes in our history unless he had power to do the job. If he does not possess this power to correct the incredibly muddled food situation—if he is blocked by politicians and incompetents—then we are in for a bad time. Not only will we be limited to a diet like that of Germany, but we actually will not have enough to eat.

We will be forced to make the bitterest of choices: To go below a healthful standard of eating and send what we can to our allies and liberated friends, or demand a sound but limited diet and let the rest of the world go without.

Last year was the most favorable crop season in twenty-five years, and still we did not have enough food for ourselves, our Armed Forces and our allies. The 1943 season has begun badly. The vital wheat crop has been badly winter-damaged; many Middle Western farmers are plowing up wheat to replace it with some other crop. Spring was late in the bread-basket area; corn may not ripen—and corn is the food for hogs and beef cattle, the backbone of our meat diet.

There is an increase in hog production, in numbers, but if there is a shortage of feed, both hogs and cattle will be dumped on the market in early fall, and for the rest of the year there will be a meat shortage that will make the present situation seem like abundance. If there is a serious drought, which seems likely, not only will Western corn burn out, but cattle and hogs will die even before they reach the corn-feeding stage, from want of pasture and water.

(Continued on page 62)

BY LOUIS BROMFIELD

PHOTOGRAPH FOR COLLIER'S BY WILLIAM RITTER

Bureaucracy threatens to create famine in America unless we give our food producers the men and machinery they need

TALENT FOR DESTRUCTION

By Harry Sylvester

ILLUSTRATED BY PERCY LEASON

The story of one man's wanton power, suddenly channeled into a purpose not to be denied

IN THE late afternoon light of the mountains, the American, Edward Martingale, walked down one of the cobbled paths that in the Mexican village of Taxco lead from one terrace to the next. In the world of our times, this town is the last stronghold of what used to be called Bohemianism, because the war has done strange things to what used to be the other strongholds. So that you know a little about Edward Martingale when you know that he was there—a lean, hard-drinking man in his thirties—when he should have been in his own country.

He wore a wide hat, the heavily decorated leather jacket of a Mexican *charro,* expensive whipcord trousers and high-heeled shoes or boots that had cost thirty-five dollars in Denver two years before. A silk scarf was tied closely around his neck and was knotted to one side in the way American cowboys are supposed to wear it when they come to town. Between tobacco-stained fingers he carried a hand-rolled cigarette and under his jacket he wore a shoulder holster which was empty.

Shadow barred the light as he walked, and passing through the shadow was like entering water. Below him, in front of the high, double towers of the cathedral, the Plaza lay in deeper shade, and the light where it struck the bell towers and the branches of the trees was red-gold. Entering the Plaza was like going into a pool of water, and there were, under its trees, only a few bootblacks and squat *pistoleros.* From shade Martingale turned into the sun of one of the side streets, feeling the warmness enter suddenly into him. He supposed it was characteristic of his whole life, seeking sun and warmth and ease regardless of the consequences, especially regardless of the consequences to other people.

For he had not been going to enter that street today. Down it a hundred yards or so he could see the house he had not been going to enter today and in front of it the car with the Illinois license. He remembered, suddenly, the girl he had been married to in the village near Warrenton and the terrible whiteness of her face that time he had brought back with him and into the house, the people from the show that was being tried out in Baltimore. The two men, the three girls—one of the girls obviously with himself.

In front of the house, Martingale hesitated. He could wonder why he should come here now. He knew Ella Havengen's husband was coming down from the States on a visit, and now the car told him the man was in the house. He himself should not be here, Martingale told himself, and knocked on the door that led into the patio around which the house was built. A houseboy, his face wooden and expressionless, let him in. Shadow was deep in the patio, too, although sun still touched the upper walls and reflected a diffused light on the bright green of the grass and the sharp colors of the garden furniture. The man seated there looked curiously at Martingale, but the woman, much younger than the man, was pale under her tan and did not smile, even in greeting. She rose and said: "This is Mr. Martingale, dear; he's a friend of the Hallets."

"Oh, yes," the man said, rising. "I feel I know the Hallets. Ella has mentioned them so often in her letters."

"I'M GLAD to see you," Martingale said. He saw that the man's face masked uneasiness, that he felt unduly the difference in their ages. Martingale sat down easily and saw Ella get control of herself. She said: "What will you have to drink, tequila limeade?"

"It's cooling off," Martingale said. "I think I'll have tequila straight."

"I thought that stuff was poison, straight," Mr. Havengen said. "At least so they tell me."

"Oh, you get used to it," Martingale told him.

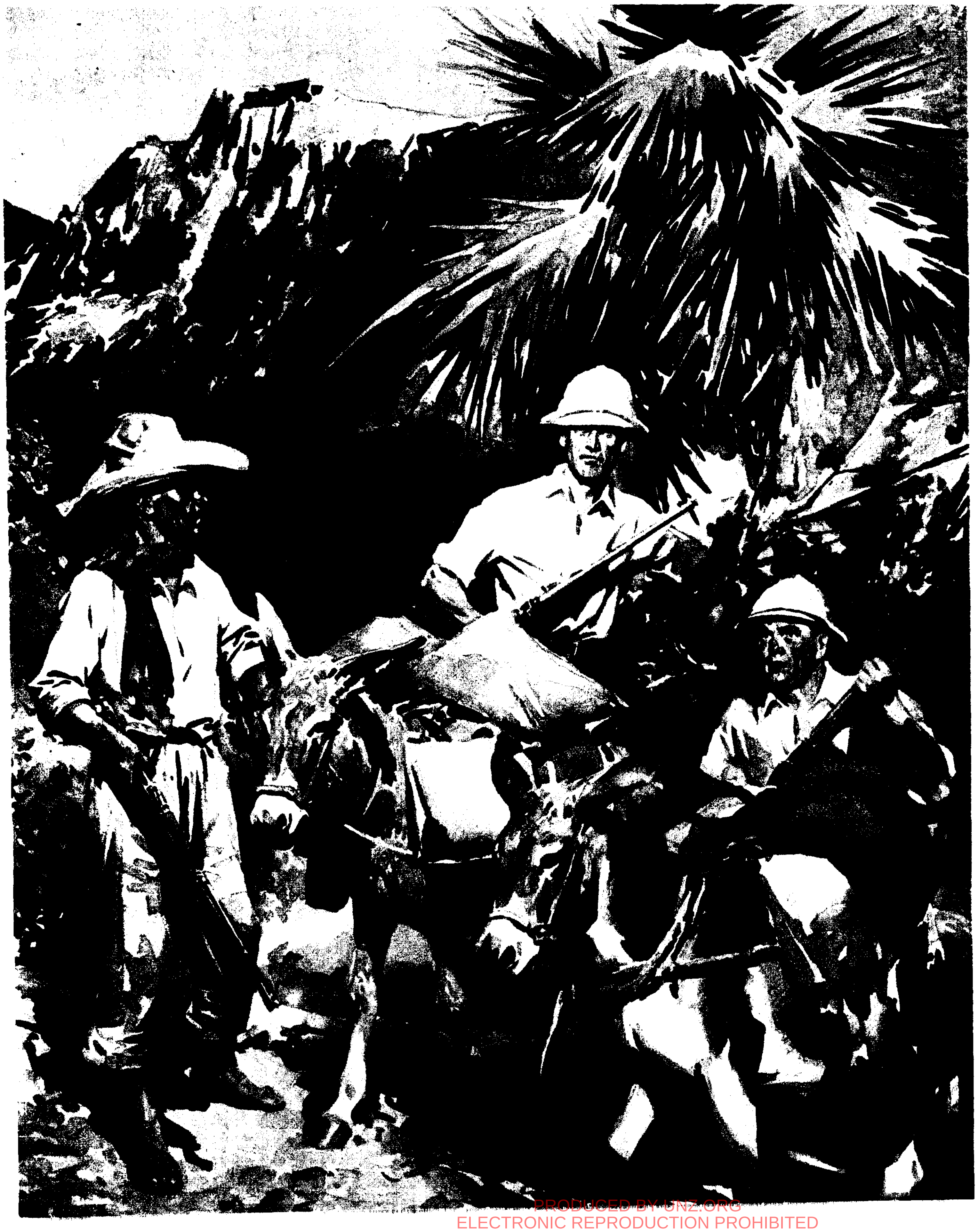
"You've been here some time, then?" Havengen said.

"Since before the war."

"It's certainly a nice place," Havengen said, with false ease. "First time I been down. I've been busy running back and forth between Chicago and Washington."

"I guess it's pretty hectic in the States," Martingale said. "Those of us that were down here in Mexico before the war, the U. S. wants to stay. Preserving international relationships and so on." The words were glib on his tongue by now. He saw, in sudden memory, one of the things he liked down here: the doves coming down from the mountains at sunset, passing along the flyways in singles and pairs, the sharp-winged birds dropping before the sound of his twenty-gauge. He wondered why he thought of them now; he saw that it was the quality of the light: this was the time of day the flighting of the doves down from the mountains began.

(Continued on page 66)



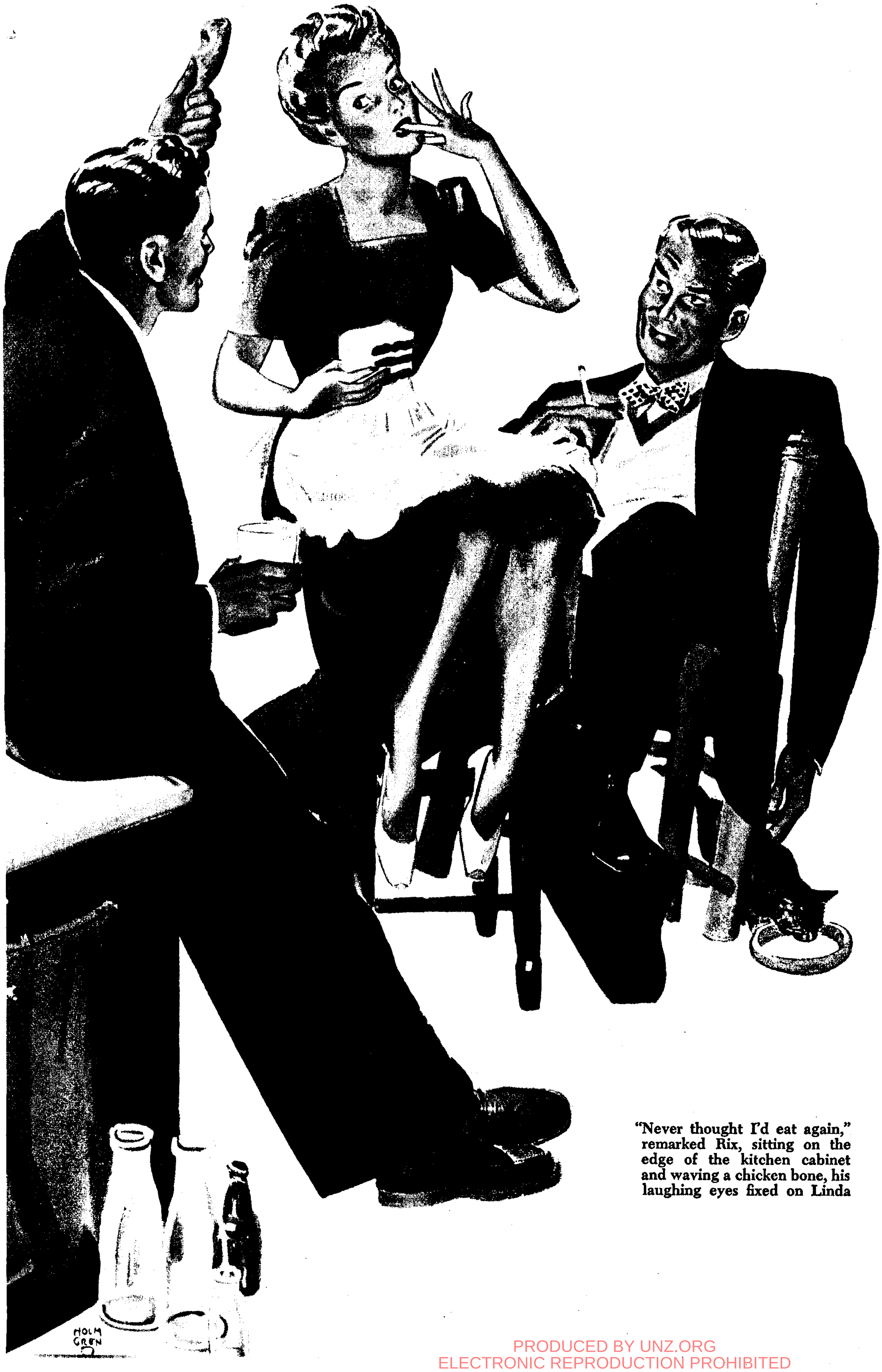
The Indian stopped and said, "Those of the boots began to hurry when they heard the shot." "Perhaps," said Martingale, "we should look into those of the boots"

YOU CAN'T ESCAPE

Beginning the chronicle of a girl who learned how frightfully dangerous infatuation can be. A notable story of young people facing the problems of today

BY FAITH BALDWIN

ILLUSTRATED BY JOHN HOLMGREN



"Never thought I'd eat again," remarked Rix, sitting on the edge of the kitchen cabinet and waving a chicken bone, his laughing eyes fixed on Linda

OCTOBER was a blue haze over far hills, and the torches of the trees were burning out in gold and scarlet glory. In the westering sunlight, the town of Benfield dreamed of the summer just past, of the long, white winter ahead. Gentlemen of leisure, loafing on the bridge at the foot of Main Street, watched the little river running swiftly beneath, full and boisterous after September rains. They pushed their hats back on their heads, yawned and, remarking that it was court day, strolled, one by one, or two by two, toward the courthouse.

Benfield's several church spires, in the manner of New England, soared warningly above the town, pointing a steep way to heaven, and on the courthouse steps assembled gentry discussed the current session, the recent registration for the draft, the London bombings, Germany's entry into Rumania, and the coming elections, local and national. They had nothing to do until mail time when they would reassemble, properly, at the post office.

South of the Main Street business blocks, the village green, the ancient town hall, the equally ancient Congregational church also dreamed in the sunlight.

The law office of Timothy Wheaton, above the bank on Main and Elm, was very quiet except for the sound of a chattering typewriter. The ample, shabby but immaculately tidy reception room was empty as a dictator's promise. The door leading to Attorney Wheaton's private office stood open. It revealed a large, uncluttered desk, plain buff walls, embellished with framed diplomas, several chairs, most of them uncomfortable, and a great many books. Between the unoccupied private office and the reception room there was a small, strictly utilitarian cell, with a desk, a wastebasket, a telephone extension, one straight chair and a window. Also, a girl.

HER name was Linda, and she was twenty-two. Her hair was the tawny chestnut, sudden with gold and dusky red, which the autumn hills now held, and her eyes the blue of the autumn heaven; her hands on the typewriter keys, weaving an intricate pattern of whereases and parties of the first part, were good hands, small, strong, tanned. The young man, opening the reception-room door and advancing quietly to the threshold of the anteroom, could see her hair and her hands and the curve of a rosy, bronzed cheek, and no more. He could make, however, an excellent guess at her figure—and smile, with considerable appreciation, because a girl who whistled while she worked, a girl who looked, even at a typewriter desk, happy enough to fly, was a rarity in his experience.

"Hello," he said, tentatively.

Linda went on whereasing and whistling.

The young man advanced into the room. He raised his voice. He said, "Hi . . . or am I speaking out of turn?"

The clack of the typewriter ceased. Linda swung around in her chair. She said, "I—you startled me," but without reproach.

"I'm sorry," said the young man. He didn't look it. He regarded the small oval face, now in full view. It pleased him. It was . . . he looked for a word, found one which belonged to another era, discarded it, recovered it again . . . it was a *sunny* face. The mouth, red as sumac, curved upward, the eyes smiled.

He said, deciding that if and when she stood up she wouldn't come much

THE SOLDIER ON THE COVER

THIS week's cover is the first of a series of war heroes to be painted by C. C. Beall. It tells you dramatically how Private James E. Sands of the United States Marine Corps Reserve won the Navy Cross last October 26th, on Guadalcanal Island. The Japs had attacked fiercely, penetrating our lines. Then, says the citation:

"Sands, in a counterattack, fearlessly rushed the enemy, armed only with hand grenades. He knocked out one enemy heavy machine gun, and then an enemy light machine-gun position, thereby securing a favorable position for one of our machine guns. He remained fighting until wounded in the hip, and then refused aid until the position had been consolidated."

Jim Sands is twenty-one years old, went to Sewanhaka High School and spent most of his life at Floral Park, Long Island, New York. He was working as a mechanic's helper when war started, enlisted in the Marine Corps, trained at Parris Island, and shipped out for the Southwest Pacific. The battle in which he won his medal—and got his wound—came a few nights after he landed on Guadalcanal Island.

He got his decoration at a ceremony at Marine Headquarters in San Francisco, the citation being sent from the South Pacific and signed by Admiral William F. Halsey. The original cover painting is being presented by Collier's to Private Sands' home town.

higher than his shoulder, "My name's Anthony Dennison. I'm looking for Mr. Wheaton . . ."

Linda rose and Tony Dennison suppressed a complacent I-told-you-so. Check. No higher than his shoulder, and beautifully made. The curves went right on, in the right places. He observed that she wore a tweed skirt and a sweater. She did them both justice.

She said, "I'm Linda Wheaton. My father's in court but—" she looked at the small, busily ticking clock on her desk, "he should be here any moment now."

"May I wait?" Mr. Dennison smiled, disarmingly. He was a very tall, loose-jointed young man, with a shock of field-mouse-colored hair and pleasant gray eyes. "You see"—he looked around and added, hopefully—"if you'll sit down I'll lower myself cautiously to the floor."

Linda flushed. She said, "What am I thinking of . . . ?" although she knew of what she was thinking . . . "Let's go into Father's office," she suggested.

SHE preceded Mr. Dennison into the private office, where she indicated a large leather chair. She sat down behind her father's desk. She said, "You haven't an appointment?"

She looked rather quaint in the desk chair and, unconsciously, she had assumed a judicial expression. Mr. Dennison did not bother to suppress his grin. Nice, informal atmosphere about these small-town New England law offices, he decided.

He said, "I'd better explain myself. I'm from out of town . . . and I haven't been arrested for anything . . . yet. It's just that I'm driving up to Maine and thought I'd stop off and see your father. My father was a classmate of his at law school—William Dennison . . ."

Linda's face lighted. She said, "Bill Dennison . . . ? I have heard a hundred stories about him—" She opened a cigarette box and offered it to her visitor, with matches and an enormous ash tray. "Father was so fond of your father," she said. "He hadn't seen him in years . . ."

"Twenty," said Tony Dennison, "the last time my dad was on the East Coast. They met in New York. You hadn't been born then," he guessed, with a rising inflection.

"I was two," she said, indignantly. Then her face grew still and grave. She added, "I remember now . . . your father died, a year or so ago, didn't he?"

"Eighteen months," said Tony Dennison. "He had been ill a long time. I wouldn't wish him back again, if . . ." He broke off, wondering what deep quality of sympathy and warmth there must be in this girl that he could speak to her as if he had known her a long time. He went on, after a moment, "I'm in a law office in New York. One of those mass-production affairs with six partners, three of them junior, and about fifty other lawyers. I'm one of the submerged tenth." He smiled again, "And while on my way to do a little camping, a belated vacation, I remembered that your father lived in Benfield. . . . The letter he wrote me at the time of my father's death was one I'd not easily forget . . . and so I turned off the main highway and came past, on a chance."

"I'm so glad," cried Linda, "and Father will be . . ."

A voice spoke from the reception room. It was a big voice, as mellow as the autumnal sunlight. It had a carrying quality. "What," it demanded, "goes on here?"

Tony and Linda rose simultaneously, both went toward the door, and collided. Of the two, young Mr. Dennison was the more embarrassed. And Mr. Wheaton asked, surveying them, "Your client, Linda—or mine . . . ?"

"Neither," said Tony before Linda could speak. "A friend, I hope. I'm Anthony Dennison," he added.

Timothy Wheaton's huge hand shot out and enveloped the younger man's. "Bill's boy?" he said. The quick tears came to his eyes. He was like that, tender, boisterous, dramatic, sentimental. Tony remembered a verdict pronounced by his own father, that quiet, forceful man . . . "Tim Wheaton's of the old school . . . the silver-tongued orator, but one who has a firm foundation upon which to stand, knowledge of the law and a passion for justice. He would have become a great trial lawyer in any large city. . . . He could have made a national name, if he hadn't buried himself in that little backwater town. He has a sense of theater, plus integrity and sincerity. You don't often find that combination. He's a big man, in every way."

In every way. Well over six feet tall, and over two hundred pounds heavy. His hair was gray and worn a little longer and much thicker than that of most men. His features were big, craggy, a determined jut of a nose, a bulldog chin, a wide, mobile mouth. His eyes were as blue as Linda's.

"LINDA," ordered her father, "scat. I want to talk to Anthony. Go home and tell your mother to break out the Spode and Wedgwood, and the Revere coffeepot. Also tell her to see that the spare room fire's lighted. We've an honored guest."

"But look," Tony protested. "I was just . . . I mean I'm on my way to Maine and I thought I'd stop by and say hello—"

"Nonsense," said Tim Wheaton, "you'll stay the night. We've things to talk about. Going to Maine on business . . . ?"

"No, camping, but—"

"Look here," said Wheaton, "we're wasting time. Sit down. And you, Linda, get going . . ."

Linda said, "I'll see you both later," smiled and closed the door gently after her.

"Only child," explained her father, "spoiled as the devil. Smart as a whip though; got out of college when she was twenty, took a secretarial course, went to work—for me. Linda's my staff. Gets paid for it, too," he added, "but not too much. There's also an office boy and errand runner, and my young associate, Jud Wilson. Expect to make him my partner, one of these days. Tell me about yourself," he ended abruptly.

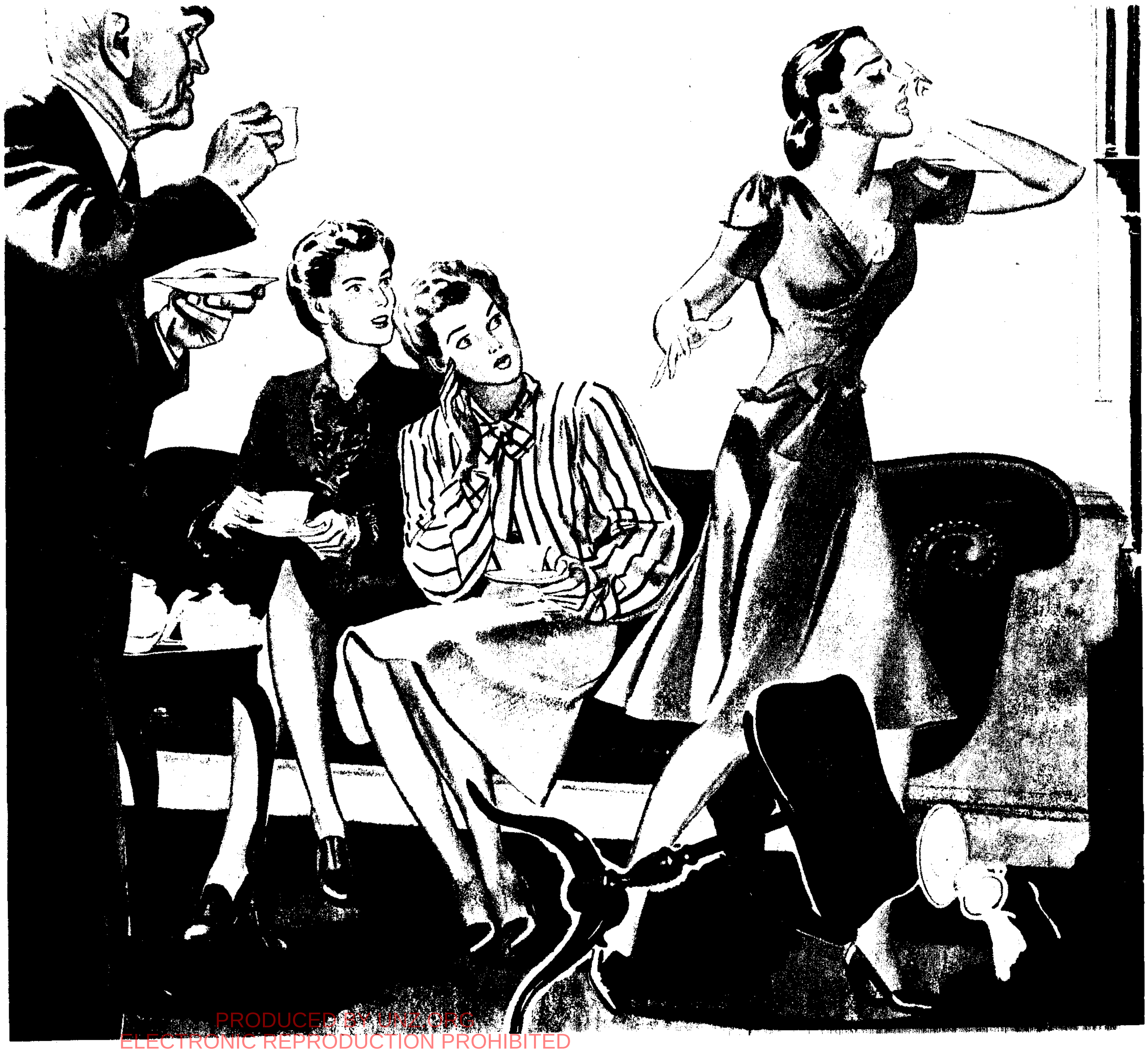
There wasn't much to tell. Tony admitted Stanford, then law school. After that, his father's office. But his father had become chronically ill and a year before his death young Dennison had come to New York, passed his bar examinations there and been admitted to practice. An old friend of his father's had secured the position for him. "You may remember him, Mr. Wheaton, Andrew Powell?"

"Class below Bill and me," said Wheaton promptly, "small, dapper, clever . . . now of Ralston, Hammond, Evans & Powell, and Lord knows how many besides. It's a good outfit," he concluded, "but I'm glad I was never tempted. Too much specialization. Town like this, there's always business, little footling cases, according to Powell's standards . . . but a variety of 'em. Half of my clients are my neighbors. The other half drifts in. It's something like being a doctor or a minister. I like it."

"I'm sure you do," said Tony.

"You would too," said Wheaton, "if you'd try it. But no, I suppose you've got New York in your blood. It becomes increasingly difficult to persuade any young professional man to settle down in a small town. Grass looks greener over the fence. Tell me something about your dad

(Continued on page 45)



Peg Reynolds rose so suddenly she overturned the fragile tea table beside her, cup and all, and ran out of the room

"There will be Millions of Diseased,
Maimed and Orphaned to be cared for"

THÉRÈSE BONNEY

"From the Mass Production of Swords
to the Mass Production of Plowshares"

EWING GALLOWAY

BRITISH COMBINE

NEW APPROACHES TO LASTING PEACE

BY HERBERT HOOVER AND HUGH GIBSON

It's not too soon to prepare for the next peace—or too late to learn from the mistakes we made in the last one. Messrs. Hoover and Gibson, peacemakers in 1918, make further observations from experience matched by that of few other living men in the world today

THE world has had some sad failures and disillusionments from its past methods of making peace. The whole question requires a new approach. But before making such suggestions we should examine realistically the immediate situation that will confront us after we have won military victory.

Instantly firing ceases, a great load of fear will lift from the minds of men, and a great hope for the future will rise with this relief. But soon the stark scene of devastation will be revealed. Resentment of hideous wrongs will raise the spirits of hate and revenge. They will add fire to the natural demands for punitive action against the enemy.

There will be millions of diseased, maimed, and orphaned to be cared for. Every nation outside the Western Hemisphere will be hungry and underclad.

Every nation will be impoverished, millions of homes will have been destroyed, millions of tons of ships sunk. Our industrial plants will be greatly deteriorated. We must shift from mass production of swords to mass production of plowshares. In the transition, millions of men will be idle and demanding jobs. Every nation will be loaded with debts; the financial problems of restoring national life will be enormous. All this will be aggravated by the demand of the people for release from wartime restrictions, discipline and burdens.

And what will be the political situation in the world the day after the enemy is disarmed and his forces are withdrawn? There are today about 33 nations who are at war with the Axis or parts of it. The Axis armies have overrun 400,000,000 people belonging to the United Nations. The Axis armies have occupied the capitals in about 12 of these United Nations. These nations have been assured restoration of their sovereignty. When peace comes, these nations will instantly set up a government. They will organize armies. They will occupy their utmost boundaries. Britain, France, and Holland will regain sovereignty over their possessions in the Far East.

And there are the enemy states. They will at once blow up in some sort of revolution because their present leaders will be removed.

Our boys, and the boys in every army, will clamor to come home as soon as the enemy is disarmed. Their wives and parents in every land will demand that they be brought home quickly. When they return they will demand by right of their service and sacrifice that their state of life be restored to them. They will rightly make themselves heard. Nor are they coming home to see their countries' substance and rights sacrificed in peacemaking, whether we like it or not.

In all this welter of hope, suffering, wrong, devastation, hate, and idealism, a peace will have to be made. Each and every one of these many nations will appoint representatives to participate in peacemaking. The spirit of nationalism will run high within them. Their delegates must try to secure the utmost in political and economic advantage for their impoverished and suffering people. And greed, arrogance, subtle age-old diplomacy will not be absent.

(Continued on page 74)

"Millions of Homes have been Destroyed"

The WARTIME DRESS

Three Hollywood stars model a dress which any girl can make if she has fifty cents and a needle and thread

BY AIMEE LARKIN

COLLIER'S DISTAFF EDITOR

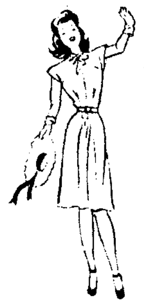
THIS is the new wartime dress. Like the rest of everyday living, fashion is following the news cycle. Fashion changes whenever the news changes, and right now the news is in shortages and rationing and make-do. Collier's told Edith Head, chief designer at Paramount Pictures, what we hoped for—a real wartime dress. It must be tops in style, easy for beginners to make. It must be one that doesn't demand an intricate pattern and a folder full of directions. Above everything, it should require minimum fabric, minimum workmanship and minimum time. We wanted a dress so adaptable it could be made in all lengths from play to evening, in every summer fabric, for every type of girl.

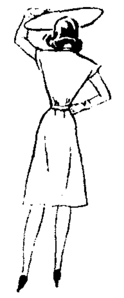
Miss Head got busy and designed this dress which answers all the necessary "musts." Picking three of Paramount's glamor girls as mannequins, she draped, sketched, pinned and fussed until she found the perfect design for all three. Dorothy Lamour, Veronica Lake and Betty Hutton deserted a vacation, a soda-sipping date and a shooting schedule to help. They stood patiently for measurements, helped with pinning and sewing.

As you can see in the pictures, the girls did all right by themselves. From Veronica, who is scarcely five feet, to Dorothy, a dignified lady when she's away from her sarong, all three can wear the dress with only a change of fabric and length. When you make your own, be your own designer. If experience has taught you that high necks are bad for you, make a slash neckline. Or you can cut a low square neckline. Make a wider belt, put tiny Irish lace ruffles at the neck, raise the skirt gathers—whatever you like.

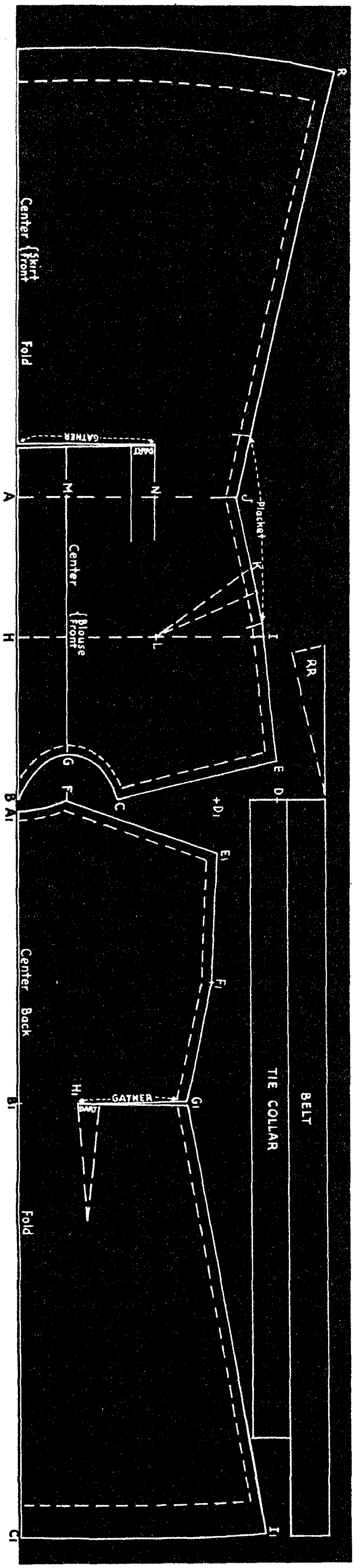
Even if you've never made a dress before don't be afraid of this. We've checked and rechecked and simplified so that it's practically foolproof. You can make it from an old chintz curtain or a bedspread or from a piece of leftover material. Just follow the diagram carefully. Take your own measurements with a tape measure and then draft your own pattern. All you need is a piece of material 39 inches wide and twice as long as the distance from your shoulder to your hem. This means about two and a half yards long if you're average.

Once you've finished your first dress from the diagram, you'll know your measurements and figure peculiarities exactly. You can dash off your second one in little over an hour. And your second dress can look as different from the first as you want to make it. ★★★





With a tape measure take your own measurements. Write them down as you go along. Measurements needed are: neck (at shoulder) to waist; waist to hem (front); armhole (around the arm at tip of shoulder); neck (around the neck); neck to waistline in back; waist to hem in back; shoulder (from neck to shoulder tip). Easiest way to begin drafting your pattern is to spread paper on floor. Let's say, for example, you are 27" from waist to hem. You put tape measure along one edge of paper, measure off 29" (adding two for turning under hem) and draw a straight line. This locates point A, waist. You carry on from here.



To draft the front:

Fold fabric lengthwise through center, wrong side out. With folded edge toward you, measure skirt length up from left-hand edge (allowing 2" extra for hem). Mark it A, for waistline.

Find and mark B by using your waist-to-shoulder measurement.

From B pin or trace a straight line up to selvage.

On this line mark C using one half your neck measurement.

Place D twice the shoulder length above C.

Place E to the left of D:
2½" for square shoulder
3" for normal shoulder
3¼" for sloping shoulder

Mark F (for later use) halfway between B and C.

Measure distance from B to F. Use this same measurement to mark G at left of F.

Put a string on a pencil and draw a half circle from B through G to C, thus making the front neckline.

The material from G to B and left to slash provides extra goods for any type of front facing or closing you desire, as for a shirtwaist opening or a tucked front.

Mark H below B using ½ your armhole measurement plus 3". Draw the bustline straight up from H. Make it ¼ the bust measurement plus 3". Mark its termination L.

Place J ¼ the waist measurement plus 7" from A. Draw a line to connect these points. Connect J with I then E.

Place K halfway between J and I.

Measure halfway point from H to I. One inch above this, locate L. Draw a line from K to L. This indicates the dart line for the bust.

Place M on waistline 3" from fold. Connect F and M. This indicates the center front line and allowance for front pleat overlap must be made below this line. Place N on the waistline directly in line with L. N is to indicate the dart line which eventually panels from waistline. The dart should be about 1½" wide.

In the illustration we show a line slashed across, 3" below the waistline. This is an arbitrary line. Small, short or long waisted figures will want to cut on the waistline itself. Short-waisted girls or very tall ones will prefer to cut this line 2" or 3" below the waistline. Cut from fold to N. Then the front facing is turned back or cut away as your closing requires and lapped as it will be when worn. The center skirt part is gathered or laid in pleats. The dart is then creased to form a tuck and turned on each side toward the center front and stitched.

Locate R on the selvage of your 39" material. If a 36" fabric is used, a gore should be added to make skirt wide enough. This can be cut as indicated in RR.

Draw a line from J to R equal to the front skirt length.

Proceed to draft the back.

Measure ½" to the right of B and locate A1.

From A1 use the back waist length and locate B1.

Place C1, the back skirt length plus hem allowance, to the right of B1, on fold.

D1 is on line above F. Use front measurement of C to D.

E1 is to the right of D1 the same distance that E is from D on the front. Connect F and E1. Connect A1 and F with a shallow curve.

To locate F1, measure right from E1 the same distance of E to I on the front.

Draw a straight line up from B1, ¼ the waist measurement plus 5" and locate G1. H1 is ⅛ the waist measure above B1. This for the dart in the back of the skirt. Pin this to the size and length your figure requires when you fit the dress. Cut from G1 to H1. Gather extra fullness in for blouse above waist.

From C1 measure the distance from center front to R, less 4", and locate I1. Connect I1 with C1 and G1.

Because the back is narrower than the front, you have room along the side for a belt and tie, or a belt and shirtmaker collar as you prefer.

First step in making your diagram dress is to measure a pattern on wrapping paper or newspapers. Above, Betty Hutton, who has just finished cutting hers, explains the process to Veronica Lake. The girls are using a mobile dressing room as a temporary sewing room proving that you can make this dress almost anywhere. Betty made hers on the run in moments off the set of Let's Face It

Street-length version of the wartime dress was prettied up by Veronica Lake's ingenuity. She bought several yards of curtain fringe at the five and dime, made a hat and necklace. Your own bright ideas can fit your dress in with present accessories. Note the patriotic Lake tresses safely pinned up as they will be in So Proudly We Hail, in which she plays an Army nurse on Bataan

Final step is putting in the hem by hand, after you've measured an equal distance all around from the floor, turned and basted in evenly. Edith Head shows Dorothy Lamour original sketch of the wartime chemise dress (Edith's doodling on back is nonessential). For floor-length version, Dorothy carefully selected a fabric that draped well; the print is like her sarong, not to be seen in Dixie

The same dress that goes to a formal dinner can also go to a picnic. Betty Hutton chose a gingham plaid, cut it shorter, left off the bow at the neck and the result—a dress for summer vacations. Cotton versions like this are easy to keep clean. Simply dunk them in soapsuds, let dry for two or three hours and then press. The simplicity—which makes for good style—also makes for easy ironing

PHOTOGRAPHS
FOR COLLIER'S
BY GEORGE DE ZAYAS

Edwin E. Brown, a typical Connecticut old-timer, at work on a boat; at sixty-five he's been building boats since he was nineteen years old, and still is able to do his bit for war

ETHERILL'S ATLAS PAINT

Members of the Guilford Wartime Industries talk ab
manpower and production in Mr. Spencer's workshop

NPOWER BOOSTERS

There's no [illegible]

PHOTOGRAPHS FOR COLLIER'S BY ALBERT FENN AND KNOPF-PIX

BUREAUCRACY frets over it as "the manpower problem." Americans think of it simply as putting people to work. Millions of people will go to work if they're just asked, or told where there's work to be done.

All over the country, people are being put to work in industry, farming and transportation, without red tape, by community enterprise.

Let's have a look at three typical plans: One in industrial Connecticut; another in war-working Middle Western Cleveland; a third in the little California farm town of Davis.

The Connecticut plan is completely voluntary. When a community, big or little, wants to get into war work, it asks Governor Raymond E. Baldwin at Hartford to send around Curtiss S. Johnson, editor of the Shore Line Times at Guilford. Johnson knows all the plans; he goes around trouble shooting, organizing, sprouting ideas. The communities don't have to adopt them if they don't want to.

In the Colt Arms plant at Hartford, white-collar men and women cut short their regular jobs to put in full shifts making weapons. Around Westport, war material is being fashioned by mothers, shut-ins and women working in their own homes. In Guilford, there's an organization called the Guilford Wartime Industries; it puts scores of oldsters to work at light manufacturing jobs—and some jobs that aren't so light.

Cleveland is working on a shift-team idea. A butcher and a baker, after they've put in regular hours at their own work, split a shift at a war plant, each working four hours. This one was invented by J. Atlee Schafer, a coal magnate. He started writing to editors and finally got the big Warner & Swasey tool concern interested. President Charles J. Stillwell, of the firm, tried it out with Schafer and one of his coal salesmen as a team. It worked.

Now there are more than 155 teams at this one plant. Other plants are adopting the plan. Teams are made up of all sorts of people—bankers and brokers, truck drivers and tinsmiths.

In Davis, a small California town in the Sacramento Valley, Sam Brinley started his own plan. Freight piled up in railroad yards; track gangs were hard to find, but the Southern Pacific Railroad had to have them to keep war material rolling. Farmers wanted help.

So Sam, who is Southern Pacific agent in Davis, just walked up Main Street, buttonholing anyone he met, asking people if they wanted week-end jobs. He got scores. Gangs of them cleaned up the freight jams, worked on the high-speed track, drove out to help farmers.

Other California towns quickly copied the Davis Plan; thousands of volunteers are working week ends. No red tape; just sign on and go to work.

"Solving the manpower problem" is no snap, but giving more Americans a chance to go to work would go a long way toward easing it. ★★★

After he's put in a full day as a dental technician, W.
Hocevar works another half shift at Warner & Swa

vernor Baldwin of Connecticut gives his advice; the ernor heads the state's drive to get more manpower

Although blind in one eye, sixty-three-year-old Mrs. Jenny Patchen of Saugatuck manages to help along the war by doing homework in addition to running her house and buying stamps

the picture at the left Hocevar is seen at his old job making dentures; at right he is busy at gear assembly

Allen Griswold is eighty but holds down a job as a boatbuilder in Edwin E. Brown's plant

Bill Carpenteri, 18, drives a candy truck. "After hours" he puts in a full war shift at Colt

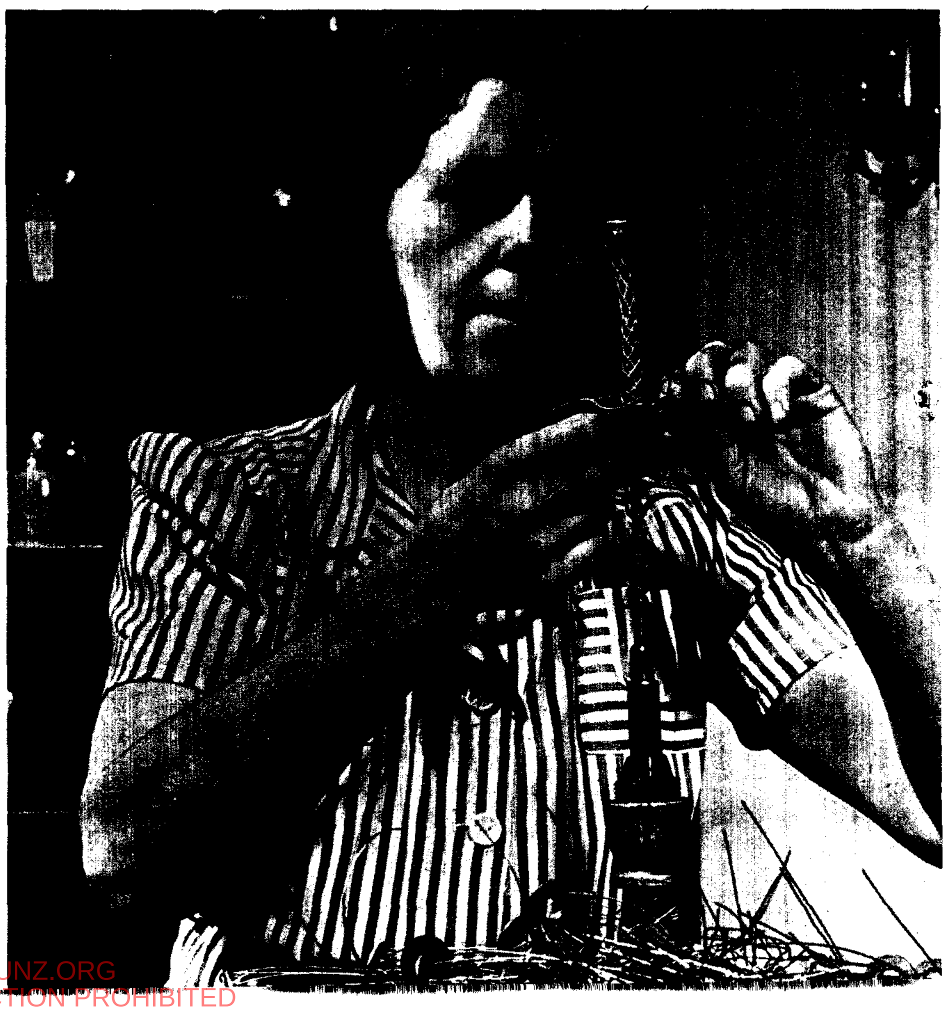
Dr. Benjamin R. Simpson of Western Reserve University teaches his classes all day and then puts in a half shift at Warner & Swasey as his contribution to victory

A mixed gang of leading citizens of Davis, California, heave their bars to line track on the Southern Pacific. They include Roy Bainer, agricultural engineer; Delmer Marshall, school superintendent; Prof. J. F. Wilson and Jim Burks, accountant

Robert Gage and George J. De Long work on the copy desk of a Cleveland new paper all day, then put in another half shift at the Warner & Swasey plant t help make tools for war; they share the same toolbox and make a good tea

Mrs. Michael Esposito of Saugatuck doesn't even take time out for illness. She keeps up with her war industry in bed, putting together intricate parts to go into war implements—work which requires trained hands and the ability to concentrate

Mrs. Peter Keller works—at home—for the Fairfield Aluminum Co., Fairfiel Conn., and still finds time to raise chickens, mother two children and keep up he housework; here she is weaving special grips used in a phase of war productio



First in the Service...

R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Company, Winston-Salem, N. C.

MORA SCHELL, war worker, helps turn out automatic gyro-pilots for Uncle Sam's fighting planes... smokes the fighting man's favorite—Camels. "No matter how much I smoke," she says, "Camels never go flat on my taste. They always taste good!"

CAMEL
CHOICE QUALITY
TURKISH & DOMESTIC BLEND CIGARETTES

FOR TASTE AND FOR MY THROAT, CAMELS ARE TOPS IN ENJOYMENT!

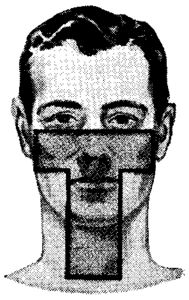
They've Got What it Takes

IF you could *see* them, in training camp or tangled jungle—you'd know, with a thrill of pride, that America's fighting men have *got what it takes.* And if you could see their smiles, their contentment, when they light up their favorite cigarette—you'd know there must be good reasons why Camels are so preferred in the service. Check up on Camels yourself. Test out their full, round flavor. See how that slow-burning Camel mildness suits *your own* throat. In other words, try out Camels in your own "T-Zone."

The "T Zone"

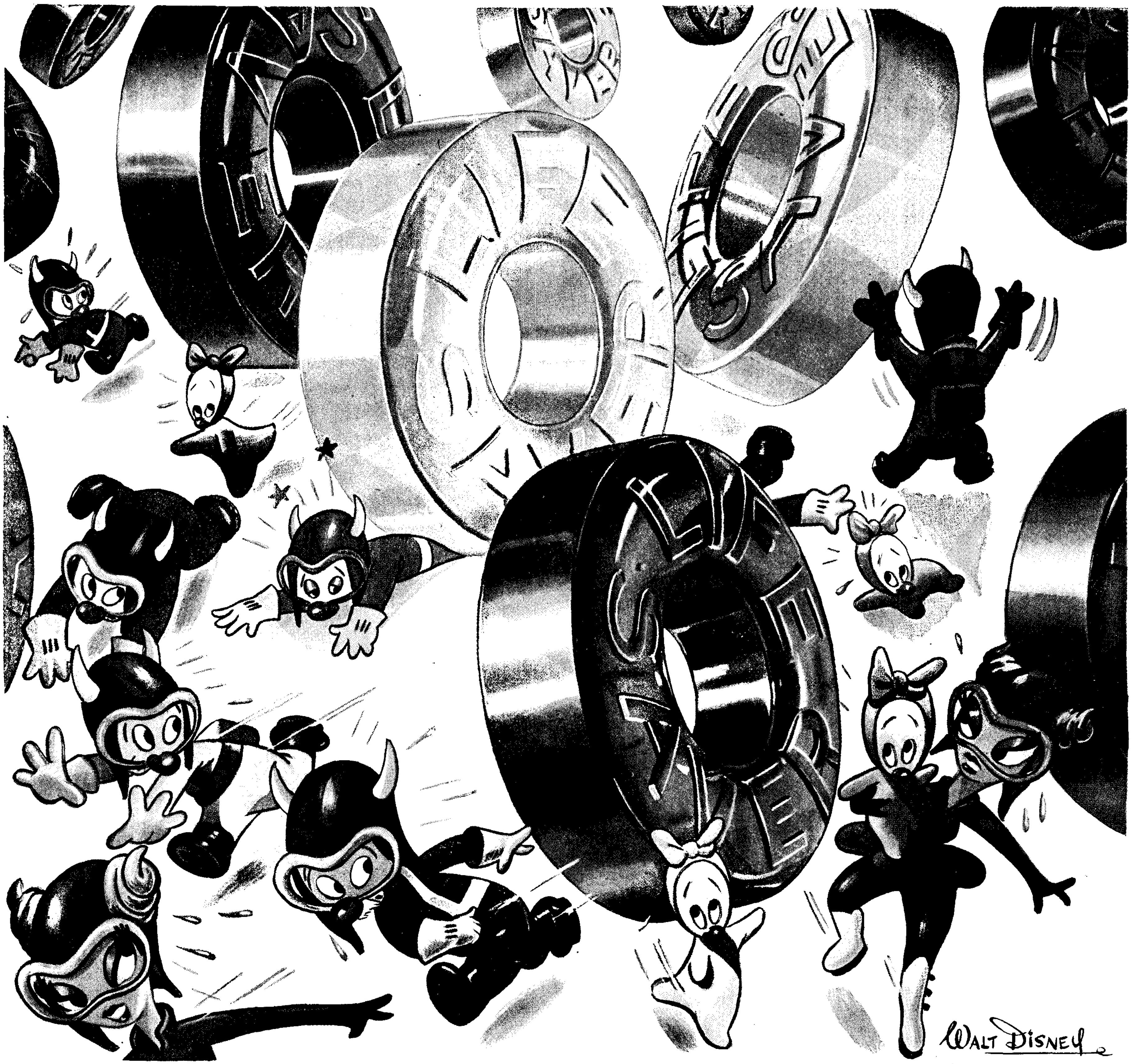
—where cigarettes are judged

The **"T-ZONE"**—Taste and Throat—is the proving ground for cigarettes. Only *your* taste and throat can decide which cigarette tastes best to you... and how it affects your throat. Based on the experience of millions of smokers, we believe Camels will suit your **"T-ZONE"** to a **"T."** Prove it for yourself!



Camels

BUY
WAR BONDS &
STAMPS


WALT DISNEY

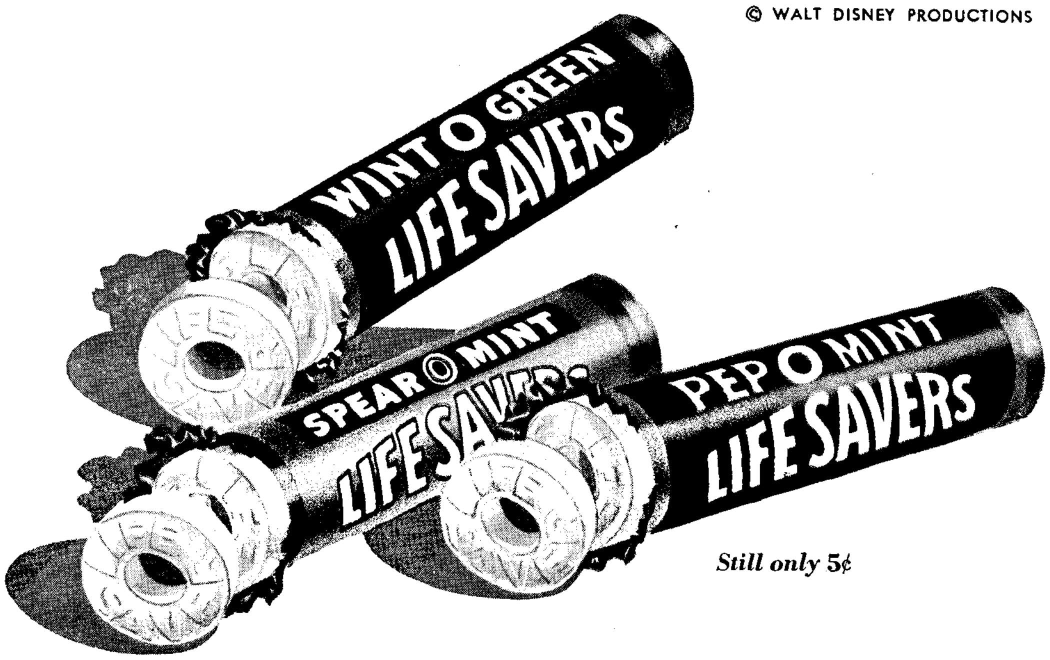
© WALT DISNEY PRODUCTIONS

GREMLIN CHASERS

YOU'VE HEARD of the Gremlins . . . pesky little trouble makers that hang around air fields . . . army camps . . . ports of call . . . and battle stations.

One good antidote for Gremlins is LIFE SAVERS . . . they cheer a fellow up when the Gremlins get him down.

Maybe that's why our armed forces are ordering so many of them . . . so . . . if you have trouble getting some favorite flavor . . . blame it on the Gremlins.

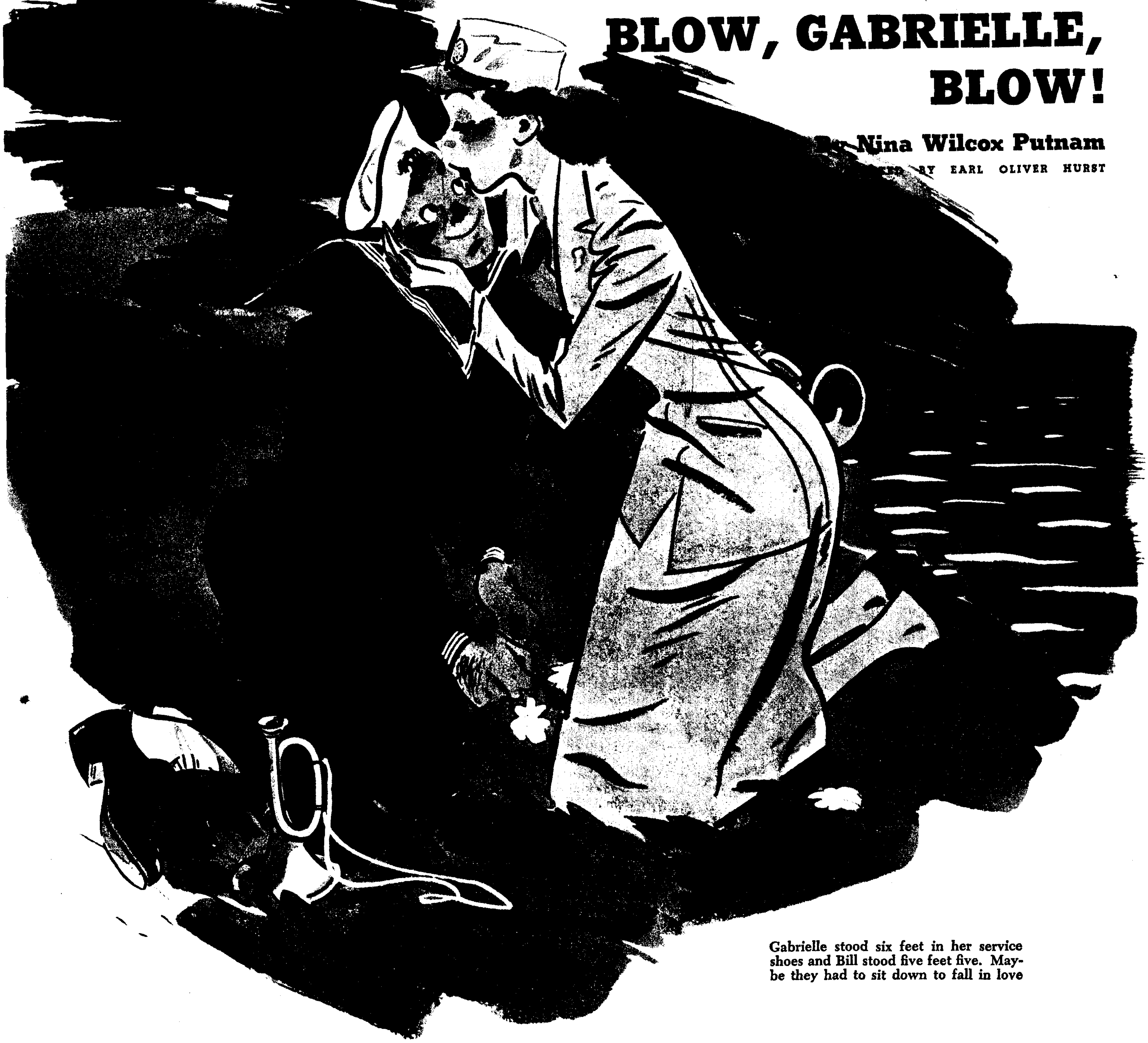

WINT O GREEN
LIFE SAVERS
SPEAR O MINT
LIFE SAVERS
PEP O MINT
LIFE SAVERS

Still only 5¢

BLOW, GABRIELLE, BLOW!

By Nina Wilcox Putnam

ED BY EARL OLIVER HURST



Gabrielle stood six feet in her service shoes and Bill stood five feet five. Maybe they had to sit down to fall in love

Everyone hates the bugler—but what about a lady bugler? A rootin'-tootin' comedy of life and love among the Waacs

THE whole truth about my Gabrielle got told first at the Stage Door Canteen, where I work in the kitchen, which is the nearest I have been able to get to a Broadway appearance in twenty years; although heaven knows I'm so willing to act I'd be glad to play the Arsenic in Arsenic and Old Lace.

On this particular day, when I sat down at the sandwich-making table where I handle the baloney, there was Pinky McPherson sitting straight across from me and she was bragging about her son Joe, who was a mess sergeant in the Army. Well, my memory is so good I can remind an elephant, and I at once thought: Mess sergeant is right. Joe always was a mess. His own mother made him so, Joe and that mink coat of hers being the only things she ever spent lavishly on, although Pinky had married the type which was once scornfully referred to as a big butter-and-egg man, which of course today would be practically a royal title. Well, anyway, I let her give out like she was the only woman with a son in the Army until I couldn't stand it any more.

"You may have a son at the front," I interrupts, "but I've got a daughter at the back."

"You mean Gabrielle?" Pinky asks me, a typical dumb remark, for Pinky knew perfectly well I have an only child. But then Pinky never did have horse sense even in the old days when she was in the pony ballet—before she married a big butter-and-egg man.

"I mean my Gab," I reassured her. "She's in the Waacs, and what's more, she's the bugler!"

It did me good to see the expression on Pinky's face. She looked kind of disappointed on account she had been enjoying pitying me and my troubles with my daughter all these years, an enjoyment which hadn't cost her a cent.

"Gabrielle the bugler!" she says incredulously. "Why, you never used to be able to get her up before noon! Who gets her up?"

"Who gets the bugler up has been a military secret ever since Irving put Berlin on the map," I told her. "All I know is, she's doing it in Florida."

"Bugler!" says Pinky, not able to get over it. "Then she's following in your footsteps after all!"

"Well, not exactly in my footsteps," I says, "with me wearing a size 2½ and her a 7-C. But she *is* following the family profession instead of being a telegraph operator which, as you know, she preferred."

Well, by this time all the ladies were interested. A daughter who is a Waac is still a comparative novelty among Army mothers, and nothing would do but for me to tell them about Gabrielle. Which I did with all the reluctance of a movie star accepting an Oscar. And of course I had to go back a ways to explain.

To commence with, the subject of Gabrielle's size and what to do with a big girl in the theatrical world had been one of the troubles Pinky had enjoyed helping me moan over. And her size had been terribly hard on Gabrielle herself. The kids in school used to laugh at her and even though she was always pretty, the boys were scared to carry her books home. When she grew up it was a generation too late, Mr. Ziegfeld's show girls being a thing of the past and most of Gab's contemporaries being so ignorant of theater history they thought a show girl was a strip-teaser.

However, Gabrielle got so's she didn't care for spotlights in any form and wanted to sink into some practical job like that awful old grandfather of hers on her father's side. Old man Tupple was stationmaster and telegraph operator in a tank town, and when Gab's pa and I were out on the Orpheum Circuit and had finally given up in despair trying to make her a part of the act, we used to leave Gab at

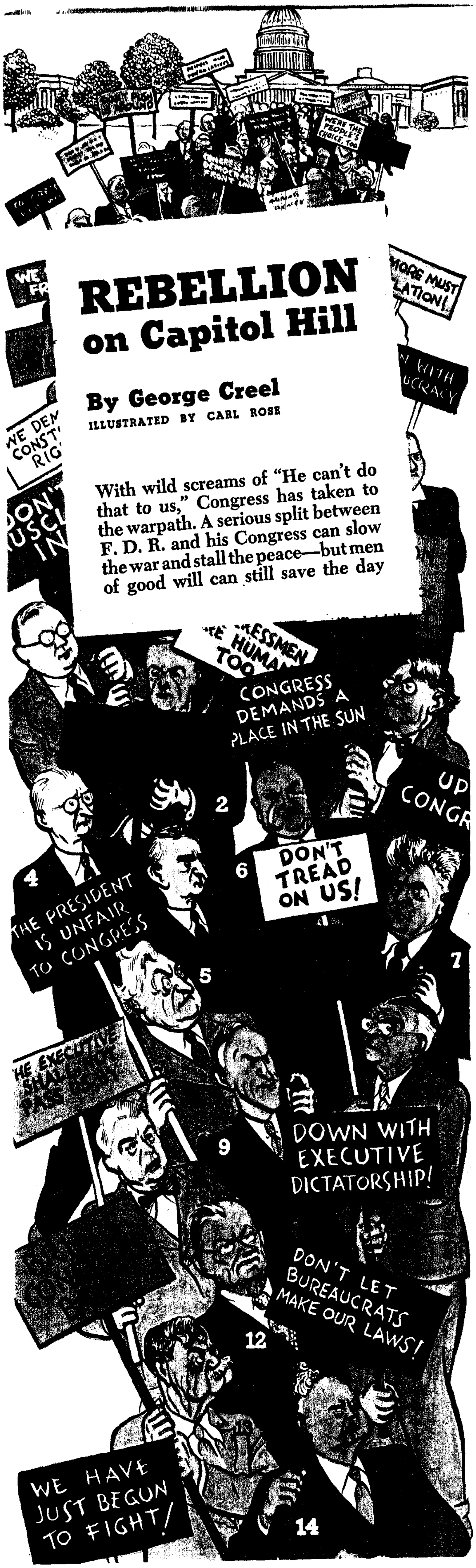
(Continued on page 61)

REBELLION on Capitol Hill

By George Creel

ILLUSTRATED BY CARL ROSE

With wild screams of "He can't do that to us," Congress has taken to the warpath. A serious split between F. D. R. and his Congress can slow the war and stall the peace—but men of good will can still save the day


WERE THE PEOPLE'S CHOICE, TOO
CONGRESS DEMANDS A PLACE IN THE SUN
HUMAN TOO
2
4
THE PRESIDENT IS UNFAIR TO CONGRESS
6
DON'T TREAD ON US!
7
5
9
DOWN WITH EXECUTIVE DICTATORSHIP!
DON'T LET BUREAUCRATS MAKE OUR LAWS!
12
WE HAVE JUST BEGUN TO FIGHT!
14

RELATIONS between the White House and the Hill are now strained to the point of open rupture. This is nothing new. Every Chief Executive from George Washington down has had his breaks with an angry and rebellious Congress, particularly Madison, Lincoln, Taft, Wilson and Hoover.

In at least two of these deadlocks, the results affected disastrously the future of the nation. The fateful breach between Abraham Lincoln and the Congressional majority of the time not only lengthened the war at a heavy cost in lives and treasure but bred the hates and ruin of Reconstruction.

The cleavage between Woodrow Wilson and the legislative branch started with pinprick irritations. As neither party showed any inclination to bridge the gulf, it deepened and widened; the "war to end war" sowed only dragons' teeth.

The break between President Roosevelt and his Congress has not yet reached any such danger point, but the possibilities are there. An Administration majority in the Senate, provided by 57 Democrats as opposed to 38 Republicans and one lone Progressive, has been changed into a minority by open revolt. In the House, where 222 Democrats face 208 Republicans and five Independents, roll calls have shown the situation to be even worse.

No longer are Presidential requests received as coming straight from Sinai. With no attempt at concealment, these senators have braided eagle feathers into their scalplocks and gone on the warpath: Tydings of Maryland, Van Nuys of Indiana, Byrd of Virginia, Maloney of Connecticut, George of Georgia, Eastland of Mississippi, Gerry of Rhode Island, Bailey of North Carolina, Gillette of Iowa, McKellar of Tennessee, Johnson of Colorado, Wheeler of Montana, Smith of South Carolina, McCarran of Nevada and Clark of Missouri.

O'Mahoney of Wyoming has boldly left the reservation at various times, Connally of Texas thunders against a "power-hungry bureaucracy," Bankhead of Alabama has taken angry issue with the Great White Father on the size of the Army, Truman of Missouri and Walsh of Massachusetts have indulged repeatedly in sharp criticism, and even Alben Barkley of Kentucky voted against the Administration's bill to control food prices.

Much of the bitterness, of course, has its base either in personal resentment or outraged conservatism. Tydings, George and "Cotton Ed" Smith have not forgotten that the President tried to purge them in 1938, and Van Nuys, McCarran and Clark remember that the Administration was against their re-election. The South, more or less as a whole, is opposed to continued emphasis on "social gains."

Voice of the People

None of this, however, is a complete explanation. Congressmen believe implicitly that the recent election expressed popular protest against waste, government by directive, incredible questionnaires and other blunderings of an overstuffed bureaucracy. As senators and representatives see it—and their ears are never far from the grass roots—a flat dissent from the Administration's domestic policies was demanded by the Voice of the People.

The President's conduct of the war abroad will go unopposed, but in many home-front matters, enough Democrats will vote with the Republicans to furnish an anti-Roosevelt majority. Every appropriation is already being studied microscopically, and strong efforts will be made to wipe out entirely those agencies which impress Congress as being superfluous.

This, in the main, is surface stuff. The real reason for the revolt goes deeper. There is hardly a man on the Hill who doesn't feel, rightly or wrongly, that Congress has been short-circuited by the White House, and made to "lose face." This includes many ardent New Dealers. What they want and what they mean to fight for is full recognition of Congress as a co-ordinate branch of government, the one and only body authorized to make the laws of the land.

This keynote is not sounded by any such conservative as Cotton Ed Smith or by a confirmed obstructionist like Wheeler of Montana, but by no less a New Dealer than Joseph O'Mahoney. "Between January 7, 1941, and April 12, 1942," asserts the senator from Wyoming, "the President issued five hundred executive orders. They were not written in the halls of Congress on the responsibility of men chosen by the public and known to the public. They were written in private by anonymous experts. They were not subject to public hearing nor were they analyzed in public debate. They did not become known to the public until issued—and then they were effective.

"Here also," and Senator O'Mahoney's long forefinger points to a pile of papers on his desk, "are sixty-six 'laws' put forth by federal agencies under the guise of directives, rules and regulations—'laws' that were never seen by Congress prior to printing. This separation of authority and responsibility, found in practically every bureaucratic establishment, is the source of the evils of which the people complain. The remedy is obvious. The President should call upon Congress for the enactment of necessary laws, and Congress itself should observe more care in the delegation of powers by exercising greater watchfulness over the use by bureaus of the powers it grants."

Operating on Good Faith

The gentleman from Wyoming pitches his argument on high and impersonal ground, but many senators make no secret of deep personal feeling. "Here on the Hill," runs their complaint, "we operate by assuming good faith. When a man introduces a bill, we accept his assurance that there are no jokers. The President, however, has consistently refused to be bound by this agreement. When he asks for a delegation of power, we never know how far it will be stretched by the interpretation he or some agency head chooses to put upon it. We were told, you will remember, that there was no intent to place a $25,000 limitation on earned incomes by executive order, and look what happened. From now on, we mean to protect ourselves in the clinches."

The resolution authorizing the House Committee on Appropriations to employ a staff of expert investigators puts a curb bit in the mouth of every administrative agency. Equally significant is the creation of a committee to ride herd on all federal bureaus, departments, etc., with the exception of War, Navy and White House.

None other than conservative, high-collared Howard Smith of Virginia is the chairman, and it is with almost unholy relish that he announces his purpose to "stop the deliberate misrepresentation of acts of Congress," and to "provide citizens with full protection against undue harassment."

All of which comes under the head of bad news for the Administration. In the Senate, an antagonistic coalition can block the President at every point; in the House, the gentleman from Virginia can halt the whole machinery of government by keeping the McNutts, the Wickards and the Nelsons on the witness stand for days at a time.

With the break between the President and Congress broadening rapidly, extremists on both sides talk cheerily of a fight to the finish. The Republicans, as a group, are convinced that Roosevelt's domestic leadership has been repudiated by the voters, and look forward to 1944 with confidence. Many Democrats either share this conviction or rejoice at the chance to release festering resentments.

There are also men of sense on both sides who appreciate the danger of letting the break widen. These men of good will are active at the White House and on the Hill with sound, persuasive arguments.

With the nation fighting for its life, it is not always wise or possible for the executive branch to wait on the slower processes of the legislative branch. Congress is being asked to see this.

The plea of haste, however, should not be used as an excuse to by-pass Congress, nor should express statutes be "interpreted" to expand a definite grant of power. The President is being asked to see that.

If these wholly reasonable concepts prevail, we can avert the stalemate between the executive and legislative branches that threatens to paralyze our government. ★★★

Recognize these congressional rebels? Guess—then reverse the page

1. Francis T. Maloney, Conn. 2. Peter G. Gerry, R. I. 3. Kenneth McKellar, Tenn. 4. Walter F. George, Ga. 5. Joseph C. O'Mahoney, Wyo. 6. Bennett Champ Clark, Mo. 7. Edwin C. Johnson, Colo. 8. Patrick McCarran, Nev. 9. Millard R. Tydings, Md. 10. Frederick Van Nuys, Ind. 11. Guy M. Gillette, Iowa. 12. Burton K. Wheeler, Mont. 13. Ellison D. Smith, S. C. 14. Harry F. Byrd, Va.

This bird-cage is built to catch sharks!

ANOTHER REASON FOR GOODYEAR LEADERSHIP

A YEAR AGO the eastern coastline of our country was infested by "sharks" of a vicious variety . . . sharks which brought flaming death to scores of American ships and hundreds of American seamen.

Today it is very unhealthy for those same sharks, thanks in large measure to the ceaseless patrolling of our shores by blimps . . . termed, by a spokesman of the U. S. Navy, "the natural enemy of the U-boat."

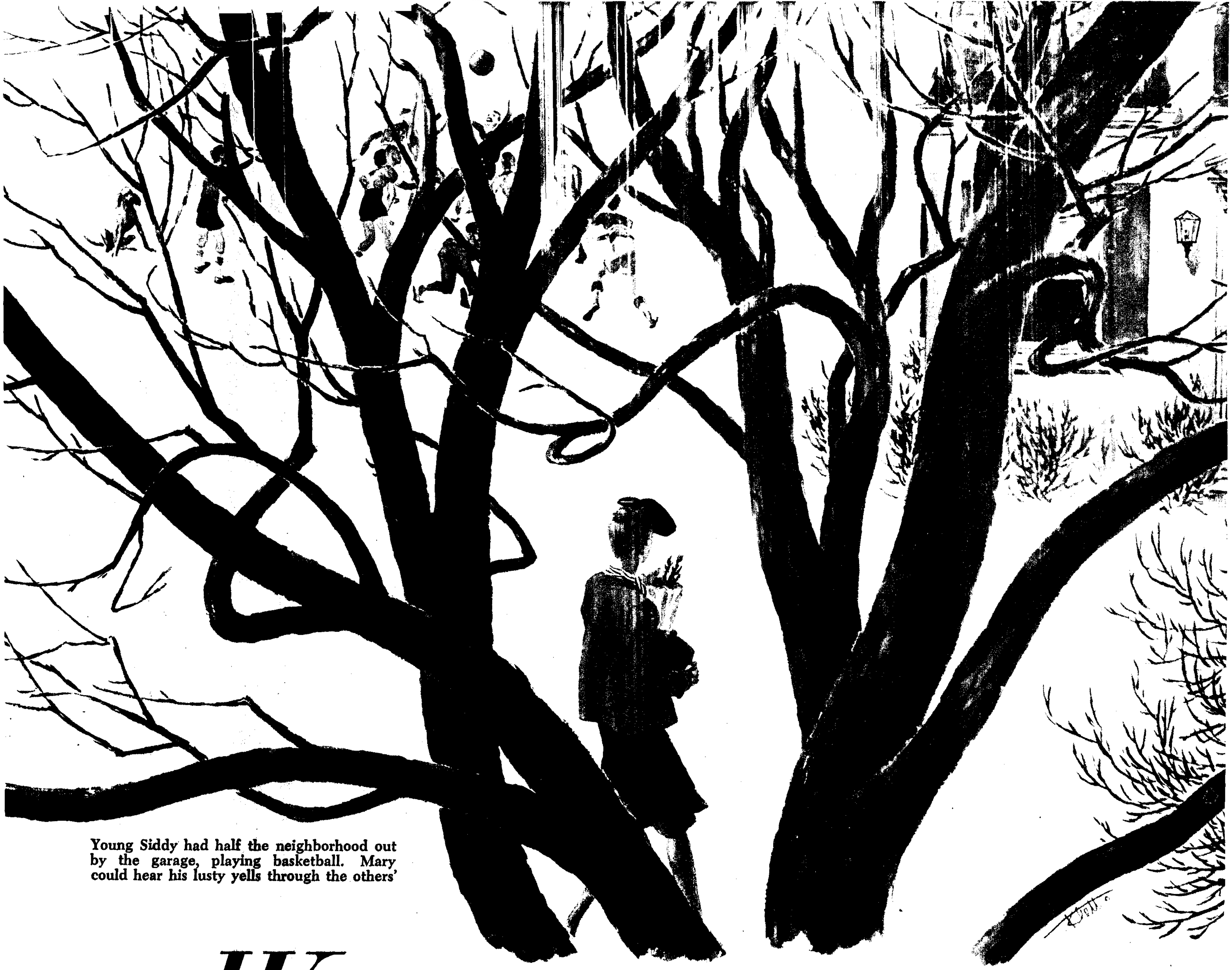
This is good news for all America, but it particularly warms the hearts of Goodyear people. For this is fulfilment of a faith. More than thirty years ago Goodyear began to build and fly balloons and airships. It has never stopped. Through the dark days, when many gave up lighter-than-air craft, Goodyear carried on . . . keeping the nation's only technical staff intact . . . maintaining continuous research . . . storing up a vast reservoir of skills and experience unequaled anywhere.

Thus, when the enemy struck without warning, Goodyear was able to build airships for the Navy, and help train pilots to operate them. Today, because some one had faith, the shoreline of America is safer, and the future of free men brighter.

A pioneer in rubber, Goodyear also works in metals, chemicals, aircraft and is one of the world's largest producers of fabrics. Serving the nation today, Goodyear will have many interesting new products for you tomorrow.

GOODYEAR

THE GREATEST NAME IN RUBBER



Young Siddy had half the neighborhood out by the garage, playing basketball. Mary could hear his lusty yells through the others'

What will this day bring?

By Alberta Pierson Hannum

ILLUSTRATED BY WALTER KLETT

He was overseas—and no letters came, no word at all. The waiting was hard, but Mary had the kids and the old house and her memories

IT WAS late. Most of the surgical dressing class had gone. Because she was one of the monitors, Mary was staying on in the bleak old automobile salesroom to finish sacking up the sponge packs they had made that afternoon. Miss Perry, who had taught Mary in grammar school, had stayed, too. She held the brown paper sack, while Mary stuffed the last of the gauze bundles in, carefully—four crossways on the bottom, then two the other way, and four again.

"How many did we do today?"

"Five hundred, not counting that last little pile."

Mary felt the strain of the afternoon's work at the small of her back. But it was a good, physical sensation, and she welcomed it.

"What do you hear from Sid?"

"I've not heard anything for four weeks, Miss Perry."

"Oh, well," said Miss Perry, "the mails are so irregular."

"I know." Mary closed the bag flaps and sealed them. "I suppose these four weeks just seem so particularly long because of everything that's happening over there right now."

The older woman glanced sympathetically at Mary's purely cut face, its slenderness sharpened by strain. There was an inward reserve of calm in the blue eyes, but the eyes now showed nights that could take no rest.

"Do you know where he is, exactly?"

Mary shook her head and made a neater fold on one of the left-over bandages. "His last letter just said the fleece-lined pajamas I'd sent finally had caught up with him and were wonderful. He said the desert was hot in the daytime, and he had a fine sunburn, but at night it got awfully cold."

"You'll probably get all your news at once," said Miss Perry, "we had six letters and a cablegram from my nephew last week, all in one afternoon. You go on, Mary. I'll finish up these last few."

MARY pulled off her blue coif gratefully. "Will you? I do want to get home and see if there's any news. I've had the feeling all day I'd hear at least by night."

And without warning she grew afraid of the night coming. The fear attacked unexpectedly, like a slug in the solar plexus, like a fist pressing in, hot and hurting.

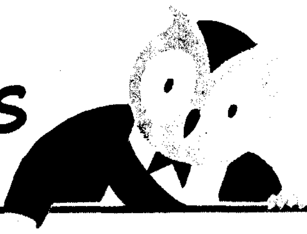
Outside, she pulled her coat collar closer about her throat. It was coming on toward that time of year when there should have been some spring in the feel of things. But the dusk held no such promise. It had only a searching cold. She walked fast against it. She walked down the street past the high school and remembered the day the smartest boy in school had met her in the hall by the library and given her his basketball button. He was a year older than she, and had given it to her, very disdainfully. But he had given it to her!

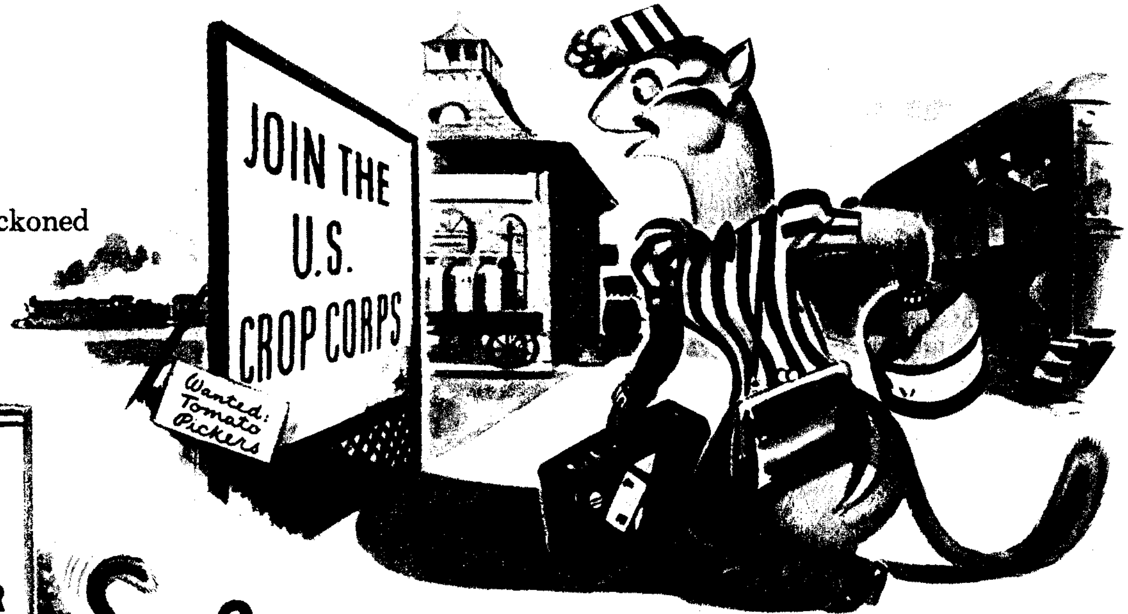
It had been cold that day, too. But there had been a wind. Wind and old leaves had come driving at them clear from the end of the elm-lined street. Tonight it was a still cold. The dark, stripped elms were great thorns against the colorless sky. And along the frozen walk sides the fallen leaves lay stiffly. They lay singly, with a lonely look.

At the corner by the high school she passed the old red brick house where she had grown up. It was on that front porch, in the swing on the last night before Sid went back to his senior year at State, that he had said awkwardly, earnestly, "I love you, Mary. Does that sound funny?"

It had not sounded funny. And her answer had been something that had been

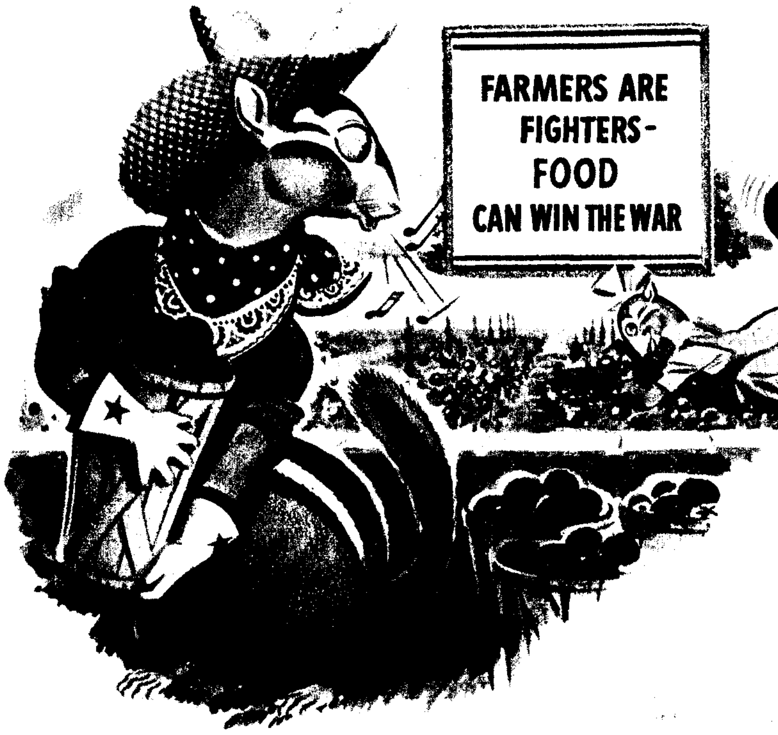
(Continued on page 71)

Wise Rhymes  for These Times


JOIN THE U.S. CROP CORPS
Wanted: Tomato Pickers

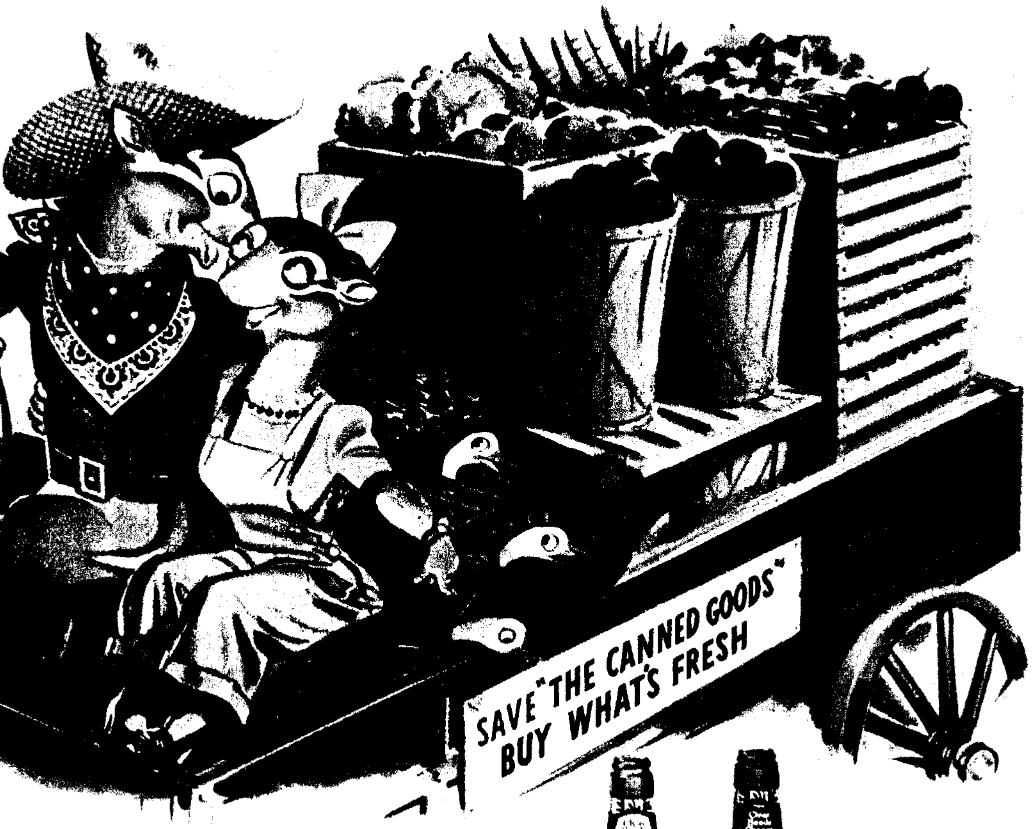
1.

At the station—on vacation—
Cherrie Chipmunk stood.
The Crop Corps beckoned. Cherrie reckoned
She could do some good.


FARMERS ARE FIGHTERS - FOOD CAN WIN THE WAR

2.

And she was right. From dawn till night
She helped the farmer's son.
While he was charmed with how she farmed,
She found he was The One.

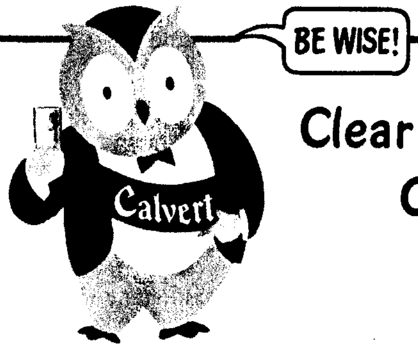

SAVE THE CANNED GOODS
BUY WHAT'S FRESH

3.

They matched so well they rang the bell—
A Happy Blend of mates.
And that, you'll say, is Calvert's way
Of blending whiskey traits.

4.

For CALVERT takes the best and makes
A whiskey that is right.
The blend's the same that won acclaim;
It's mellow, smooth and light!


BE WISE!
Calvert

Clear Heads
Choose **Calvert**

The whiskey with the "Happy Blending"

Calvert RESERVE
Calvert SPECIAL

Calvert Distillers Corp., New York City. BLENDED WHISKEY Calvert "Reserve": 86.8 Proof—65% Grain Neutral Spirits...Calvert "Special": 86.8 Proof—60% Grain Neutral Spirits.

Staff Sgt. Garland Martin of Culman, Ala., neutralizes a Bouncing Baby laid by the Germans. Slight pressure on prongs hurls 350 death-scattering steel pellets

SIGNAL CORPS

The retreating enemy left a trail of jumping TNT all the way from Kasserine to El Guettar and Maknassy. Here American soldiers warily uproot mines and traps

Capt. T. O. Palmer of the Engineer Corps examines an antipersonnel mine that was located by the electromagnetic detector held by soldier in background

SIGNAL CORPS

DURING the battle of El Guettar, two infantrymen passed me from the valley on their way to have leg wounds examined.

"They're still laying 'em," said one, shaping a tin can in the air with his hands. "They don't even take Sunday off."

"They got a new Bouncing Baby," said the other. "It's got two wires spreading two feet in each direction from the can. New to me, anyway."

It occurred to your correspondent that seldom in the course of human events has so much painstaking labor and ingenuity been lavished in a reprehensible cause as the Germans have given to the work of mining Tunisia and embroidering its landscape with booby traps. Certain Americans have, in advance of the rest, followed the pleasure trails of jumping TNT on the enemy's very heels all the way from Kasserine Gap to El Guettar and Maknassy, often plucking up mines by hand like radishes and counting their fingers and toes with great care at the end of each day's chores.

The bulk of this delousing work was done by the engineers. But the engineers had roads to build and bridges to repair and swollen wadis to control. Preceding them, protecting their flanks, and serving as the Army's eyes by land were reconnaissance outfits like the one commanded by a tall young man from Urbana, Illinois, Captain Francis W. Adams. "Recon" troops are their own engineers. I knew that Adams' men had weeded some of Tunisia's livest mine fields from Kasserine to Sbeitla and from Feriana to Gafsa. So I went to see them.

I found the Adams probing and canvassing squad in a cheerful state of mind, down in a corner of the bright, windy, dusty desert battleground of the El Guettar Valley. The captain was cheerful. His brain trust of first lieutenants and shavetails was cheerful. Even the buck private digging a hole in a sandbank behind the captain's outdoor office looked pleased as he blew his nose. It was the inevitable attitude of a unit which calls itself "the luckiest outfit in Africa."

"Five months over here, been in every fighting zone, and haven't lost a man killed," said Lieutenant Elmer Crompton from Ogden, Kansas.

"They got six of us prisoner and busted an arm here and there," said Lieutenant Casimir Lenard from Chicago; "but that's the works."

"Which is kind of humorous," said Lieutenant Louis S. Peek from the unmined town of Hazlehurst, Mississippi, "when you figure that a truck blew up under us at Sbeitla and nobody broke a fingernail, and a shell hit thirty feet from my bunch and we were goners except that she rolled a little bit and turned out to be a dud, and some of the boys have been scratching up Teller mines and Bouncing Babies with their thumbs."

Road Paved with Danger

"Before we came down to Gafsa this last time," said Captain Adams, "the road was crawling with hidden explosives. The center was not much touched because signs of digging would show. Shoulders and ditches were alive with Teller mines and Bouncing Babies."

The weeding squad didn't object much to the Teller mine, but the Bouncing Baby is an evil dish. She resembles a tomato can with three delicate wire prongs extending from the top. As opposed to the twelve pounds of straightforward TNT of the Teller, she contains more than 300 steel ball bearings which circulate with the force of live slugs while their sponsor, the Baby, plunges about like a demon.

For variety the Axis planters sometimes left German mines or French or Italian box mines. The French box mine as adapted by the enemy is a fair enough sample of this type of gadget: a rectangular metal box twelve by six by four inches, containing eight pounds of explosive and requiring a 300-pound pressure to set it off.

Like most mines found on roadways the box mine is antivehicular. The Bouncing Baby, on the other hand, is antipersonnel, requiring less pressure to explode and being designed to heckle *homo sapiens*.

The Axis missed few bets but so did the scouts who followed, protecting themselves at every step. They found mines sown most copiously through shoulders of curves in the road to trap the careless driver who took his turns wide. They found mines sown around telephone poles and in the ground above which Signal Corps men would be stringing their wires.

It was always a relief to Adams' men when they came upon mine fields which turned out to be of British or American sowing left by the Axis to serve as boomerangs. American and British mines in Tunisia were seldom booby-trapped. That is to say they concealed no subsidiary mines hooked beneath them to double or triple the chances of death for the unwary.

Mines Protect Axis Flight

The reason for this lay in the nature of the Tunisian campaign and not in lack of imagination on the part of Allied engineers. For us this campaign was basically offensive and we didn't waste much time and labor on elaborate defensive mine fields. The Axis was stalling desperately for time, and its operatives spared no effort to honeycomb the ground behind their fleeing troops with potential death.

No abandoned truck or wrecked plane was a safe bet to tinker with. In one truck recon men found and deloused a device known to British as the "triple bluff"—the first mine was hooked to another, which in turn was hooked to a third well buried in the vitals of the deserted crate. Well buried, but not well enough. The mine stalkers were almost never fooled.

One can never tell how a mine is going to act. Captain Adams, beating up the country in his jeep one day, touched off a mine that four other cars of his outfit had just passed unscathed. The standard luck of the troop was running in his favor and he lost a rear tire and nothing more. Another day the captain was saved from premature disintegration when an Arab warned him off a mined road and led him to an uncharted camel track.

Adams' troopers, hurrying to their task of overtaking the enemy, occasionally dug up mines with their hands, but more often they used detectors and bayonets. It's not Hoyle at the moment to describe the mine-detecting apparatus by its inner workings, but the silhouette of a soldier walking cagily down the road with a pole in his hand, pack on his back and a disk at the end of the pole held about six inches from suspect ground became a familiar sight in Tunisia. Behind this man walked others with bayonets to pry the mine loose when a detector picked it up.

All the way down to the fringe of Gafsa, Adams' men felt their way through plantations of trouble in cans, now digging for Teller mines with their hands, now feeling for the prongs of the Bouncing Baby with sensitive fingers, and most often moving down roads with mine sweepers about two thirds as fast as a man normally walks.

Maybe it was a private bargain with the god of mine fields, as well as sharp eyes and quick fingers that kept them all alive. Four of them walked down a side street of Gafsa one morning after American troops had occupied this little town. The last scout stepped absent-mindedly over a loose round stone in the roadway. It was a stone made for kicking by happy feet. The scout turned suddenly and said: "Hell, how do I know that ain't mined?" They looked and it was. ★★★

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Will your car Last Out the War? Much depends on your rubber! Switch tires, inspect tires...obey the law. And next most important—*make sure every drop of gasoline works for you!* See your Mobilgas dealer now . . . for his complete Conservation Check-Up. Let him check battery, oil filter, air cleaner, spark plugs. *Just one simple service may save up to 10% of your gas* . . . and others are equally important! SOCONY-VACUUM OIL CO., INC., and Affiliates: Magnolia Petroleum Co., General Petroleum Corp. of California.

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TUNE IN RAYMOND GRAM SWING
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THE SIGN OF FRIENDLY SERVICE

GET A *Conservation Check-up* EVERY 30 DAYS

HARRIS AND EWING

Lieut. Robert S. Clever, Lawson's bombardier, who survived the crack-up and the trip through China, was killed when his ship crashed in Ohio last fall

Brigadier General James A. Doolittle, leader of the squadron of planes that bombed Japan's cities. His plane also crashed in China although he and his crew escaped the Japs

OFFICIAL PHOTOGRAPH, U. S. ARMY

Lieut. Charles L. McClure, Jr., was also badly injured and, along with the rest of the crew, was carried to safety by Chinese guerrillas

Thirty Seconds Over Tokyo

BY CAPTAIN TED W. LAWSON

HARRIS AND EWING

Lieut. Dean Davenport, copilot, was catapulted with Lawson through the plastic nose of the bomber when it hit the water off the Chinese coast

Carried by valiant Chinese guerrillas, the wounded Tokyo bombers flee from pursuing Japs, pausing only long enough for Captain Lawson to endure the agony of watching a buddy saw off his left leg

IV

THE weather was beginning to clear as we left the winding path away from the fisherman's place and threaded our way along the overgrown path. Thatcher was walking behind me. I was carried off the path and along the little dikes of rice paddies. We were going up to higher ground, and I thought I might get a glimpse of the plane. I twisted around as much as I could on my cramped conveyance and asked Thatcher also to look down toward the beach. But we couldn't see what was left of the Ruptured Duck. Somehow I was glad I couldn't.

The coolies stopped at a little farm where a Chinese in a broad straw hat was working in a field and chatted animatedly with him, looking now and then at me. The Chinese carrying the front end of the pole was very young and much stronger than the ancient man behind me. None of the coolies wore hats; they were clothed in short pants made of coarse gray material—apparently hand-woven—had on open shirts and were barefooted. Their feet were big, flat and sure. As we rose to still higher ground, the men climbed mossy rocks as if they were steps. Their toes gripped the rocks like fingers. I hung on as I swung between them like a butchered hog.

It must have been in the early afternoon of the 19th when we reached the top of the hill we had been climbing, passed through a weird natural tunnel and came out of it to look down on a verdant valley. We passed down a narrow trail that was lined with tall brambly bushes. The trail was widening. I half raised myself and looked ahead.

A big, lush meadow stretched out before me. There was a rather large, comparatively modern house to the left. In front of it were McClure, Davenport and Clever. There were some stunted, starved-looking Chinese cattle grazing near by.

But what held my eye was that about 200 tough-looking, sinister men stood here and there about the house, silently watching us come toward them. I could see even from a distance that they were well armed. I had to blink. It seemed so unreal. I thought of some half-remembered, half-scrambled impression of Robin Hood. It must have been the way several of the waiting men stood poised on the edge of a neighboring woods—tense, watchful.

I was glad when I spotted Charlie near the house. He still might be turning us in, but at least I seemed to derive some strength and determination just from the sight of his strong, almost cruel face. He was obviously in charge here. All remaining doubt that he was a guerrilla began to flee my mind.

My coolies put me down near Clever in front of the house. Charlie hovered over us as some of his men edged in closer, squatted on their haunches in a circle and looked at us.

"You . . . eat?" Charlie asked me.

If I shook my head negatively, which to me would have meant that I had not eaten, he might think I was declining food. So I just pointed to what was left of my mouth, and so did the others.

For some reason— *(Continued on page 34)*

"NOW'S THE TIME TO PROTECT THAT 'RESERVE VALUE'!"

—Says your General Motors Dealer

"EVERY car now in service has more built into it than any of us normally gets out.

"They were built that way for the same reason that engineers design extra 'margins of safety' into bridges—to make sure that they will stand up even under extreme conditions.

"That extra serviceability—call it *'Reserve Value'*—can come in mighty handy now that the country needs all the good we can get from any car.

"It can keep needed cars rolling in necessary driving, make tires go the full limit, save fuel so that fighting men can have more. It can protect your investment and conserve the national asset represented by the twenty-odd million cars now in use.

"It's easy to protect the 'Reserve Value' in your car and prolong its usefulness, if you'll see that *all* the things that should be done for it are *rightly* done *at the right time.*

"That may mean more care than you give your car in peacetime—few people do all the things the Car Manuals call for.

"But I'm here not merely to service your car as it should be serviced—but to explain *what* it needs *and why.* Come in—and let me show you how to capitalize fully on the 'Reserve Value' in these times when it is really needed!"

WAR EXPERIENCE SHOWS that "normal" tire mileage is easily stepped up through proper care. Barring accidents, life can often be *doubled* by proper attention to all tire needs.

THE MORE GASOLINE you save by efficient carburetor setting, attention to spark plugs, and proper engine care, the easier it will be to supply our fighting men.

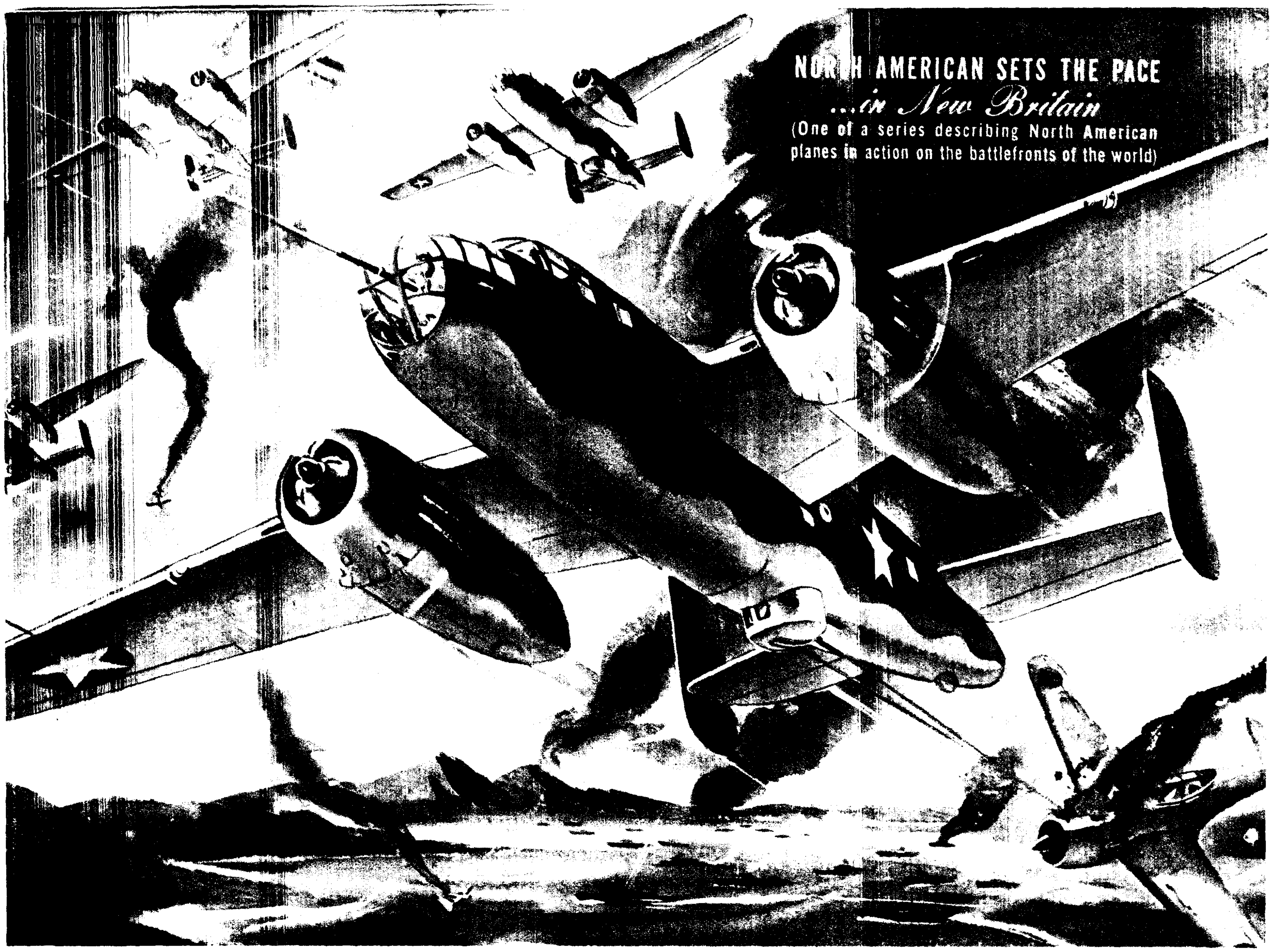
IN NORMAL DRIVING batteries stay "healthy" with an occasional inspection and filling. Idle batteries lose their charge and are likely to deteriorate rapidly unless regularly inspected.

Save for Victory—
Buy War Bonds

GENERAL MOTORS

"VICTORY IS OUR BUSINESS"

CHEVROLET • PONTIAC • OLDSMOBILE • BUICK • CADILLAC


NORTH AMERICAN SETS THE PACE
...in New Britain
(One of a series describing North American planes in action on the battlefronts of the world)

MITCHELL BOMBERS SMASH JAP BASE AT RABAUL

"NORTH American B-25 Mitchells were the stars in the complete destruction of a Jap convoy of 22 ships that had left Rabaul two days before . . .

"B-25's made a shattering attack on Rabaul, New Britain, leaving docks, barracks, and supply depots in ruins . . ."

Again North American B-25 Mitchell bombers have hit the Jap hard. Today his powerful base at Rabaul is badly crippled, and further removed are his chances of conquest in New Guinea, the Solomons and the great cities of Australia. From Rabaul, dozens of ships, hundreds of planes and thousands of men have gone to destruction under the withering attacks of the Mitchell and other weapons in the growing South Pacific arsenal of the United Nations.

Since the Mitchell first bombed Tokyo, the Japs have hated it and feared it more than any other plane. But they will learn to fear it still more. For we at North American are building Mitchell bombers that are far superior to their predecessors in performance, armament, crew protection and general combat utility.

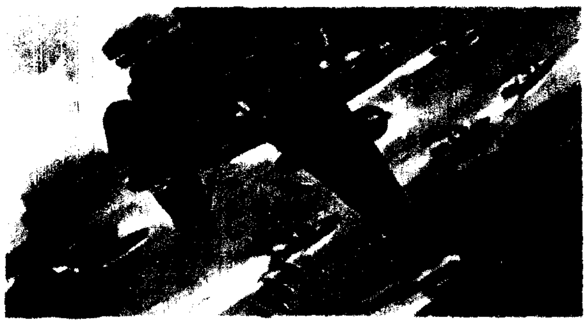
That's our big contribution to winning the war sooner—days, weeks, or even months.

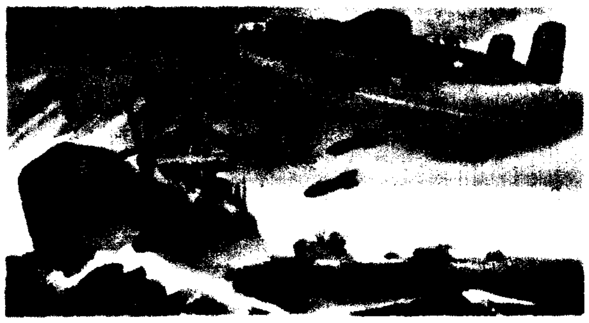
NORTH AMERICAN AVIATION, INC.
Inglewood, California
Kansas City Dallas
Member, Aircraft War Production Council, Inc.

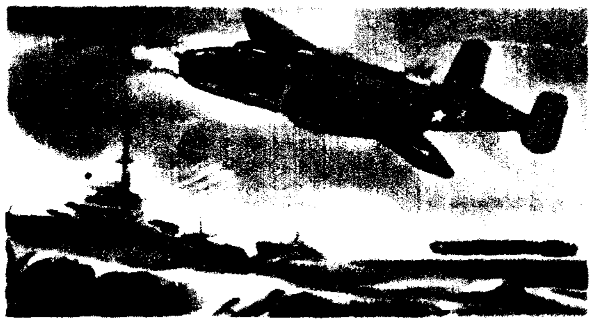
B-25 MITCHELL

P-51 MUSTANG

AT-6 TEXAN


Altitude bombing, one of many techniques used by pilots of North American Mitchells in their devastating attacks on Jap shipping.


Low level bombing is another. The Mitchell drops delayed action bombs low and close enough to send them crashing into the side of the target.

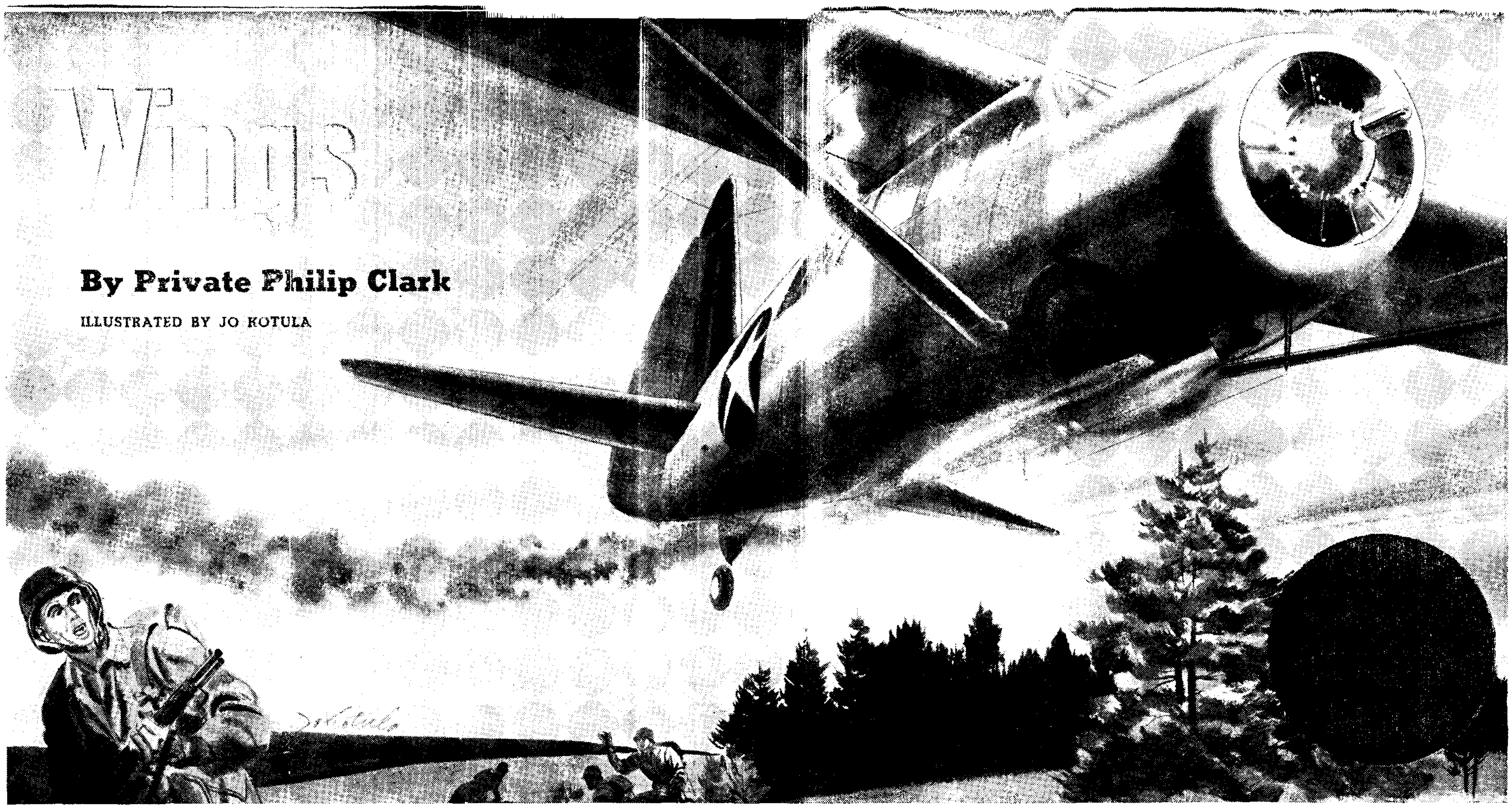

Torpedo launching—The Mitchell has also been fitted as a torpedo carrier, launching its deadly load at enemy vessels from low altitude.

NORTH AMERICAN ARMY (E) NAVY *Sets the Pace!*

Wings

By Private Philip Clark

ILLUSTRATED BY JO KOTULA



All of a sudden he began to yell. And then I saw what Johnny saw: a trail of smoke coming from the nose of the third plane

HIS name was really Bayfoot, but of course from the very first roll call he was "Barefoot" to the guys in the platoon—Johnny Barefoot. He was kind of a lanky guy, not very tall, with sandy hair and that slow up-Carolina way of talking. I'd been three or four days in the next bunk to him before I ever heard him speak, or hardly even knew he was there.

It was after evening chow, and the guys were kind of sprawling around the squad room. This Johnny Barefoot was lying on his bunk, not looking at anything in particular. Then all of a sudden he spoke to me, still without looking at me. He said, "You reckon hit'd hinder a man much from gettin' in the A'r Force, because he didn't have much schoolin'?"

I said, "How much schooling you had?"

"Two ye'rs, and part of a third," he said.

"Well," I said, "to be frank, bud, you're handicapped."

"I figgered," he said.

Then he didn't say anything for a while. After a bit, he got up and walked down to the end of the squad room. There was a big what they call orientation sheet there, with the silhouettes of planes on it. At least forty of them, Allied and Axis. Johnny stood there maybe a minute, and then he came back to his bunk. I said, kidding, "Well, you learned 'em all?"

He gave me a quick little look, and then glanced back at the sheet. He named every one. Forty of them.

I said, "Good Lord, did you pick 'em up that quick?"

He said, "Shucks, no. I knew 'em afore I ever come."

Just like that. And he took off his shoes and his fatigues and went to bed. A guy that you'd swear never seen anything faster than an oxcart in his life.

Well, maybe he was slow, but he was sure steady. He tackled the corporals first, and the sergeants. Always the same question: How could a feller get in the A'r Force? Of course they gave him the horse laugh. Then, somehow, he cornered the first sergeant, and got permission to speak to the company commander. When he came back, I asked him how he'd made out with the captain. Johnny Barefoot said, "He was right nice."

"Did he give you any encouragement?" I asked.

"Not much," Johnny Barefoot said.

And that was the way it was. Except that I happened to know he'd walk two miles to the Service Club just to look at the aviation magazines.

Just to make it really sad, he was a perfect infantryman. He could walk all day under a full pack and finish not even breathing hard. He was smart on the drill field, he kept the bore of his rifle like a mirror, and when we went on the range the first day he shot ninety-seven for one hundred. And I still think the markers gypped him on the rapid-fire. If he'd been able to keep his mind and his eyes off airplanes, he'd have been the best man in the company by miles. But he couldn't.

If a plane came over us, Johnny Barefoot was just gone. No matter what. If we were drilling, he'd just stop. And stare. If we were out in the brush, practicing extended order or concealment, he'd just stand straight up. And stare.

He ran the corporals crazy. They bawled him out till they couldn't speak above a whisper. He went right on being the best soldier in the training battalion except when there were planes overhead.

THIS went on for weeks. Then they gave us, as a kind of polish-off, some homemade maneuvers. Miles out into the woods, extended order, mortars and heavy machine guns in support. And then, just for a surprise, a little strafing from the air. Three observation planes came over the trees, and before we could say camouflage they were zooming the twigs right off our helmets. I got to say for the guys, they took it swell. They went out of sight like so many scared woodchucks. All, of course, but Johnny Barefoot. He just stood there—staring.

You could hear corporals and sergeants squalling from every bush in that part of Carolina. But he just stood there. And all of a sudden he began to yell too. And run. Pointing as he ran.

I was next man to him, and something in his voice made me run too. And then I saw what Johnny saw: a trail of smoke coming from the nose of the third plane in the formation, and then a flare of flame. The plane staggered in the air and, before you could believe you were seeing it, it was down in the trees.

We heard it hit, and then we had the fire to follow. Johnny got there first, and the flame was all up around the closed-in cockpit. I could see the pilot slumped down inside, and I could hear Johnny Barefoot yelling, "Back there! By your hand! There's an emergency catch! Slip it!"

Don't ask me how he knew. But there was. I slipped it, and Johnny yanked the sliding cover back. And then he was right into the flame, hauling the pilot loose.

There were other guys up there then. Corporals and sergeants and lieutenants to help and get off runners for the ambulance and all that. And Johnny Barefoot standing there by the burning plane. I saw his hands then—and I was good and sick.

Well, that was it. The pilot lived, with a few scorch marks and two cracked vertebrae. Johnny Barefoot lay in the hospital with his hands in bandages a foot thick. I went to see him. I didn't say anything about the medal that was coming, because I'd been told not to, but I did tell him about the captain arranging for his mother and father to come down to see him.

When I got back to the company, I stopped in the outer orderly room to chew the fat with one of the guys there, and I heard the captain call a number on his phone.

Then somehow I knew the captain was talking to an Air Forces major at Ray Field. I heard him say, "You can fix it, Tom. Just request the transfer. I know it's a little out of line, but . . . yes, you can—"

There was a pause, and I guess the major asked a question. One the captain didn't want to answer. But he said, "The doctors won't say. Nobody can tell about his hands till the bandages come off . . . Yeah—maybe."

Another pause. Then, "Tell 'em it was a clerical error. I don't care *what* you tell 'em—afterward."

Right then the first sergeant came in, and I scrammed.

I was at the medal-giving, as a kind of accessory hero or something. Also Johnny's mother and father, looking very washed and scared. And photographers and public relations men, and the captain, and the captain's Air Forces major friend. The major was the real thing. Slim and keen. A West Pointer. Steel with fire in the steel. He pinned the medal on Johnny, saying something about, "in behalf of the Secretary of War—" and "for heroism in excess of duty—"

HE PINNED the medal on, while the cameras clicked, and then he paused a minute, and he was holding an Air Forces winged shoulder emblem in his hand. He leaned over Johnny, and said, "And on my own behalf, I take pleasure in telling you that, of this date, you have been transferred from Infantry to the Air Forces Command."

And he pinned the wings on the shoulder of Johnny's maroon G.I. bathrobe. There was a moment of silence. Lying there in bed, Johnny looked at the wings—then up at the major. After quite a long while, Johnny said, "Sir—you mean I'm *in* it—now?"

The major said, "That's right. Private John Bayfoot, United States Army Air Forces."

That was the end. But there seemed to be something Johnny wanted to say. The major hesitated, held by the question in Johnny's eyes. Johnny said, "Sir—"

The major waited. Johnny took a long breath. He said, "Sir—if a fellow was in the A'r Force—I mean, really *in* it—would lack of schoolin' hinder him much from being a pilot, sir?"

The major looked at Johnny. He looked at the inches-thick bandages on Johnny's hands. I guess for the first and last time in his life, the major didn't quite know what to say. He couldn't see through the bandages; no one could see through them. He gave the only answer a soldier could have given to Johnny Bayfoot's eyes. He said, "Why, no. I don't see why it should hinder a man."

Thirty Seconds Over Tokyo

Continued from page 30

Adventures of
LONGINES
THE WORLD'S MOST HONORED WATCH
The watch that got dunked in the briny

Bill Klem is an ardent fisherman as well as a famous baseball umpire. Going after tarpon one day he was about to step on the fishing boat when his Longines watch snagged on a line, pulled from his wrist and disappeared under thirty feet of water.

Bill Klem loved that watch. So he hired a deep sea diver who went down and brought the watch out of the briny. The watch was rushed to the jeweler who washed out the salt water and dried and re-oiled it and no damage was done to the movement. The cost of the diver's services and the overhauling of the watch would have bought a new Longines . . . but it wouldn't have been quite the same old friend.

Countless other men and women all over the world also think of their Longines watches as faithful friends. They know they can trust a Longines watch to keep good time for a long, long time.

Longines-Wittnauer Watch Co , Inc., New York, Montreal, Geneva; also makers of the Wittnauer Watch a companion product of unusual merit.

Longines

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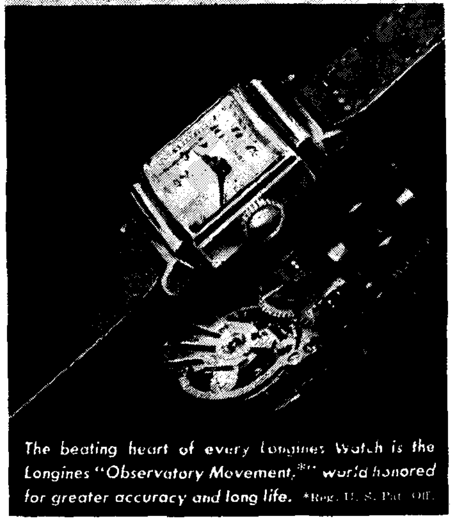
AND 28 GOLD MEDAL AWARDS


The beating heart of every Longines Watch is the Longines "Observatory Movement,"* world honored for greater accuracy and long life. *Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

probably our bloody condition—they wouldn't take us inside. I could see that the place was clean and had a floor. Charlie disappeared and we were left with the staring circle of guerrillas. We studied their tough, weatherbeaten faces as intently as they studied our wounds. I wondered if all of them could resist the temptation to turn us over to the Japanese. The Japanese must want us badly enough to pay a lot, I thought.

One of the toughest-looking men in the bunch now got up and advanced on me as I lay there, too exhausted from the trip over the hill to care what he would do to me. He reached down quickly toward my mouth and when he pulled his hand away I felt a lighted cigarette between that part of my lips which still met.

I tried to smile back at him, but I felt more like crying. Maybe from relief. Maybe shock. I don't know. Anyway, I closed my eyes now and I thought that wherever I was, I was among good men . . . men who were fighting for about the same thing I was fighting for. These men had us at their mercy and showed us that mercy. I remember mumbling to myself that if I could stay here and get well it would be good. I wanted to go on fighting, with them.

I opened my eyes again when Charlie reappeared carrying bowls of some sickly gray stuff covered with a rough sauce that looked alive. The thought of trying to get it down my throat was too much for me. I had to say no. I finally got the idea over to Charlie that I wanted hot water. So did the others. We had heard so many lectures about the dangers of drinking unboiled water, in case we had to land or jump before we reached the preordained fields, that it stuck in our heads even under these circumstances.

Charlie went back in and returned soon with bowls of hot water with a deep Chinese spoon in each. The guerrillas watched us gulp it. The new ones who came up would stare at my face a long time and, invariably, cluck their tongues. I wondered if they knew what we had done. Charlie must, though we had told nothing.

When we were finished with the hot water, Charlie reached over and started to take the .45 or Ellen's .25 out of the two holsters Thatcher wore. Thatcher was very proud of his .45 and I had asked him to take good care of Ellen's .25. So he wrenched away from Charlie, while a sudden murmur of disapproval buzzed up from the guerrillas.

Pidgin English and Pantomime

It was a bad moment, but Charlie looked more surprised than hurt. I got us over this impasse accidentally. I said, in pidgin English, that we needed the guns to shoot Japanese. I told him anxiously that there were machine guns in the plane and he could have them. To give him the idea of machine guns I held up my arms as a kid does when he's making believe he's shooting one, and I made that aa-aa-aa-aa-aa-aa noise that kids make.

The guerrillas giggled, but Charlie was forbiddingly silent.

"Aa-aa-aa-aa-aa-aa—is *bent!*" he said with finality, and to make his amazing declaration clearer he made a motion of bending metal with his strong, brown hands. He was telling us, in effect, that his men had given the plane a pretty good frisk.

I should have thought of the medicine kit now and tried to get Charlie to send one of his men back to see if he could dive for it. But I guess I was too punchy by that time. Besides, we had another distraction. As if to bear out Charlie's hint that the plane had been inspected, one of the guerrillas walked past with one of our leather jackets. A coolie then marched in carrying a pole on whose ends were slung two baskets of twisted remains of our personal effects.

"Well I'll be a———" McClure said. "Hey! Have you got my camera?" he yelled after the coolie. We found out that it wasn't among the stuff salvaged. The loss of the camera was a blow to McClure. He had gotten what must have been a wonderful picture record of the raid from the time we started until the weather turned bad in the late afternoon. In fact it was over Japan that I looked back once and saw him taking a shot and I yelled into the interphone and asked him what the devil he thought this was—Cook's tour?

From time to time as we lay there in front of the house of the guerrillas, armed Chinese would trot up and report to Charlie. After three or four had done so, Charlie unwound his English words and with the aid of gestures told us to go to sleep. We would continue the journey after dark, he made us understand, without telling us why.

I didn't go to sleep. I passed out, for by now everything on me was unbearable.

That was the last time I saw Charlie.

I came to in about an hour. The sun was still high. What woke me up was that I was being carried out of the meadow. I sensed a hurried change in Charlie's plans, but he was nowhere in sight to explain.

I had a feeling as I was carried out of the meadow that all of China was reaching out a hand to help us; that in some inscrutable way the word had been passed from heart to heart; that behind each impassive mask the secret of what we had done on the raid fairly sizzled. At least it seemed that way.

Six guerrillas, armed with rifles, marched beside our stretchers as we left the meadow. In half an hour or so we passed a tiny village, most of whose people lined up along the pathway It was hot and I had thrown off the stiff quilt, and now the villagers walked along beside my stretcher and the women cried, "H-mmmmm. H-mmmmm." The coolies who carried Clever stopped a moment and some of the Chinese women dropped on their knees at his side, repeating that humming wail or crying "Yi-yi-yi-yi."

I tried to pull my flying wings off the piece of shirt beside me. I wanted to give something to these people. But I was carried on past the village before I could.

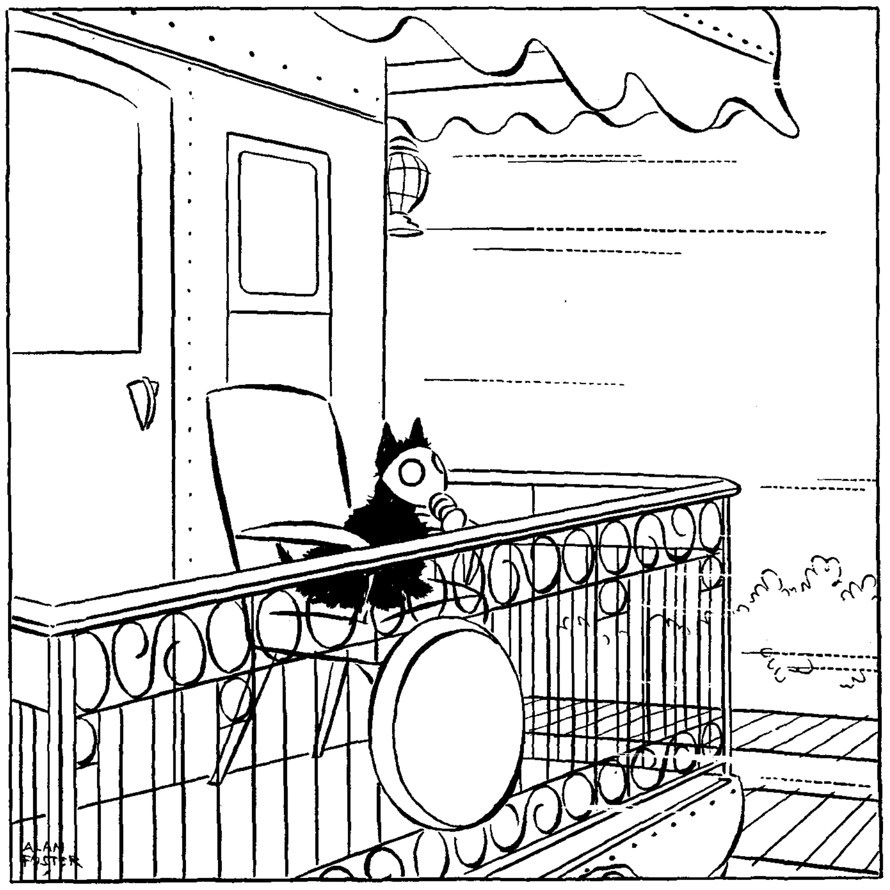
Late on that afternoon of the 19th we reached the bank of a shallow, narrow canal just as a boatman poled a flat-bottom boat down the muddy water to the point where our path reached the water. I marveled dully at the timing of the meeting. The coolies lifted our stretchers into the boat. Four of the six armed guards jumped in after us as the boatman, sweating under his big straw hat, poled us out into the middle of the dirty canal and we headed slowly south. Our coolies stayed behind, wordlessly watching us.

Destination Unknown

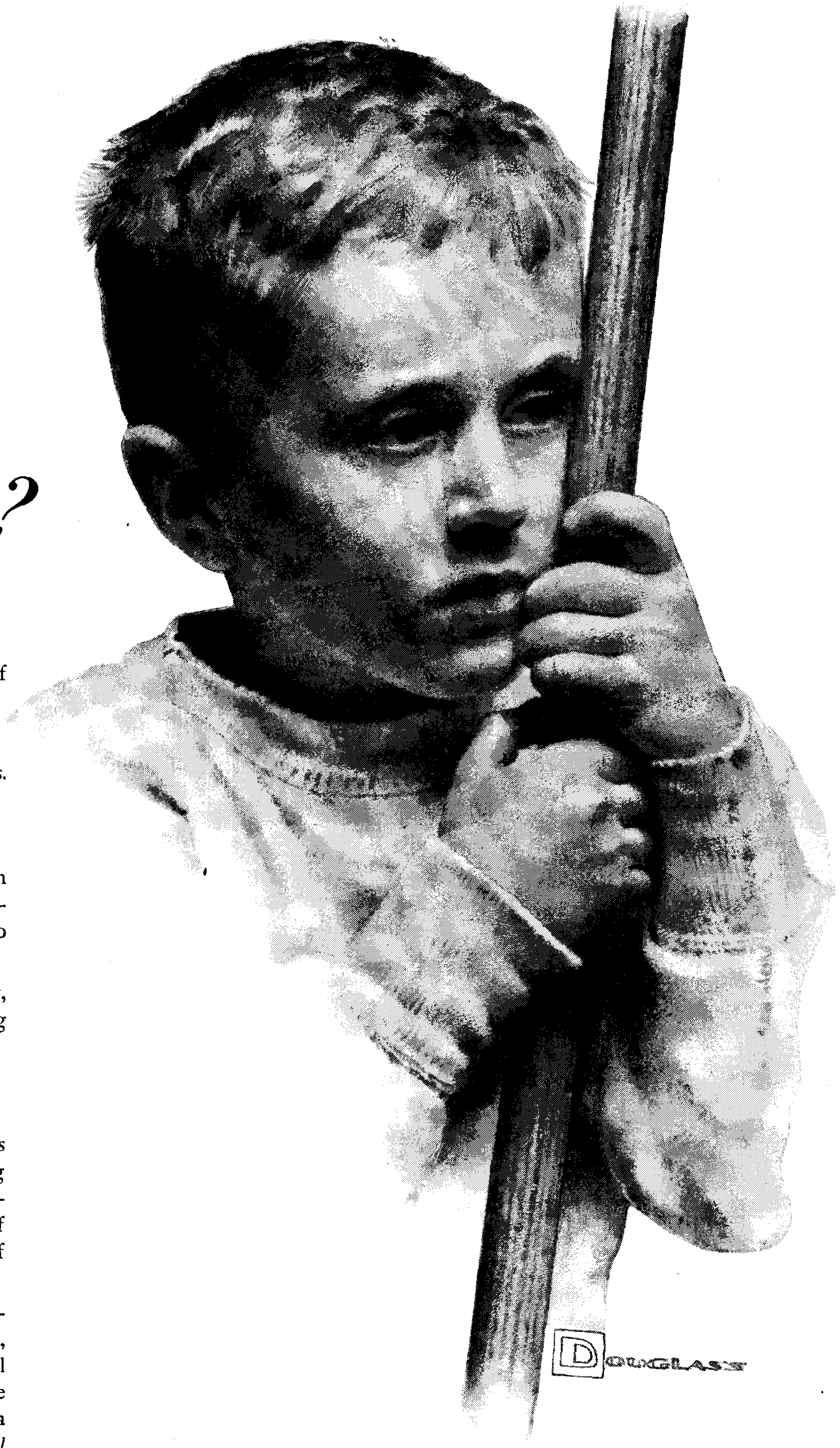
We lay in the bottom of the boat, looking up at the blue dome of the perfect afternoon. After a while one of the guerrillas reached out toward Thatcher's .45 and I heard Thatcher say, "Cut it out!" But the guerrilla didn't want the gun He had a good German-type automatic, as well as his rifle. It developed that he wanted only to exchange one of his bullets for one of Thatcher's.

It was hard not to moan incessantly now, even though the warm sun felt good. We passed slowly down the canal for a couple of hours, the only sound being the thump of the pole against the back of the boat and an occasional jumble of conversation from the guerrillas. Sometimes the canal became so narrow that we could have reached out and touched the sides. Sometimes the limbs of overgrowing trees made the silent boatman bend low. I just lay

MR. FALA OF THE WHITE HOUSE by **ALAN FOSTER**



COLLIER'S "Traveling incognito is especially trying"



Cold spring in '43...*remember?*

"Remember '43?" you'll say some day.

"Cold spring that year—remember?"

There'll be other things you'll remember about that spring of '43, too.

...how little Donnie had just turned six.

...how Donnie felt the coldness—on his little hands and legs.

...but felt it most of all around his heart.

And you'll remember why.

"... maybe for quite a while, Donnie," you said, sitting on the edge of his bed the night you went away. "But don't forget, you're the man of the house now, and there's work to be done."

All this you'll remember—on another, warmer spring day, when you and he are digging in the garden again, or cleaning window screens, or fishing maybe.

It will be warmer then—most of all around Donnie's heart.

* * *

NEVER in all our history have there been so many thoughts turned to the future, because the future is what we're fighting for. Post-war plans for Donnie are the most important post-war plans in the world. Not the plans of governments or of industries, but of *people*, planning for the simple happiness of being together.

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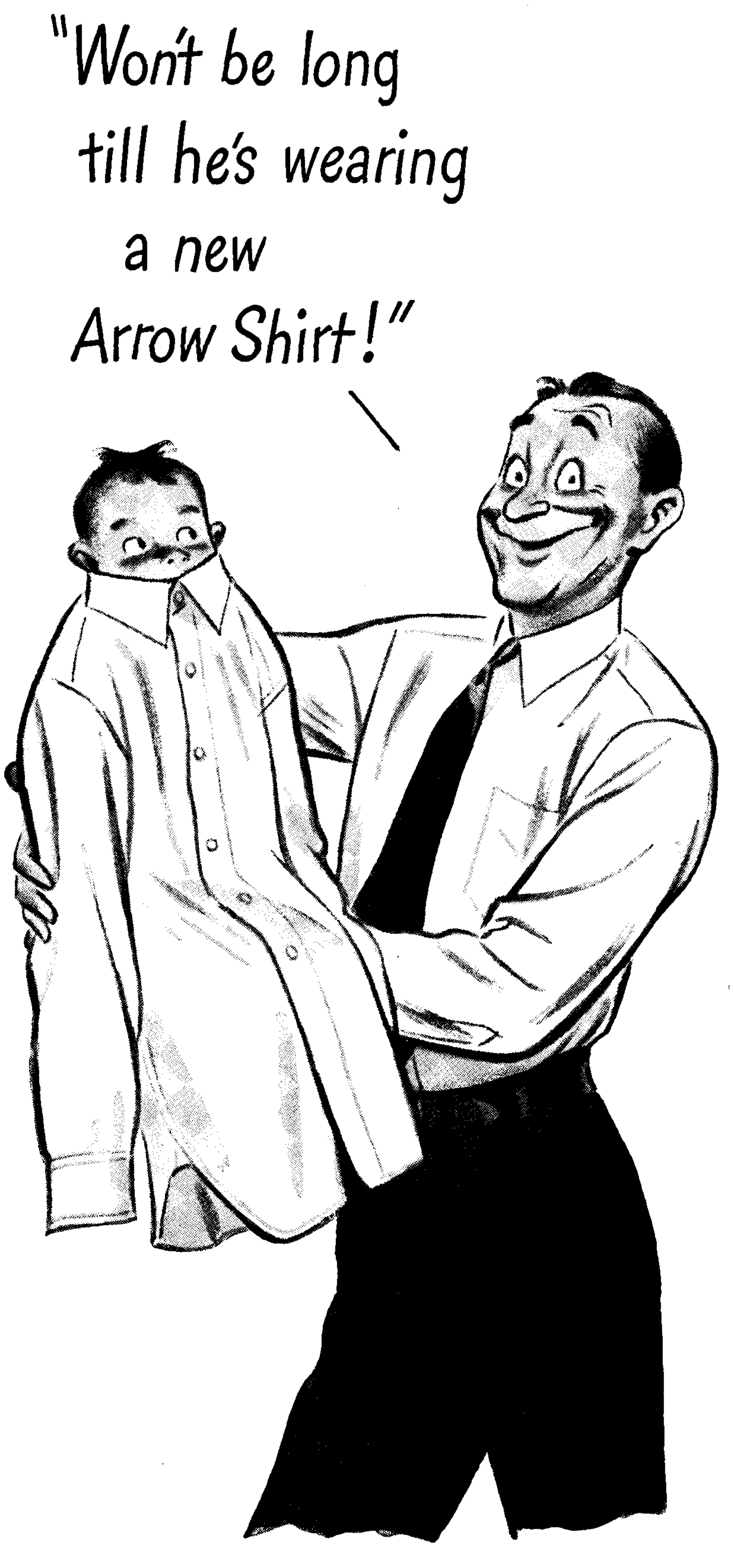

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there, hurting, and wondering what lay at the end of this ride and how I'd ever be able to walk when the ride did end. Thatcher was the only one who could walk.

The boatman steered us over to the side of the canal, about five or six o'clock that afternoon. Two steep dikes shut off our view. There was no landing foothold. We waited, and in a very few minutes eight new coolies came over the dike and down the side of the boat. Without a word of instruction they went to our stretchers, picked us up and started up the dike, while we hung on miserably and wondered.

It was only when I got to the top of the dike that I realized that we were on an island, not the mainland of China. From the top of the dike I could see a broad beach line facing west. We had been carried across the breadth of the island.

Now as we were borne along the ridge of the dike I blessed again the memory of Charlie, for a Chinese junk was sailing in to meet us, a few hundred yards up the beach. Our guerrillas called to the men on the junk and they called back. Here was our escape, utterly miraculous but no dream.

We left the dike now and started diagonally toward the junk. We went along the edge of a mucky ditch that ran parallel with the beach. Suddenly, from where the junk lay, we heard a sharp, clear "Hi-hi!"

Warnings of Danger

Without a word our new coolies dumped us in the ditch. When we cried out from the shock of the fall and tried weakly to find out what was being done to us, the guerrillas who had flattened out next to us held up their fingers for silence. They peered intently over the edge of the ditch.

I raised my head so I could see a little. A Japanese gunboat was coming around a promontory off the beach. With sick, mingled fears I watched it come up briskly to the side of the junk. I could hear the Japanese questioning the men on the junk. It was torture to lie there in the ditch, waiting. Physical and mental torture. The Japanese must have spotted us, I reasoned. They must be wild to catch us, for certainly they had been informed of the raid and our route to China. They surely had found the plane by now. They would make one of the men on the junk tell. . . .

The gunboat was pulling away. We waited until it was out of sight, then the coolies picked us up again. They walked down the ditch to a point where we were parallel to and could see the tip of the junk's mast. Then they ran us quickly across the beach, slushed through the shallow water to where the junk rested and dumped us in. I rolled, groaning, into a gummy mixture of bilge water and sawdust on the floor of the junk. McClure's coolies tried to lift him in, under his arms, and he had to cry out again. The guerrillas got in with us, wary, guns cocked.

The creaking, stinking junk pulled slowly away. As it did, one of its crew rolled down latticework blinds to conceal us as we lay in the bottom of the boat.

Before dark we were becalmed. It was breathlessly hot. The Chinese waited patiently, then dropped the limp sail and two of them went to work with the big oar in the stern. We moved along like a snail. We groaned and began begging for water. Any water.

When it seemed as if there wasn't another breath of air to gulp in that darkening hole, it began to rain. The guerrillas understood about the water, then. They picked up bowls they found on the junk and set them out in the rain. They'd reach them in to us and we'd gulp the cool rain water and hand them back for more. It rained hard, so we got enough water.

It was crowded on the floor. My left leg was getting more numb all the time. Whenever I'd try to stretch it out to get some feeling in it my bare feet would jab into one of the other boys.

A little breeze came up at dark. The boatman ran up the whining sail again and we went along through the night, desperate for medical care and trying to find comfortable positions in the muck of the flooring. McClure got braced well against the side of the junk and went off to sleep, but in his sleep he moved and his shoulders stabbed him awake.

I switched my quilt around and when I did I noticed that my left leg was bleeding a little at the ankle as well as along the thigh. I remembered scraping the ankle when I was dumped into the junk. That was the least of my worries, then.

I fell off into what I guess must have been sleep. Maybe it was; maybe it wasn't. It seemed only a few minutes before I woke up. Davenport was shaking me. I asked him what was the matter.

"You were having a nightmare."

I asked him how he knew.

"You kept hollering, 'Don't let them cut my leg off!' "

I thought that over for a while and then I asked Dav a favor. I told him that if I passed out before we got to a hospital I wanted him to see to it that no quack horsed around with my leg. He said he'd see to it.

The junk stopped about midnight. I could hear it scraping against a wharf. Two of the guerrillas pointed to their mouths and jumped up on the pier. The junk rocked for a while after they jumped. We just lay there behind our screen. When they didn't come back in an hour or two I fumbled around until I found my wet money, called one of the other guerrillas, gave him a dollar, pointed to my mouth and made a motion for him to go.

He came back in about half an hour with a big bowl of food. It was a mixture of cold rice and bean sprouts of some kind. Over the top of it were thin slices of hard-boiled egg. He also had some hard-boiled eggs in their shells, and a jug of rice wine. This was now the early morning of the 20th I hadn't eaten for about thirty hours.

I couldn't get any of the rice and bean sprouts down. My mouth wouldn't work. But I got some of the egg slices in and swallowed them. Then I broke up a hard-boiled egg and got it down. The other boys said I should try to swallow some of the rice. They said it was pretty good. But I was more interested in the wine. I hurt so much in so many places that I thought it might help to drink a lot of wine. But I just couldn't drink it, and neither could any of the others. It was like raw uncut alcohol. It burned my busted mouth and torn gums like lye. So the guerrillas drank it. We pulled offshore when the others returned, scraped on what must have been a sand bar, and slept.

One Moment of Terror

A good wind came up at daybreak. Lifting up the blind a little and peering out I saw we were going up a wide river. The wind held and our spirits and aches rose together. We had one moment amounting to terror when, after excited jabbering from the Chinese, two of their rifles roared overhead. But one of the guerrillas looked in on us and grinned. He made a motion like a bird flapping its wings.

We reached shakily for our cigarettes, as men do, and smoked.

In the middle of the afternoon we came up to another wharf, jutting out from the little river settlement. The Chinese didn't get out. I thought the place might have a telephone on which we could call Chungking. We made ringing noises to the bewildered guerrillas, held our fists to our mouths and ears, and spoke. They just stared back at us.

So I asked Thatcher to go up into the village, look for a phone and put in a call. The guerrillas shrugged and the boatman shook his head as Thatcher walked up the pier. As soon as he disappeared in the milling Chinese we pulled away from the wharf. I tried to tell the Chinese that we didn't want to leave Thatcher there, but they paid no attention.

We anchored out in the river, and the crew of the junk and the guerrillas watched the wharf. We talked it over among ourselves and decided that they were suspicious of the town; that something or somebody supposed to meet us had not appeared. Our thoughts went to the Japanese again.

Late in the afternoon there was a sudden bustle on the junk and we began to move. I called out that we wouldn't leave Thatcher, but when I got the screen up a bit I saw we were moving back toward the wharf. When we got closer I could see standard stretchers of wood and canvas on the pier. The incomprehensible machinery of Chinese aid was working again.

Getting up out of the junk and on the wharf, then on the stretchers, was an excruciating job. It wasn't even made less painful by our expectation of impending medical care. New coolies carried us down the wharf to land, past a few ramshackle buildings and a blur of faces, and on to a wooded trail. Off this trail we'd occasionally see rather nice buildings or homes and, as each one of these came into view, one of us would say, "That must be the hospital."

Relief in Sight

But we'd always pass them. After being carried about five miles we came to a village of narrow, smelling, teeming streets. It was beginning to get dark, but the men seemed to be carrying us all the way through the village. Near the edge of the settlement, however, the stretcher bearers stopped. They carried us into the patio of a cleaner-looking little building and placed us on the ground.

There were some China Relief posters, printed in English, stuck on the surrounding walls. Pretty soon the most beautiful sound I've heard came to my ears. Someone inside was speaking English well, with a Chinese accent. An intelligent-looking Chinese with eyeglasses came out and shook hands with us.

"Anything we got is yours," he said. "We know what you have done."

I told him we needed a doctor, anesthetic, iodine, sedatives.

He looked at me forlornly and sighed. They had nothing at this station except bandage and a little food and water. Not even a sleeping pill, not even an aspirin tablet or any kind of antiseptic. No doctor, of course.

But we felt better after the Chinese nurses had washed us with hot water, and it was a relief to see Thatcher again. He had wandered around all that time, making telephone gestures, and finally had stumbled onto the China Relief station.

They got the belt and necktie off my leg. I had stopped bleeding and so had the others. Clever was still under the influence of shock more than the rest of us. We envied him. He wouldn't let the nurses wash all of the caked blood off his face. The nurses took off my shorts and carried away my quilt. When I was washed they gave me a pair of clean, rough, cotton shorts.

We drank more hot water, then a clear hot tea and munched or sucked on rice cakes sweetened with brown sugar. It was dark by now and I tried to go to sleep. But I just lay there full of pain, everything on me wanting care.

The man in charge of the station came in that night. I was glad he did. I felt so low about so many things. I told him that a lot of times, back home, I had seen people taking up collections on street corners and in movie houses for China Relief. I told him I had passed up the collection boxes more times than I had contributed and that when I'd put a dime or a quarter in the box, it used to make me feel like a pretty generous fellow. I told him I was so damned sorry I could cry. Maybe I did.

He smiled there in the dim room.

"Don't," he said. "Your money went a long way. Try to sleep; you have much ahead of you."

I lay there awake on my stretcher until after dawn. It was getting light on the morning of the 21st when I heard a babel of voices outside and soon a good-looking young Chinese came into our room. He introduced himself in English as Dr. C—— He looked our wounds over quickly, and what he saw was obviously more than he expected. Before I could ask him, he told me he had brought no medical supplies with him. Nothing.

Dr. C—— and 12 coolies, carrying six sedan chairs, had walked all night from L——, he told us. L—— was 26 miles away. There were no roads. He told us now that his men would carry us to L—— without resting up from the ordeal of walking all night to reach this station. We were to leave immediately. The Japanese were scouring the coast line of Chekiang Province in search of us, he said.

It was about 7 o'clock on that morning when they carried our stretchers out into the patio of the relief station and lifted and helped us into the chairs. One of the young nurses brought me a fresh blanket and fitted it around me in such a way as to provide a kind of upholstery for the wooden seat of the chair. She put the rest of my shredded things around me and gave me a sack of tiny Chinese oranges.

The man in charge of the station came over and shook hands. I handed him all the money I had, $13, but he smiled and handed it back to me, shaking his head. I tried to pull the wings off my shirt again, but he saw me and said he wanted nothing.

We got a touching send-off. At the near-by edge of the town a company of Chinese troops, spick-and-span, stood at attention at the side of the path that led out of the primitive village. They stood stiffly and, as we were carried by, they saluted us. It brought a lump to a fellow's throat. Those of us who could returned the salute. I wondered if there was ever a more grisly parade.

Beyond the company of soldiers stood a detachment of Chinese Boy Scouts, dressed in the same type of Scout uniform you see in our country, only made of rougher cloth. Their faces were freshly scrubbed and shone in the early morning sun. They looked very manly when they saluted us. Beyond them stood a straight line of Girl Scouts. Behind all these were the people . . . silently peering over the shoulders or heads of the guard.

Journey of Pain

The path gave out after a few hours, but Dr. C—— knew where he was going. The coolies walked silently across fields, up and down hills and along narrow dikes enclosing checkerboard paddies. My chair was hard despite the padding. There were times when I thought I could not stand one more jolting bounce. When I felt I'd have to cry out and ask them to leave me behind, I'd suck on the bitter oranges and try to concentrate on the way the juice burned my mouth, the number of seeds the oranges had, and other things, so I wouldn't think about the leg and arm and hands. I couldn't pass out.

Davenport heard me moaning. "Take my chair," he called back to me. "It's built so that you can recline in it. That'd be easier on you."

But even the thought of transferring from one chair to another was pain-laden.

Late in the afternoon I had to change to Davenport's chair or go nuts. Dav's chair was easier. I could stretch almost all the way out. And so we went on through the

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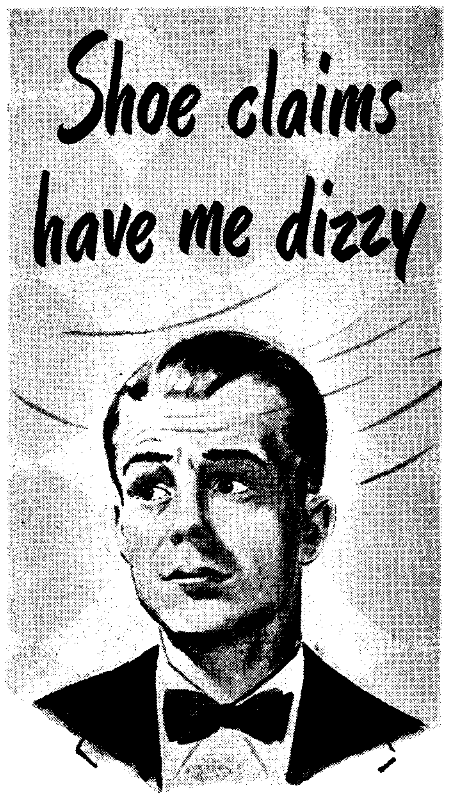
Shoe claims have me dizzy

YOU—Here I am, needing a pair of shoes—a coupon to spend—and everybody saying, "Buy ours!" How can I tell what's best? Sure, I know good looks—and if leather feels soft, but . . .

VOICE—Look inside . . .

YOU—You mean . . .

VOICE—Good shoes have smooth, tailor-made linings. Poor shoes wear out inside first.

YOU—How about fit?

VOICE—Try it on. A natural-fit feels comfortable right away—needs no breaking-in.

YOU—Sounds swell. Anything else?

VOICE—Plenty. A good shoe has hundreds of details of fine workmanship that don't show. That's where you'll have to trust the maker's reputation. Look inside . . .

YOU—"WALK-OVER"—I get it.

VOICE—69 years of reliable quality.

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A Bomber's Boot
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Walk-Over prices $8.95 to $12.95.

lifetime of that day. After dark I felt certain that we were lost, for we seemed to be doubling back, taking one tangent and then an opposite one. I'd call out to Dr. C—— and he'd come running back to me with a canteen of water. He'd tell me we weren't lost, that we were following a path or the course of paddy dikes. The night was impenetrable.

After a hell of torment, we reached L—— about 10 o'clock that night. It was an indescribable eternity after we started. The village gave off an unearthly phosphorescent glow. Dim figures moved past my chair and peered in at me. I called weakly for Dr. C—— again, and he arrived with water and a promise that we'd soon be there. It seemed that again we wandered hopelessly through conflicting streets, while I feebly raged. I felt the front end of the chair rise and for a long time we seemed to ascend very wide steps. Then the chair leveled off again and we were carried into a courtyard.

"Here they are now," I heard a British voice say.

"Thank God," a woman answered fervently.

Dr. C—— came to my chair. "My father's hospital," he said. He was utterly exhausted, I could see. I tried to reach out to touch his arm and thank him.

The British voices we heard were those of Mr. and Mrs. Frank Parker. They were missionaries—fine people in their early 40s. He was English. She was Scotch.

"You're safe here," Mr. Parker told us when we were carried inside. "You can stay here until you've recovered." Nurses began to wash us and while they did I asked Mr. Parker about medical supplies and care.

He looked at me soberly. "You'll get more care than anything else," he finally said. "We have an antiseptic fluid, a little chloroform and bandage. Nothing else." It was terribly hard news to take, after that trip.

I had a little soup and tried to go to sleep—wondering about Ellen. I was remotely glad she couldn't see me. But the thought of her made me think of our future together. I had tried to kid myself, but I was frantic about my leg. So I tested it in the only way I could. I rolled over on it. It took a long time to do it. Then I rolled on it again. The pain crushed the breath out of me, but I felt better because I had rolled on it.

My left ankle, near the scratch I had gotten on the junk, was the size of a football when I woke up in the early morning of the 22d. Old Dr. C——, a fine-looking elder with a long gray beard and long silk robes, came in to see us early. Young Dr. C——, none the worse for his earlier ordeal, washed out our wounds with an antiseptic that looked like weak purple ink.

More Help Arrives

While he was doing this another missionary, an Englishwoman named Mary Small, arrived and introduced herself. She represented a missionary society, was a trained nurse, rather pretty and in her late 20s. She told us she had come from Taichow, also in Chekiang Province, just ahead of the Japanese. She said it noncommittally, but a wave of helpless despair passed over me.

All that day of the 22d I lay near a low window on the ground floor, looking at the ever-changing design of Chinese faces at the window. There was a queue beyond the range of my vision. A windowful would peer in at me and after a while give up their places to the next group. There were always a few children and it seemed that almost invariably two streams of mucus would be sliding down their upper lips and then retreating back into their nostrils as they breathed and stared.

Mrs. Parker saw I was cracking up. Late in the day she came to my bed and told me she had arranged for Thatcher to move into our room and that Thatcher's roommate of the night before, a Chinese patient, would be placed somewhere else. I got a quiet, isolated room that looked out on the hospital garden through French doors.

The nurses put hot compresses on my ankle, but by the morning of the 24th the swelling had gone well up toward the knee. It was discoloring, too. I thought night and day of sedatives. The anesthesia of shock was all gone.

We had great news on the 24th. Mr. Parker came in, excited far out of his customary calm. "We've just received word that another crew whose plane crashed is coming here," he said.

I asked him a lot of questions at once.

"I've told you just about all I know," he laughed "Word travels fast in this country. I can never get accustomed to it. As far as I know, your friends are all right. They must be; they're walking here. One of them is a doctor. Is that possible?"

I tried to yell into the room where the other boys were that Don Smith and his crew, including Doc White, our flight surgeon, were coming in.

It was punishing, waiting for them. They straggled in late in the afternoon of the 25th. You never saw five dirtier men, but gosh, how good they looked! They weren't a bit banged up; just worn out. Best of all, the Japs hadn't got them.

They all came into my room and took a look at me. And after a while they said things like, "You'll be okay, Lawson."

Then I got their story out of them.

They ran into the same storm that caught us, though their targets had been in Kobe. They were the last plane off and they expected a lot of trouble because they had to do their bombing about an hour or more after Tokyo had gotten it. But they found Kobe still unprepared. There was very little antiaircraft fire, and no planes. They figured that they did most of their damage around the dock areas. They said the trains seemed to be running as usual and that the people they saw seemed in no hurry to get off the streets.

They saw the three cruisers on the way south, but didn't see the subs and mother ship. They hit some head winds as well as that storm. Just about the time it was dark their motors began to miss. Smitty decided to set his B-25 down in the water near an island that turned out to be just a little farther out in the China Sea than the one we crashed near. Our island, I found, was Nantien.

He kept his wheels up, of course, and dropped his flaps. They hit at about a hundred or so and skipped like a flat stone. Then the nose burrowed under and they were all under water, inside the plane. They thought they were goners. But the ship was still buoyant. It bobbed up again and floated a while on top. They were about half a mile offshore.

The ship floated long enough for them to get out the rubber raft, undo their chutes, get out through the top exits, inflate the raft and toss some emergency rations and guns in the raft.

They started to paddle away from the plane and immediately got a bad break. A wave threw them against the sharp tip of one of the plane's broken flaps and punctured the raft with a great hiss. Down went the guns and provisions and they had to swim for shore. Doc was about the only one who saved anything. He saved two tubes of morphine, and I guess that eventually saved my life.

The boys made the beach all right, wandered around in the dark and discovered a goat pen. They started to sleep there for the night, but after a while the Chinese who owned the pen came out, led them to his house, woke up his wife and kids and let the crew sleep in the house. The Chinese family slept in the goat pen.

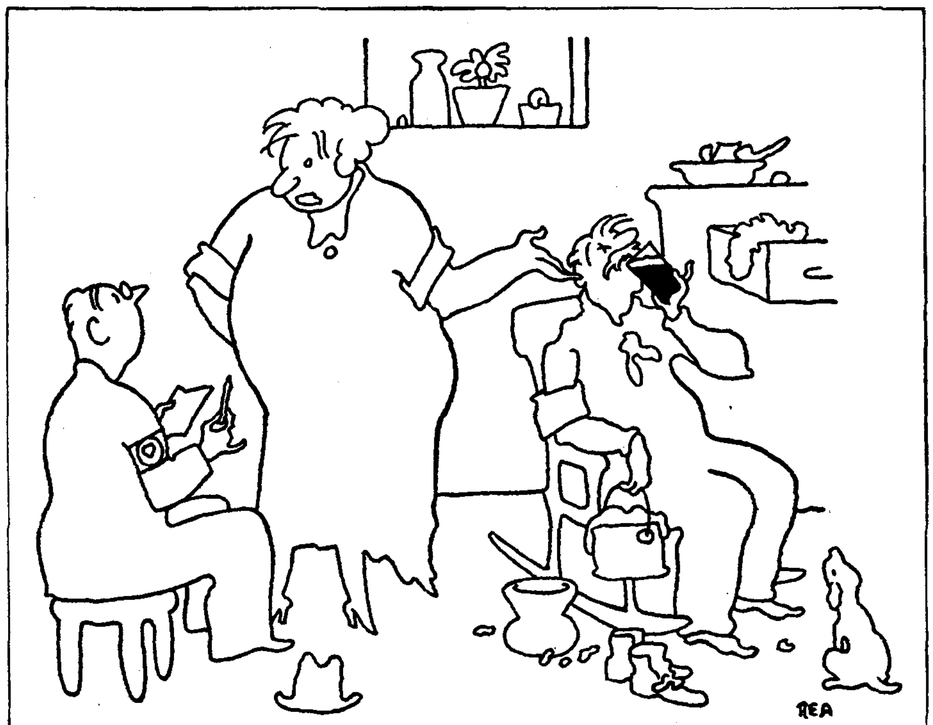
Trailed by the Japs

The next day the Chinese family arranged with a boatman friend—a man whose nose was eaten off by leprosy, Doc thought—and the man sailed them to our island, Nantien. There they met our very same guerrillas, including Charlie. Charlie told them about us and told them something that I didn't know: There had been a scouting force of 85 Japanese soldiers on our trail the day we were carried across the island. That explained Charlie's conflicting decisions at the meadow.

The same Japanese very nearly caught Smith, Doc and the boys, and would have caught them if the boys hadn't been able to walk. The guerrillas got wind of the Japanese, rushed the boys to an ancient temple on the island and hid them in its cellar. The boys had one gun with which to defend themselves. They stayed in their hiding place for about four hours listening to running boots and sharp voices outside. But when the trap door opened and the boys backed up and Smitty aimed the gun at the opening, it was the guerrillas and not the Japanese.

Charlie, they said, sent his greetings.

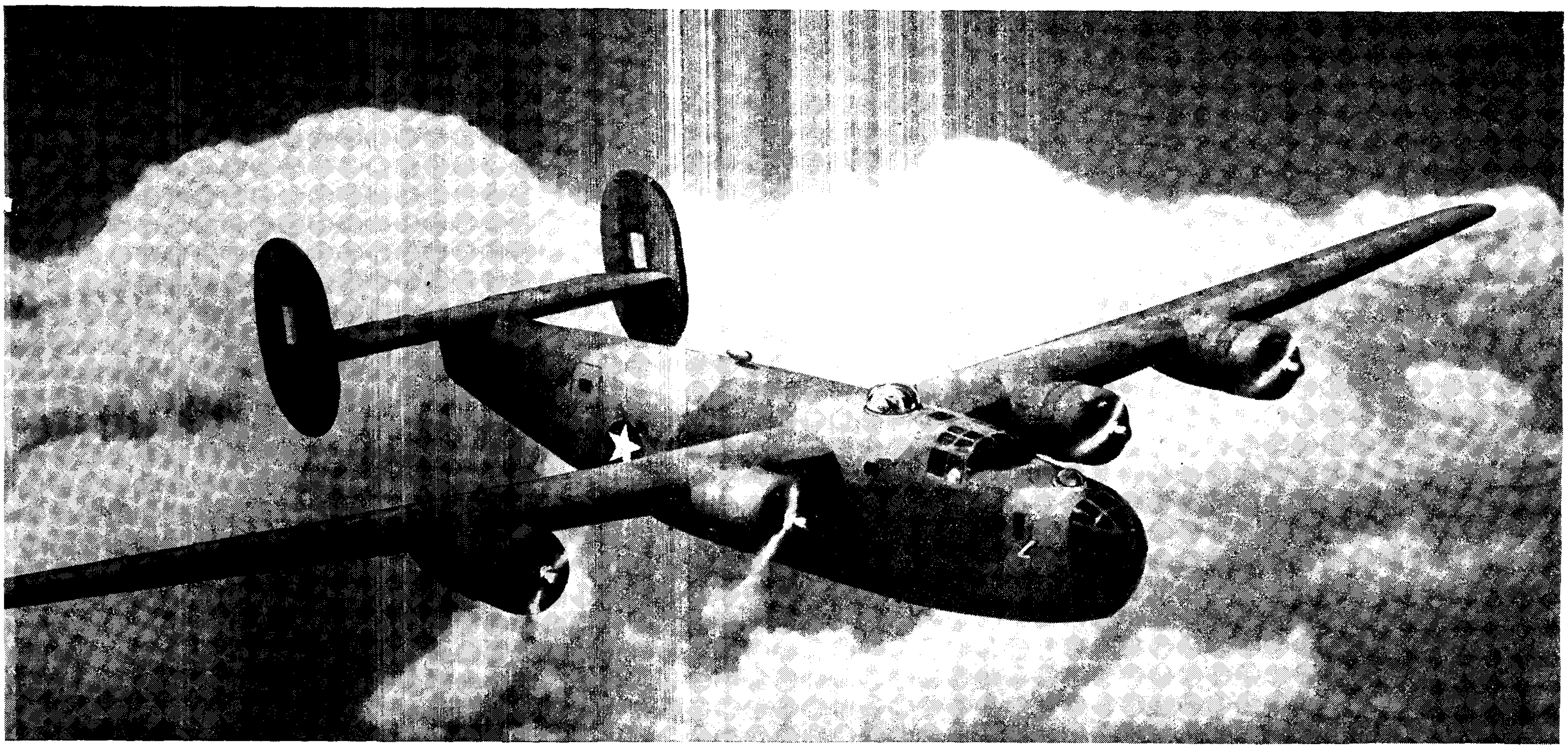
Doc White had left us in the middle of



'Of course, if you want to call him manpower, it's okay with me"

COLLIER'S GARDNER REA

LIFE, LIBERATORS AND PURSUIT OF THE AXIS



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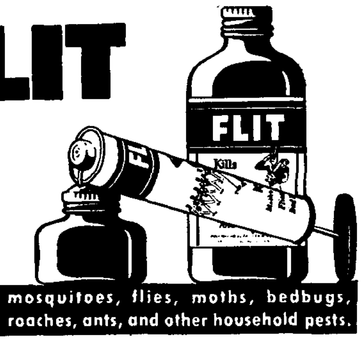

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the story. Now he came down from his room on the second floor of the hospital, cleaned and shaved. The boys had gone off to clean up. One of the nurses was putting hot compresses on my leg again. Doc had a pair of scissors in his hands.

"How do you feel?" he asked me as he looked over my temperature chart.

I said I felt pretty good. He poked around my lower leg with the blunt edge of the scissors. The leg was pulpy. Finally Doc picked a spot up near the bottom of my calf and pressed the point of the scissors harder and harder against it until it punctured the skin.

The stuff jumped out suddenly and just kept spurting. It wasn't sickening. It was like water. Doc kneaded my leg and got a lot out. Some of the swelling went down and I felt better.

On the 26th another missionary couple arrived: Mr. and Mrs. Fitzgerald. They were young, too, with a little girl and a baby boy about a year old. Fitzgerald was English. His wife was an American girl. She had gone to China as a nurse. Mr. Fitzgerald was one of her first patients. She nursed him over a siege of malaria and later they were married.

They were wonderful people. Mrs. Fitzgerald brightened up my room a lot with flowers. We'd often talk about the Pacific Northwest with its winter wheat and such things. I told her and the other missionaries about Ellen and the baby who was coming.

They were plain, gentle, hard-working men and women, more completely uninterested in their own welfare and comfort than anyone else I've ever known. Their days and most of their nights were devoted to us. They seemed far more interested in us as men than in us as aviators.

I was a terrible care for them. The better the other boys got, the worse I got. Clever was up on crutches, his head and face bandaged, late on the 26th. He hobbled in to visit me and to tell me I'd be up soon.

Makeshift Transfusion Apparatus

My days began to run together now. The things I'll relate consumed perhaps a week. Perhaps more.

I couldn't eat, so Dr. C—— fed me intravenously. . . . Smitty gave me a transfusion. The transfusion apparatus was a weird combination of bladder and rubbery arms that had to be kept shaking so the blood wouldn't coagulate. "It's Japanese," I heard Miss Small say distantly. "You know, they took this village last year and set up a puppet. But they must've decided it had no military value. So they stripped the town and one of the things they took was our American transfusion equipment, and left this thing."

Dr. C—— was always there with his needle. I woke up once trying to yell that somebody had stolen all my buttons. . . . A Japanese plane came low over the village and I heard the thud of a bomb not far away, and later I heard the missionaries saying that it was nothing but a hand grenade that landed near the pontoon bridge leading out of L——. . . . Staff Sergeant Williams, Smitty's bombardier, gave me the second transfusion. . . . All of Smitty's crew, except Doc, were standing at my bedside one day. They were leaving. Thatcher was going with them. . . . Doc told me I was $1,000 richer. Chungking had sent it. "But it's a thousand bucks Chinese," he said. "That's about fifty dollars."

The little garden was beautiful when I could look out and see it. It wasn't manicured—just naturally beautiful. A stone well in the middle; magpies and hawks and buzzards often in sight. . . . Somebody outside the room talking: The Japs are 40 miles away and moving our way . . . Dr. C——'s needle, until I think my veins must have cowered in my arms. . . . Flowers from the townspeople. . . . Cool water out of the spout of an enamel kettle. . . . The morbid putty color of my room's walls. . . . Sulfanilamide and sulfathiazole, from God only knows where, but bought with part of my "thousand dollars.". . . Crazy sulfa dreams almost as soon as they'd sift it in my leg and arm or pop it in my mouth. . . . The mayor of L——, smiling and bowing to us and bringing us little gifts from the people—then going upstairs to see his son, dying of lung trouble. . . . A Chinese general pumping my hand up and down.

I remember calling for Doc and asking him to sew up the gash in the upper part of the leg. I told him I'd feel better if it weren't open. It looked so awful. . . . And the rag he put over my face, and the peace of chloroform . . . waking up and seeing that Doc had decided to sew only half of it, leaving the rest open to drain . . . purple ink antiseptic being poured into the scissors opening in my calf and running out of my ankle cuts as if down a series of pipes. . . . The boys. Davenport with a cane. . . . And, yes, telling them how sorry I was about the landing.

"What the hell! It wasn't your fault.". . .

I was saying that I should have gone in high on instruments and bailed out.

"Aw, forget it. What's done is done. The motors would have quit no matter where we were."

I guess I looked through the wrong end of a telescope for many days. I couldn't pull myself together. You see, all this time Doc was scissoring dead flesh off my lower leg each day. He started that the night he punctured it and let the stuff drain out. Twice a day after that he'd clip flesh away, mostly around my ankle. Often I felt nothing. Doc would ask me to tell him when he touched live flesh but he'd know, for I'd scream when he did cut living flesh. He'd give me a shot of morphine afterward, sometimes.

I asked him once about what the ankle would look like if he kept cutting off flesh. He said they'd do a good plastic-surgery job on it when I got back to the States.

But it was a shock to go through with the two daily cuttings. Old Dr. C—— would stand there holding my pulse and looking at me sorrowfully. It got to be more than I could stand, so one day I broke down and blurted that I couldn't take it twice a day.

Doc kept clipping away. "You'll either take it or you'll lose the leg," he said.

I told him to take the leg. I couldn't stand two cuttings a day.

Doc stopped when I said that. He gave me a pep talk, but it didn't do much good, I guess. But for the next few days he cut me only once a day. A Chinese carpenter built a platform for my leg to rest on.

All this time the missionary women waited on me. They'd cook up different types of nice dishes and I'd try hard to eat, but I couldn't. They would have to take them away and call for Dr. C—— and his needle. But they never seemed to regret the time and trouble they expended on me. Mrs. Parker found some brandy, once, and fixed it up in a nice eggnog. I couldn't drink even that.

Came the Big Day

The big day came toward the end of the first week in May. I don't even know what day it was. But in the middle of that day Doc came into my room. He was very clean-looking in his uniform. But he was uncomfortable. Neither of us said anything for a little while.

I looked at him and asked him if he was going to take the leg.

"Yeah . . . I think so," he said.

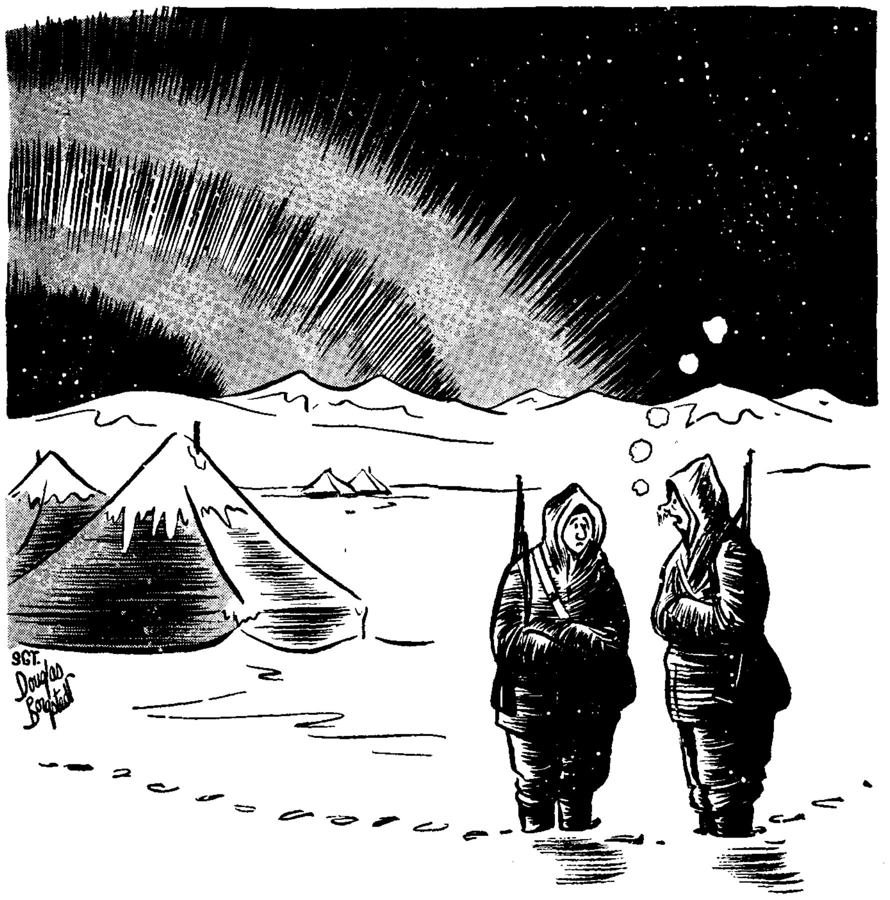
Doc didn't ask me how I felt about it. So after a bit I said I wished he'd get started. All I could think of now was getting rid of that damned thing.

"That's all I wanted to know," Doc said.

The Parkers came in now. They had been waiting outside. They knew. They started talking about Ellen and the baby. They meant well—real well. I was glad the boys didn't walk in to see me then.

Dr. C—— told me about the anesthetic that would be used. It was a spinal shot. He explained that you stick an empty hypo in the lower spine and draw off the spinal fluid secreted at that point. Then shoot the same volume of the anesthetic into the same spot. It paralyzes everything from there down.

Chinese runners had carried the stuff to L—— from a city whose name I can't



"What wouldn't I give for a nice, warm glass of beer!"

COLLIER'S SGT. DOUGLAS BORGSTEDT

remember . . . days away from L——. It was just one more miracle.

Doc came back in the room. Naturally I wanted to find out something more. I asked some questions and found that it was going to be done up on the second floor of the near-by operating building.

I said to him that I guessed it wouldn't be so bad with it off. It would be something like wearing a shoe with a high instep. Doc didn't answer, and for the first time I knew that he was going to take more than my foot and ankle. I told him now, after I swallowed, that I wanted to be sure that he took it off well below the knee.

Doc was busy thinking about something else. He didn't answer, so I had to come out and ask him where he'd take it off.

"Well," Doc said, "above the knee. I'll leave you as much as I can."

It was hard to take that. Awful hard. I said I had hoped and I had thought that if it had to come off it would be below the knee. Maybe I said it over and over.

"Nope," Doc said. "If I did that, I might not get enough off. Then there would have to be another one, and your system couldn't take it."

I tried to find some answer to that, but there was nothing to say. Dr. C—— and a nurse took away the platform that was holding my leg up. That let me roll over on my side, drawing my breath in sharply because rolling hurt a lot. And in that position Doc gave me the spinal.

I was drowsy but I still could see all right and think and hear all right. They brought a stretcher up to the bed, rolled me on it and carried me out of the French doors and through the pretty garden to that operating building.

In the operating room were Doc, Mrs. Fitzgerald, Mary Small, Dr. C——, his wife and two Chinese nurses. I was rolled on the table and Doc poked around the leg a bit. It wasn't dead yet, but by the time they wrapped the lower part of it in oiled paper I told Doc I thought it was dead now.

Doc took his time. He wanted to be sure. But at last he came over to the table with a scalpel in his hand. I cocked an eye down, and he started.

I couldn't see any blood, or feel anything. But I knew he was cutting. I could see his arm moving and see him lift my leg up so he could cut underneath. He cut around once, rolled back that layer and tied the blood vessels off. Then again and tied. Then again. And then again. Four times around.

The Anesthetic Wears Off

Now I felt that I could move the toes on my good right leg and it vaguely worried me. I thought the anesthetic was wearing off. There wasn't any more of the stuff, of course. I told Doc I could move my toes.

Doc hurried. I could move my whole ankle now. I told Doc this, and the two Chinese nurses came up on either side of the table and held my wrists.

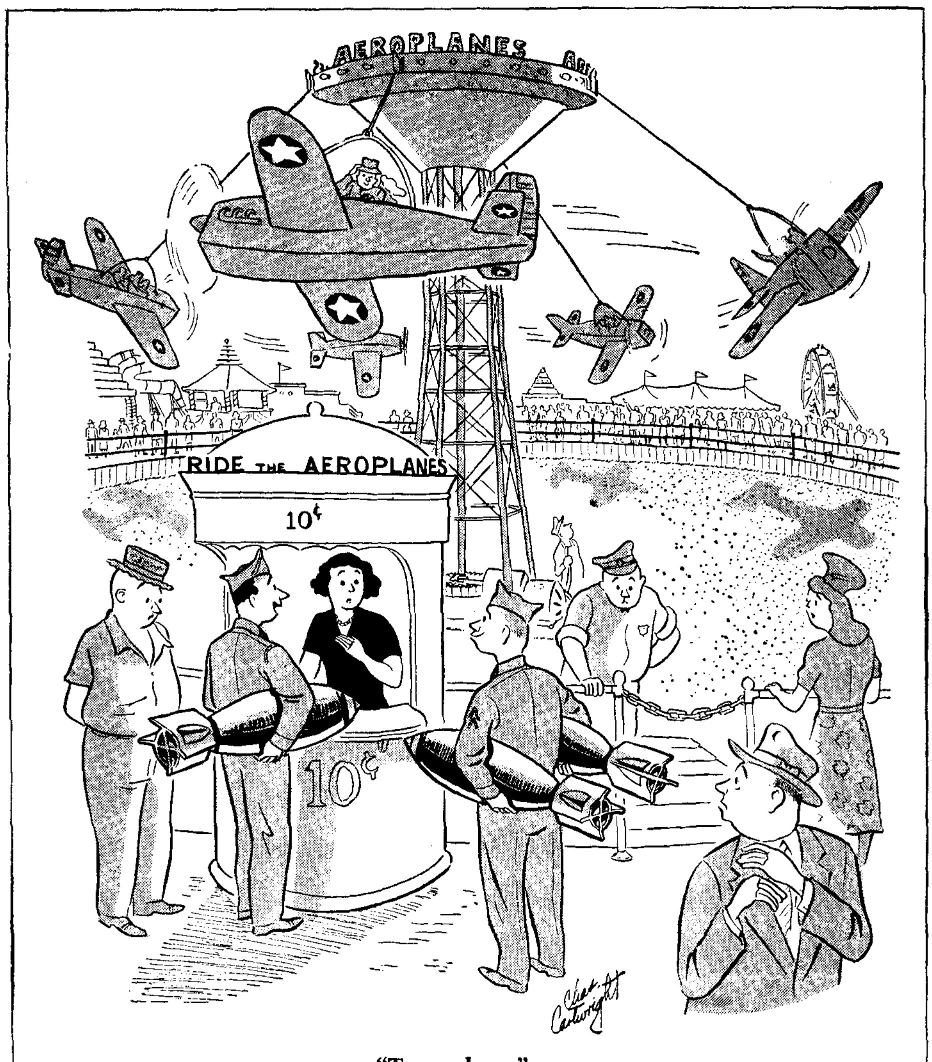
Doc stepped away and walked back quickly with a silver saw. It made a strange, faraway, soggy sound as he sawed through the bone. Except for the tugging fear that I was coming back too soon, the actual amputation was almost as impersonal to me as watching a log being sawed. I could hear the different sounds of the saw as Doc's elbow bent and straightened, bent and straightened and the teeth went through thicker and thinner sections.

Then there was an almost musical twink, and deep, deep silence inside me as Doc laid aside the saw. The Chinese nurses let go of my wrists. The nurse on the right walked around to the left side of the table. She picked up the leg by the ankle. The other nurse picked up the other, thicker end.

I watched the two nurses carry it out the door.

The sewing took some time. I was getting very nervous by now. I could move my right foot, ankle and toes about as much as I wanted to. I told Doc I could feel his sewing needle, too.

Doc would say, "Just a few more now," and I'd watch his arm rise and dip, rise and dip. Then it would hurt again and I'd



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tell him. Finally he said, "Just one more," and he kept his word.

I had had four transfusions during the week leading up to this. Now Doc gave me my fifth, and a shot of morphine that put me to sleep. Just before I passed out I saw Dr. C——, with his feeding needle.

Doc kept me full of dope for the next few days. Whatever anybody wanted to do with me was all right with me. I just lay there, back in my room. When I finally tapered off I got around to making myself look down. Doc had sewn two rubber tubes into the stump for draining. He seemed a little concerned about the way it was draining, so he gave me some chloroform and took them out. It didn't make much difference to me. What hurt most on me were my arms. They were full of lumps and bruises from the needles. Mrs. Fitzgerald had joined the needle corps. I had no idea what she was shooting into me. All I knew was that the needles hurt and that I couldn't sleep much because my back was now filled with bedsores.

I had a strange dream all the time. It went on whether I was asleep, drowsy or almost wide awake. It was screwy. I thought I was in a small rowboat, off the coast of China. I was rowing and making good time but someone would always make me change into another boat. The new boat would have no oars. I'd tried to get back in my old boat, but I could never find it. I'd find a lot of rowboats but they'd have no oars.

Often I'd wake up during this dream and yet the thing was so strong in my mind that for a long time I'd still be changing boats. To try to stop the dream I'd look around the room and pronounce the names of different objects in the room as well as my mouth would permit. But the sound of my mumbling would make me drowsy again and soon I'd continue changing boats.

The boys came in four or five days after the operation, talking about everything except the leg. They brought me a lot of stuff that people had sent to me or they had bought for me in the village. They told me about some feasts which had been thrown for them, and about the speeches they made, through translators, and how the Chinese who gave the banquet would always apologize at great length for the quality of the food, which was always very good, they said. They had run into some good wine, too.

The Boys Are Cheerful

They sat around, smoking and talking and laughing about things like the way bedbugs always singled out Clever.

McClure laughed, and said, "Well, Lawson, this is a lot different from hedge-hopping back in the States," and like a fool I started to cry and they left, ill-at-ease.

Mr. Parker came in then. He sat near my bed and asked me if I would like him to read to me.

"I have Three Men on a Horse," he said, "and a couple of English novels. What would you like?"

"I thought missionaries always read from the Bible," I said in a half-joking way.

"I hadn't intended to," he replied, "but if you would like it—"

And so I drifted off to sleep to the sound of his pleasant voice: "He maketh me to lie down in green pastures— He restoreth my soul—yea, though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death . . ."

The boys had some news the next day. Mr. Parker had a short-wave radio. It was a battery set and he had a windmill generator to recharge the batteries.

He had picked up San Francisco, the boys told me. An announcer on a news broadcast was talking about the Tokyo raid. The announcer said it had been a great success. Not a plane was lost during the raid, the announcer enthused.

I told McClure I was sorry about what I had done during the earlier visit. I tried to explain that a fellow gets a funny psychology if he's had something done to him, as I had had. I said a fellow finds himself weighing everything that's said to him; weighing it against what he is and what he was . . . where he is and where he was. I didn't do a very good job, trying to explain. I just didn't want to be reminded of anything.

When Mr. Parker came in that day I asked him if I could hear the radio. I thought it would be nice to hear some music. Like the fine, accommodating man he was he went across the village to his house that evening and brought all that equipment to my room, fixed up an aerial and ground and hooked up the heavy storage batteries. He turned it on and got me some music from San Francisco.

It was full of static. The static was like sandpaper on my brain. I didn't want to hurt his feelings, or seem ungrateful, but finally I had to call Mr. Parker. I told him I was sorry for all the trouble I had caused him, but I just couldn't stand it. I guess I must have kept saying it because he went out and I heard him calling Doc. Doc gave me a shot of morphine by candlelight and Dr. C—— gave me the intravenous feeding. By now it was taking five or six jabs from each of them to find the veins, or not jab all the way through them.

I started eating a little about a week after the operation. Milk at first. Dr. C—— had one of those stunted cows that give about a pint a day. They boiled the milk for me, corked it in bottles and lowered it in the well outside my room to cool it. Soon I could take strained soup and then I began eating almost everything. I went to town on mush, different kinds of preserves, gray bread I could chew with my remaining back teeth and ground-up greens something like spinach.

One day Mrs. Fitzgerald said, "What do you want to eat? Anything you want." So I said I'd make it tough for her. I told her I wanted Swiss steak and I tried to laugh because I knew it was impossible. That night for dinner I had Swiss steak. It was water buffalo. Mrs. Fitzgerald was a wonderful woman.

The hospital cook, Wong, was a great character. He had been cook at the Shanghai Y.M.C.A. before the Japs came in. The missionaries told me that he had three wives but he'd never admit it. He came into my room occasionally to chat, and I'd confront him with his polygamy. Wong would stand up, sort of offended-looking, place his hands on his heart and say, "No, no, Lieutenant. No three wife—*two* wife."

I thought Mrs. Fitzgerald had reached her peak as a food magician when she conjured up the Swiss steak. But the very next night she and Mrs. Parker came in with a roast pheasant. Mrs. Parker's Chinese neighbor had winged it illegally in town. Maybe that's what made it taste so good.

I was so thin when I began eating again that I could see both bones in my right leg, and my kneecap looked like a turret on the rest of my leg. I figured I weighed about a hundred pounds, or 80 less than when I took off for the raid. I was filling out now, however, until I couldn't see my ribs.

I heard from Charlie. By some means known only to him he sent me his calling card, of all things, with a tiny head picture of himself stuck in one corner. That wasn't all. He sent word that the Japs had grabbed some of those islanders who helped us get away and had tortured them.

Unexplained Conferences

There was something vaguely alarming about the visits of the mayor and the general to the hospital these days near the middle of May. They would take Mrs. Fitzgerald or Mr. Parker or Doc aside and talk to them very earnestly for long periods. Then Davenport walked in one day, with his cane.

"How do you feel?" he asked me, casually.

I said okay. What else can you say when you know you're going to hurt for weeks or months.

"How long do you think you'll be before you get up?"

I said I couldn't tell, and asked him how soon McClure and Clever and himself expected to be in good shape.

"We're just about all set now," Dav said.

That left only me. So I asked him if there was any great hurry.

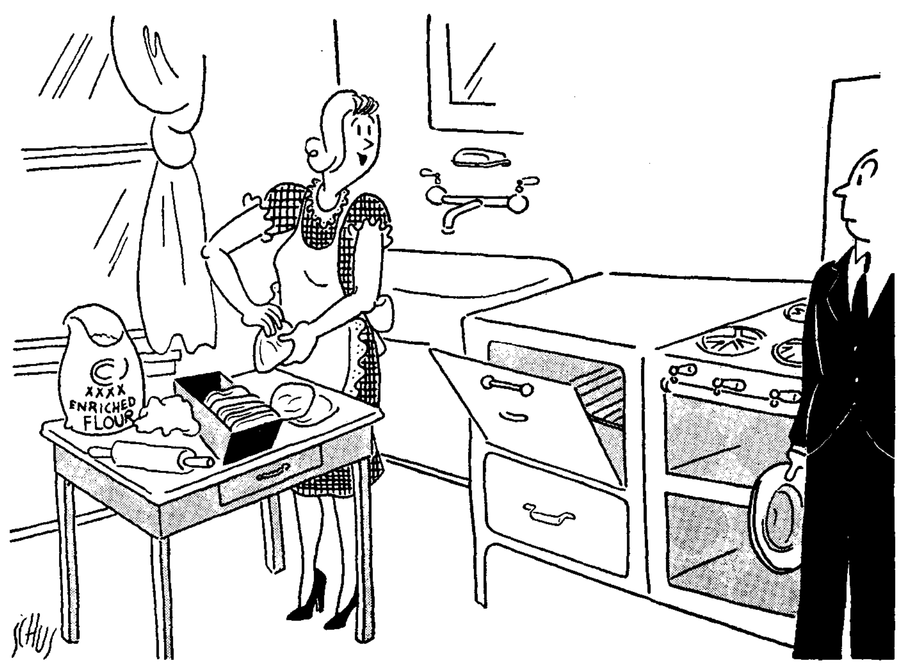
"Well . . . no," he said. "The other boys are just getting kind of anxious."

The next day Mr. and Mrs. Fitzgerald, Doc and Dr. C—— came in with a large wrapped package. Their good nature was a little forced.

"We've got a present for you," one of them said. They unwrapped it and of course it was the crutches. A local carpenter had made them.

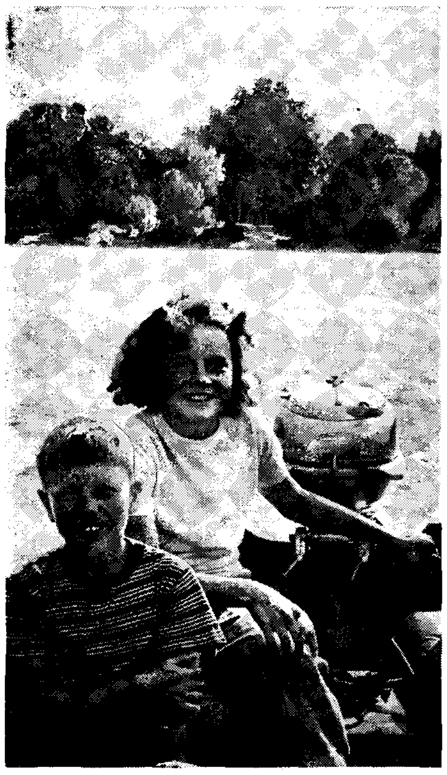
Dr. C—— also told me that one of the local families wanted to make some slippers for all the boys, so he measured my foot. I kept looking at the crutches. I used to ski a lot.

Doc seemed very eager for me to get used to the crutches. I finally gave them a trial about May 15th. It took me 15 minutes to sit up and sidle to the edge of the bed, I was so weak. After a dizzy spell



COLLIER'S "I'm baking bread, dear—already sliced!" ADOLPH SCHUS

Speaking of Youth Movements...



If you've ever been around water, you're familiar with this scene. Young America on the go. Soaking up sunshine and fresh air. *And developing a sense of freedom that becomes as much a part of these kids as their freckles.*

This is the American youth movement. It flows as freely as the wind, thank heaven — unchecked by oppression, by want, by fear.

In thousands of lovely camps throughout the land—Boy Scouts', Camp Fire Girls', Y's and others—Johnson Sea-Horse outboard motors contribute to this scene. You bet we're proud to make good motors for this purpose!

Today, however, Sea-Horses are built only for the grim business of war—to help determined men protect the American way for American youth. All our effort is devoted to this cause—and we conceive it to be our job to work harder and harder, faster and faster to assure a victory that will stick.

With that job done, we'll again have outboard motors for youngsters and grownups alike—to add to the zest of living.

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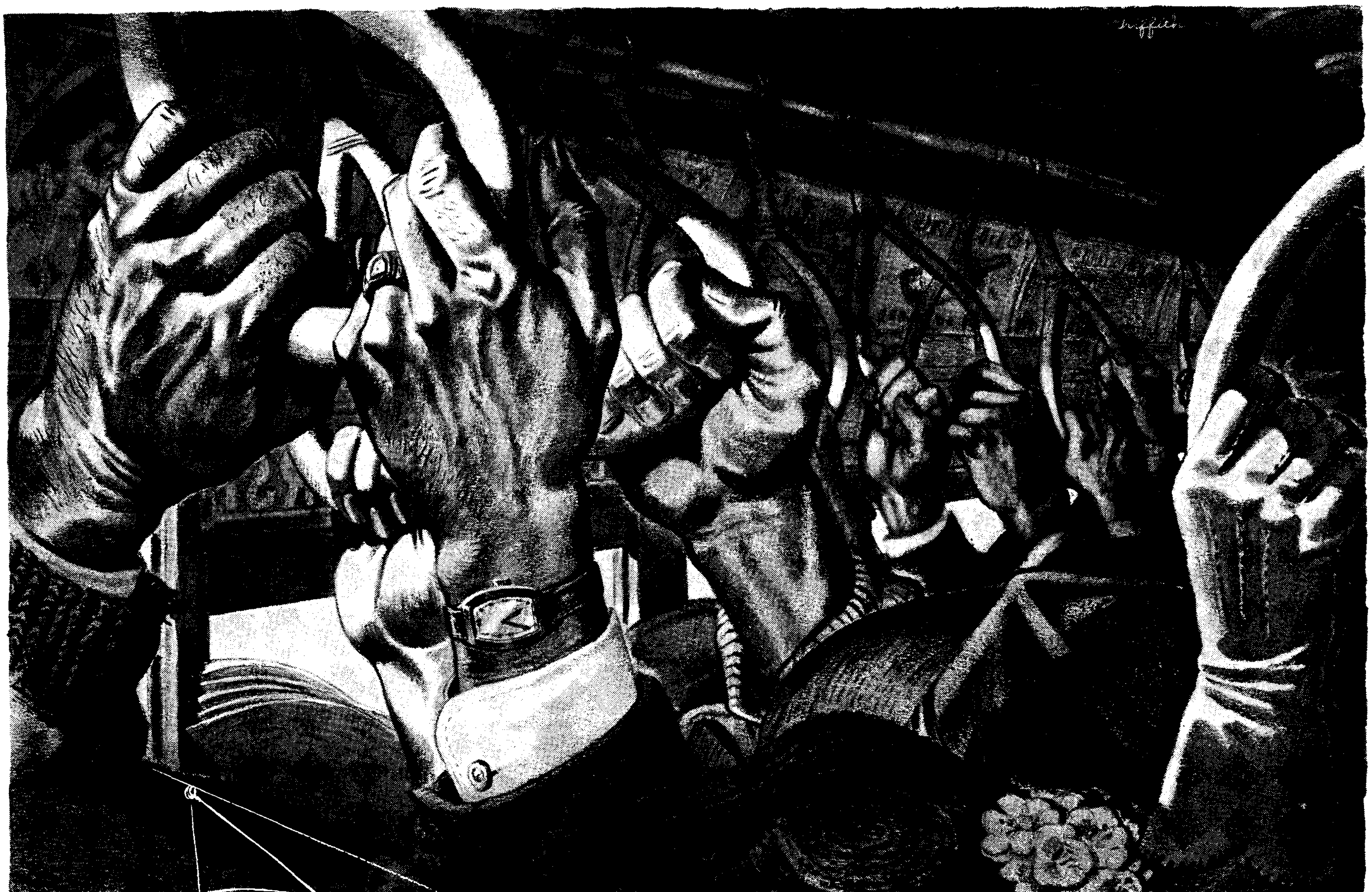

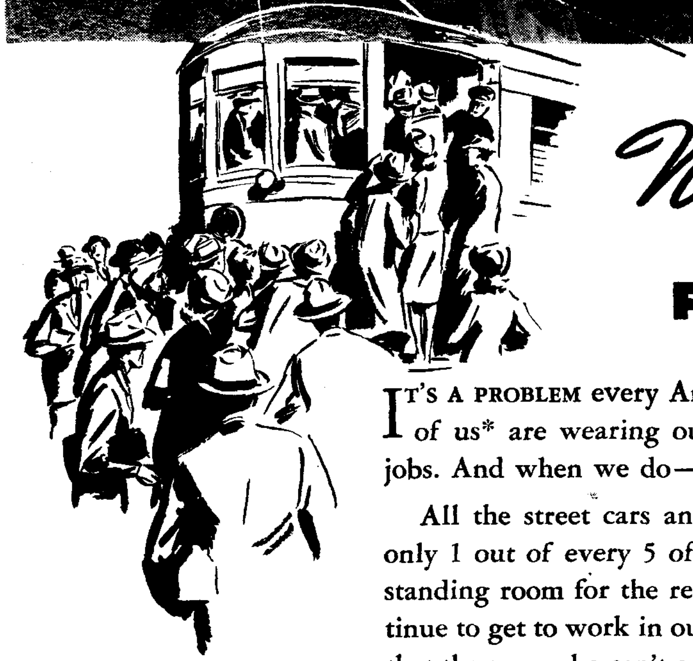

Not even standing room left

FOR 4 OUT OF 5 WORKERS!

IT'S A PROBLEM every American must face! 4 out of 5 of us* are wearing out the surest way to hold our jobs. And when we do—we may not have jobs!

All the street cars and buses in America can carry only 1 out of every 5 of us to work. There isn't even standing room for the rest of us. Each of us must continue to get to work in our private cars—or face the fact that the man who can't get to his job doesn't have a job.

AND TODAY, America has just one new car left for replacement—for every 100 cars on the street. As the other 99 wear out, there'll be more and more men missing from their jobs. More and more badly needed workers who'll face the choice of "walk—or you can't work."

Today, your car is more important than ever before—*because it's your last car until months after war ends.* It's your patriotic duty to make it see you thru.

YOUR automobile service man can help you keep working—by keeping you riding. He's serving his country by safeguarding our vital transportation. He knows the special needs arising from changed driving habits—and the new importance of expert lubrication.

For the Alemite lubricating system on your car, he's likely to recommend and use specially developed Alemite lubricants. But whether he uses Alemite or some other good brand, see him regularly. The important thing today is to guard your job—by safeguarding your car.

Another Product of
STEWART WARNER

**Based on figures supplied by The Office of Defense Transportation*

* * *

Let's Share Our Rides
And Spare Our Cars

* * *

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Salute to Jockey REG. U. S. PAT. OFF. FROM SERVICE MEN

BUY WAR BONDS & STAMPS

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IF you have difficulty in buying America's favorite brand of underwear—Jockey—it is because service men are now buying a large percentage of the total output and the demand is increasing, for a fighting man likes to continue his peacetime habits. So civilians may have to shop around a bit for Jockey, but it's worth it for these reasons.

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It's the famous Y-front, no-gap construction that gives you mild, masculine support. Only Jockey by Coopers has it. So look for those names on the label.

Jockey Short
2-Piece • Contoured Shirts to Match

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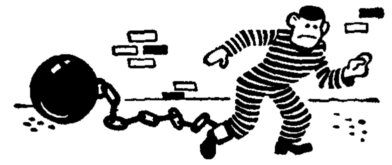
You're cool in Jockey because your skin breathes. The knit fabric lets it do *just that.* You can keep warm, too, with varied leg lengths in cotton and wool.

WASHES EASILY • Dries Overnight
Jockey washes as easily as sister's scanties and dries before reveille; Jockey needs no ironing either and, since it is tailored to fit, it quickly returns to original body contours.



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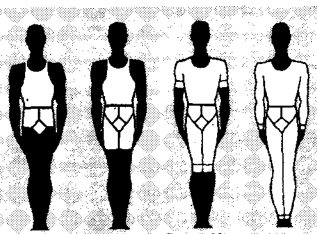


passed I stood up on my right leg and went slowly across the room to the porch and flopped into a chair. I sat there a while, looking at the garden, and by the time I got back to the bed I was so exhausted I slept for an hour or two.

The Chinese who made us the slippers—they were black silk—called the next day. He bowed low and handed me my pair. Then it struck him all of a sudden. The poor fellow got very flustered and backed out, painfully embarrassed. I felt bum for a while, but it passed.

It wasn't important. Nobody around the hospital was mentioning the really important thing: the Japs were 40 miles away. Maybe less, by now.

On Sunday, May 17th, the Parkers came in early and said they were giving a party at their house late that afternoon. They wanted me to come. I told them I didn't think I could make it. But they said that I could and must.

I wanted to go less than ever when I saw my face in a mirror, just after that. I had decided to get some of the beard off. I was a discouraging sight. My mouth had bled into the beard and matted it.

In the early afternoon two coolies came up to my window with a nicely padded chair. I got into it after a struggle and they carried me down the hill of steps to the village. McClure, Davenport and Clever also were in chairs, and we went through the streets like a procession. L—— was an interesting place—full of strong smells, colorful markets and streets so narrow you could almost touch the facing building fronts.

The Parkers' house was on the other edge of the town, about three miles from the hospital. We recognized it by the windmill that generated power to recharge the radio batteries. It was a pleasant, clean place with a nice yard. They carried me into the yard, the coolies lifted me out of the sedan chair and put me down on a kind of kitchen chair near by. Then they lifted me up with the chair by the lower rungs and carried me into Mr. Parker's library.

Letters That Never Arrived

Mr. Parker was waiting for me. He asked me if I had written to my people. I told him I hadn't; that I thought about it a lot, but that I couldn't bring myself to write. I asked Mr. Parker if he'd write to my mother. I told him how sick she was and I explained that it would be better for him to write: he'd know the best approach. He said he'd do it immediately and did—but the letter, I heard, was held up at Chungking along with other letters from the men to their families.

"Now, how about your wife?" Mr. Parker asked me.

I told him I didn't want him to write to Ellen. I had some more thinking to do about that.

I was carried out on the porch that commanded a view of the city and we had tea. Swank. Mrs. Parker had made an angel-food cake with the egg whites of all the extra eggs that had been given to us at the hospital by the people of L——.

The Fitzgeralds arrived and so did an elderly missionary couple who had been in L—— for 22 years. The old man was having trouble with his eyeglasses, he told us, but he had a set of test lenses which opticians use to find the type of glasses you need. So Doc matched up the different lenses for him and got a combination that worked—so that the old man could write in to a larger city and have glasses made.

The old missionary showed me pictures of his two boys, one of them in the British navy. I asked him why the boys didn't go into missionary work, too, and whether he was disappointed.

"No," he said. "Everyone has his call in life. It is better to answer your true call."

It made me think a little of my research ambition.

At dark I was carried back into the house for dinner and noticed a lot of packing cases in the English-style living room. The Parkers didn't seem to want to talk about them, so I let it go.

We had a great dinner: roast duck, bamboo shoots, peanut butter and canned butter. The water was almost cold. It had been in the well for a couple of days.

They had to talk about the Japs, eventually. They were guarded at first, but I told them not to worry about me. I knew. I asked them what they were going to do.

More Traveling to Be Done

The Fitzgeralds were going to S—— with us the next day—which was the first news I had that we were leaving and where we were going. I got them to repeat the name of the village. The Parkers explained the packing cases, then. They were sending some of their stuff to S—— to keep it from falling into the hands of the Japs.

I asked what about the Parkers themselves.

"Our work is here," Mr. Parker said. "We'll stay as long as we can."

After dinner something very interesting happened. The Chinese Boy Scouts had had a track meet that afternoon in L——. One school had sent its Scouts from a distance of 30 miles. They had walked all night and arrived in L—— this Sunday morning. During the day they had run and jumped through the track meet, then gotten back into uniform to join the other Scouts who were paying us a visit.

It was all very formal and impressive. Our bunch stood in the Parkers' living room, near the packing cases, and the Scouts marched in, saluted and left gifts for us. The Girl Scouts followed them, and they too saluted and left little things for us. They let me sit throughout the ceremony.

We started back to the hospital at nine o'clock that Sunday night in a driving rain. I shook hands with the Parkers before I left. Some sudden ache of departure filled me. I tried to tell them how grateful I was for everything they had done for me. But it's hard to put things like that in words. I told them I'd see them the next morning.

It was still raining on Monday morning, May 18th, when dawn broke. Our chairs were assembled and Doc was stewing, eager to get going. We had heard that coolies were reluctant to carry during a rain, but they did this day. After some hurried goodbys to Mary Small, old Dr. C——, young Mrs. C—— and the nurses, we took off. My spare clothes, presents and crutches were strapped to the chair. Doc had dressed my stump, and the boys had found a pair of trousers for me, which Doc pinned up to fit. The stump was draining and bleeding. I would have been in bed another month but for the Japs.

Before we left the grounds of the little hospital, Dr. C—— came to my chair. He was smiling blandly. "I want to show you something," he said, and ordered my coolies to carry me around to another side of the building.

They set me down beside a coffin. It was a new one, made by the same Chinese carpenter who had made my crutches.

It was to have been mine.

The Parkers and the old missionary couple saw us off. They ran along beside our chairs in the pouring rain, patching the leaks in the little roofs with oiled paper. What can you say to people like that?

The last I saw of them they were standing in the rain, waving goodby and saying we'd meet soon again. And saying they'd follow along the trail after us as soon as they settled a few things at their missions.

They waited too long. The Japanese took L—— three days later. God knows what they did to these wonderful people.

(To be continued next week)

You Can't Escape

Continued from page 14

Anthony, and then—where'd you leave your car, by the way?"

"Just outside the office . . ."

"Then I saw it when I came in. Nice little job. We'll talk a bit and then go on home."

"But I feel that I'm imposing . . ." began Tony desperately.

"Not a bit of it. Rattle around in the house," said Wheaton, "the three of us. Built back in seventeen hundred and ninety, and added to by successive generations. My father had a big family. I was the oldest son, so the house came to me. My father expected me to have a big family. Well, there's only Linda . . . and after the first of next year there'll be just her mother and me . . ."

"She—your daughter—is going away?"

"She's going to be married, durn it," explained Wheaton. "You'll meet the boy tonight. Works in the bank downstairs, his father's president . . . owns most of the Main Street business block, and half the outlying farms, and a couple of quarries . . . Rix got out of the university four years ago. But you'll see him for yourself . . . meantime, tell me about your father.". . .

IT WAS dusk when they left the office, went down the narrow stairs, and out on the street where lamplight bloomed and made shifting shadows. Tony's car stood at the curb and Wheaton eased himself in. "Down straight, two blocks, then to your right," he said. "I'll say when."

A few moments later they were walking up the steps of the old, clapboarded house. There were columns, two stories high, and a superb fanlighted door. The windows of the front rooms went almost to the ground. The house glowed with light and welcome, and the door stood open. They went in, Tony carrying his bag, and entered a square, paneled hall.

Some time later he was up in the spare room, a little bewildered by the suddenness of this unplanned overnight stop and the warmth of his welcome. Mrs. Wheaton was not much bigger than a sparrow. She was almost as pretty as Linda, her hair a clear, unfaded red and her eyes a deep, gentle brown.

The spare room was huge. A fireplace dominated one wall, and a bright fire burned in it. The mantel was beautiful. The four-poster bed was very old as were the lowboy and the slipper chair. There were other chairs, fat, comfortable, done in the faded chintz of the curtains. Beyond, there was a small, modern bathroom.

Tony, plunging his face in cold water, after a quick shave, thought: This is the way to live, after all.

When he went downstairs Wheaton was waiting for him, to draw him into a small, book-filled study, with a battered desk and a glowing fire. A tray stood on the desk, decanter, ice, siphon, glasses, and Wheaton said, "How about it? We've never taken to cocktails in this house. Linda doesn't drink 'em, her mother doesn't approve. But a little snort of good whisky never hurt anyone. Let us have one together before Rix barges in. He's coming to dinner and Linda's scraped up another girl . . . a mighty pretty one by the way . . . to amuse you. She tells me there's a good movie in town, if you want to go, after dinner . . ."

They were drinking their Scotch and soda when someone knocked on the door and Wheaton shouted, "Come in," and presently Tony Dennison was looking at the handsomest young man he had ever seen in or out of the cinema. Rix Anderson . . . somewhat shorter than Tony—who was six two—but, Tony admitted, without rancor, much better built. Rix was dark and quick, and his features were almost too good. Yet not quite. You forgot the curly dark hair, the straight nose and sculptured mouth when you saw the laughter in his eyes, the little scar at the corner of the left one, the square chin and strong white teeth, unevenly spaced. You forgave him an almost classic beauty of body, which the dark suit could not disguise, when you felt his handclasp, which was strong and good.

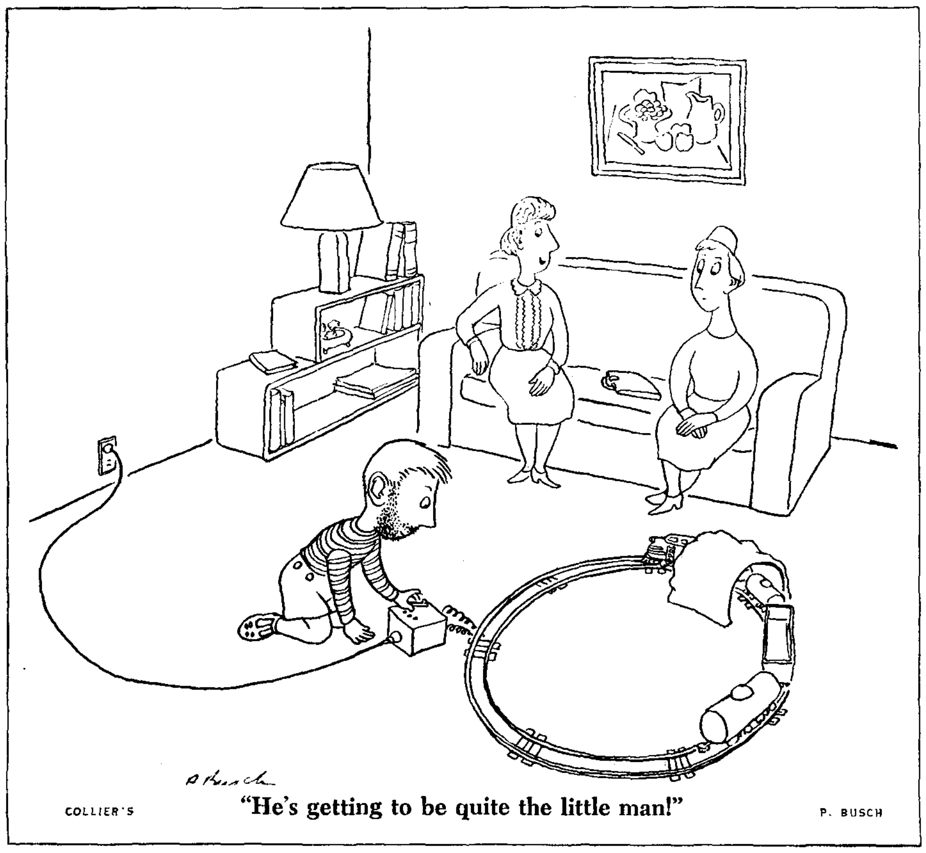
"Rix, this is Anthony Dennison," said Wheaton carelessly. "Rix is Linda's property . . . or he will be after January third."

He poured a drink for Rix, and the three men stood by the fire and drank . . . "To Linda," said Rix, with his quick smile.

"Where in time is she?" Wheaton asked.

"Waiting for Peg, I understand," said Rix.

"Peggy," explained Wheaton to Tony, "is a newcomer. A charmer. Sets the town



COLLIER'S "He's getting to be quite the little man!" P. BUSCH

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Get out of the oven into the ice box with *Spruce*, center.

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Marvel—below—authentic White Buck for Naval and Civilian Summer wear.

WALK IT AND LIKE IT IN

Bostonians

FIT RIGHT - FEEL RIGHT *They're Walk-Fitted*

by its ears. All the girls hate her except Linda, who can hold her own with anyone, eh, Rix—?"

"I'll say," agreed Rix cheerfully.

"Peg and Linda were in college together," Wheaton went on. "Peg's from your neck of the woods, Tony—San Diego."

"A far cry from San Francisco," said Tony, smiling.

"It's farther from Benfield," said Wheaton. "Anyway, when her mother died—there weren't any other relatives. So Linda persuaded her to come up here and open a little dress shop. She's done very well at it. Understand from the women that such a thing was badly needed. She makes buying trips to New York and Boston every so often. She'd had some training in a Los Angeles shop, as assistant buyer. Had just a little money, was looking for new fields to conquer, and came to New York first. She got in touch with Linda, came out for a visit, fell in love with Benfield, and has been one of its hard-working citizens for the past year . . ."

He cocked an ear at the door. "Girlish prattle," he murmured. "Shall we join the ladies?"

IF RIX ANDERSON was the handsomest young man Tony had ever encountered, certainly Peg Reynolds was one of the most beautiful young women. He followed his host into the long drawing room and there she was with Linda, and his breath caught in his throat. She wasn't his type . . . that much was definite. She was too tall, for one thing—Peg was five foot eight, at least. She was as dark as Rix . . . only her hair was the almost incredible blue-black one rarely sees and her skin a rose-flushed olive. She was not merely tanned as Linda was, her coloring was the same year round, dark, glowing.

Her eyes were startling because they were not dark too, they were gray, and very large, under slender black brows. Her mouth was wide, a little sullen, and very bright with lipstick. She wore a print dress of some sort, black, with small, scattered roses. It fitted almost too well. Her hair was uncut, and worn parted in the middle and knotted at the nape of her neck. It was perfectly straight and smooth and there was a lot of it.

Linda looked like a child beside her, with her short, curly, russet hair and the simple little frock made of a sheer wool. She looked moreover like a happy child, one who is going to a party and can't wait for it to begin. Then in the course of presentations and small talk, Tony saw her eyes go to Rix, saw her smile at him, and she no longer looked like a child. She looked like a happy woman, secure and proud and humble, at one and the same time. It was sweet, it was touching and Tony found himself a little embarrassed by the way it affected him. He turned and saw Peg Reynolds staring at Linda, as he must have been staring. There was the most curious expression in her eyes. It puzzled him . . . He thought: Now what the devil—?

But it was time for dinner and they went in to sit around the big shining table where conversation was general. Only every now and then Tony would see that expression again in Peg's startling eyes and it worried him because he could not analyze it. You'd say, definitely, hunger . . . a sort of starved, bleak look, and then the next moment you'd say, misery, and, finally, defiance.

If Linda noticed she gave no sign.

She sat beside Tony, with her mother on his other side, and Rix's good square diamond shone on her small brown hand as she ate and talked. And Tony said, after refusing a third helping, "This is the very best meal I've had in years," and Mrs. Wheaton beamed on him.

After dinner they went to the movies. They walked, on Rix's advice . . . "Otherwise," he said, "we'll be stupefied by surfeit and fall asleep in the most thrilling clinch . . ." and Linda, as became the hostess, walked with Tony, Peg and Rix ahead. It was pleasant, Tony thought, walking through the crystal chill of the October night, under a sky blazing with stars. Not many cars passed. People walking by spoke to Linda and to Rix. Somewhere a church bell rang for prayer meeting.

INCREDIBLE COINCIDENCES

J. Paul Jones of Roanoke, Virginia, gave his blood for an emergency transfusion. Later he discovered that he had saved the life of one J. Paul Jones, not related.

Two automobiles collided in Richmond, Indiana. The drivers were Oliver Morton of Dublin, Indiana, and Mrs. Oliver Morton of Fort Sill, Oklahoma. They were not related.

John Baxter entered a hospital in Portland, Oregon, to receive three stitches in his left hand to close wounds received while chopping wood. A little later another John Baxter entered to receive three stitches in his left hand to close wounds received while choppong wood. The men were not related.

W. E. FARBSTEIN

"This," Tony said, "is the most lovely town. You're lucky. Or are you and Mr. Anderson planning to leave it . . . ?"

"Rix and I . . . ? Of course not," said Linda, and laughed, "we'd be miserable anywhere else."

"Your father will miss you in the office," he said, "or are you planning to go on working for him . . . ?"

"I should say not," Linda said firmly. "You see, I never wanted to work really."

"Why, you lazy little person," he said, amused.

"Oh, work . . . I like it," she explained, confused; "it isn't that. I wanted to go into the office. It's been fun, as it's different from being the usual sort of private secretary. I have to be office manager and bookkeeper as well. I do a lot of odd jobs and I've picked up the language . . . that's a study in itself. I can even soothe weeping or irate clients if Father happens to be out. Sometimes I go into court with him too . . . no, it isn't *that* . . . I don't suppose I can make you understand."

"No, you can't," agreed Tony, "and if you hadn't been spoken for, I would have tried to coax you to New York. If you wanted a career, well, you could have it there. Good private secretaries who speak legal language, and write it—aren't easy to come by. You have to train 'em. In my firm they're always looking for girls . . ."

"But I don't want a career," she persisted. "I never did."

"What do you want?" he asked her, interested.

"Oh," she answered, "just what I have. Benfield and my own people . . . marriage, and my own home, and a flock of children."

Tony whistled. He said devoutly: "I didn't know that there were any of you left."

"There are lots of us," she said stoutly. "I took the course because Father believes that every girl should be able to support herself. And I've liked working with and for him . . . but of course Rix and I have always known . . ."

"Always?" he interrupted.

"Well, I've known since I was ten and he was fourteen," she acknowledged, laughing, "and I think he caught on when he was about seventeen and I was thirteen—with braces on my teeth . . . it's been that way ever since. We've been formally engaged, if you can call it that, since my graduation. But Father didn't want me to marry until I had learned to support myself."

"He's very wise," said Tony.

He felt the entirely natural pang which any young man experiences when, after meeting a pretty girl, he learns that she is quite inaccessible and that someone else has assumed priority. So he said with the proper amount of melancholy:

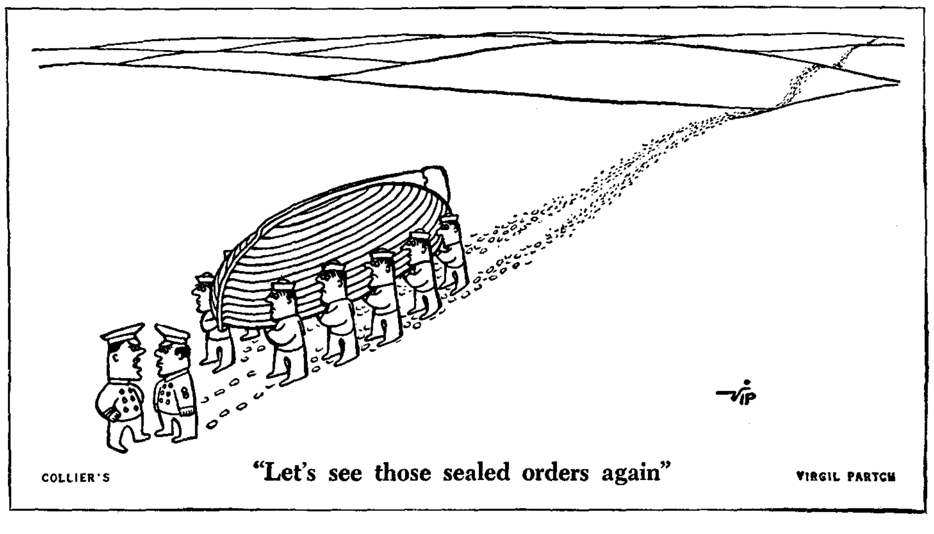
"Your Rix is a very fortunate guy."

HE THOUGHT so again when, after they had returned from the movies, they raided the Wheaton icebox, amply stocked against forays. They had walked home with Peg who lived a block or so away in the home of one of the town selectmen, and then after the icebox invasion had been successfully completed—"Never thought I'd eat again," remarked Rix, sitting on the edge of the kitchen cabinet waving a chicken bone, his laughing eyes on Linda, demure in a frilly apron—Tony went up to bed. He knew better than to stick around when the lingering good nights were being said.

He ascended to the spare room where his pajamas and robe had been neatly laid out on the slipper chair, his slippers beside, and not under the bed, yawned, smiled and opened a window.

He stood there a moment breathing the cold clarity of the night air, admiring the polished stars, and listening to the sound of a deep-voiced clock, probably in the Town Hall tower, striking the hour. Nice town, nice people. He was sleepy . . . He had enjoyed his brief stay . . . Linda, pretty girl, sweet, amusing, with a sort of honest naïveté you didn't often encounter these days. Peg Reynolds, well, she was something else again. He hadn't had much conversation with her, of course, but she appeared to be the sort of girl who listened rather than talked, very flattering to the male ego. She was a knockout, he thought, and wondered why she had interred herself up here, rather than take her chances in a big town where—given the proper contacts—she would slay her tens of thousands.

He heard a murmur below, and leaned from the screenless window to see Rix and



COLLIER'S "Let's see those sealed orders again" VIRGIL PARTCH

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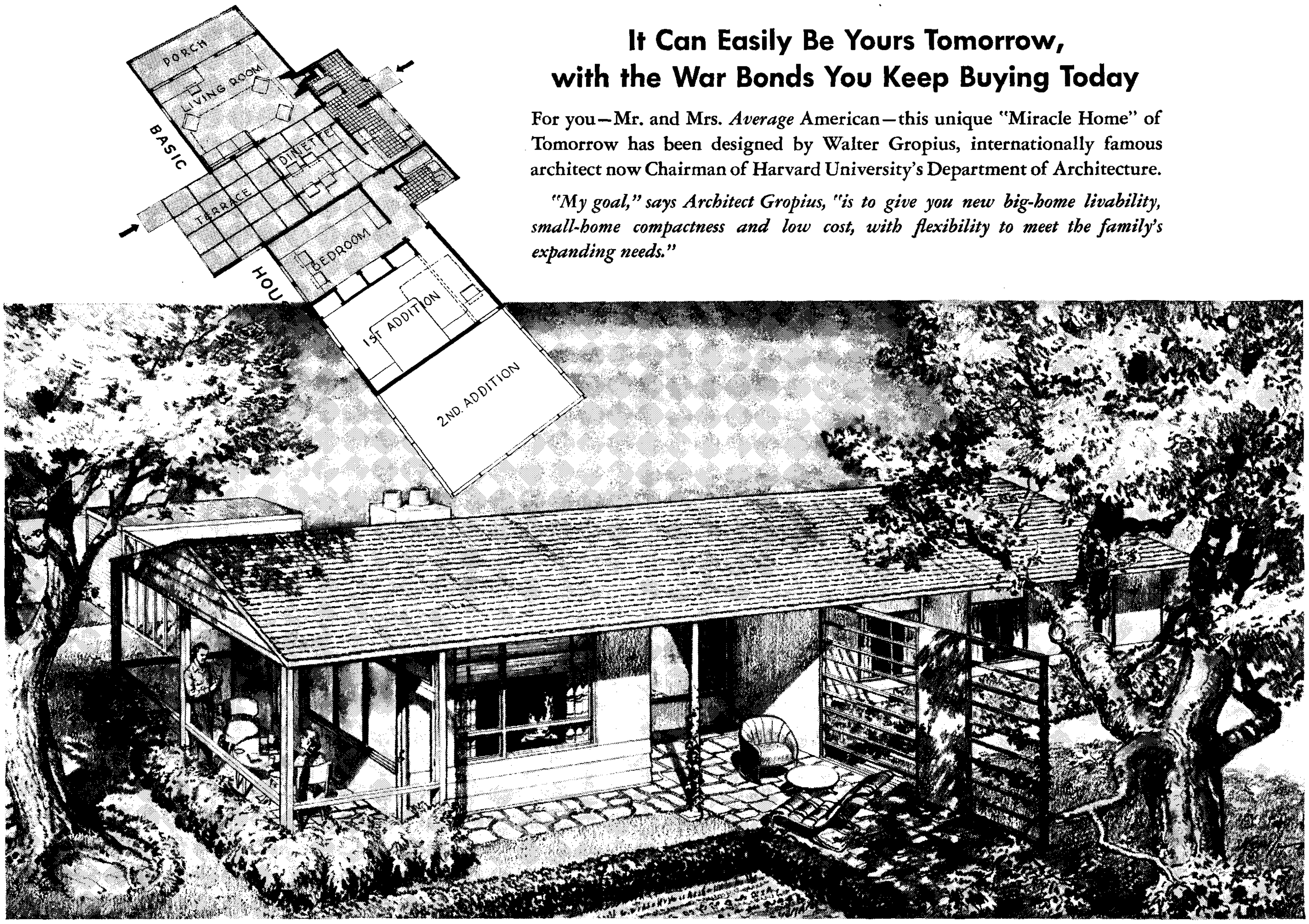

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Linda standing together on the steps. He drew back but not before he had seen their embrace, their shadowy figures merging.

Tony felt embarrassed and a little envious. He turned away, sat down on the bed and started to take off his shoes. Footsteps padded to the door, someone knocked. Tony said, "Come in," amiably. Wheaton appeared, massive in a nightshirt and a tattered dressing gown of sorts.

"Comfortable?"

"Very . . . come in, won't you?"

"Just to say good night . . . and smoke one cigarette. We'll be sorry to lose you tomorrow, Anthony. How about stopping back on your way home?"

"Sorry," said Tony with real regret, "I'm making a wide swing over to the Coast. I've promised some friends to stop off. But, some day—"

"Some day," said Wheaton heavily. He shook his head "Seems as if we had to get all we can out of the present," he said mildly, "looks as if we were in for it. A gosh-awful mess, this world . . . greed and cruelty . . . What's your feeling on the matter of our getting into the fighting?"

"Oh, we'll get in all right," prophesied Tony . . . "I had the most curious sensation when I was registering last week. As if it had all happened before. I—I'm so sure we'll get in that I'd like to do something about it, now. This minute, and be ready. Several of my friends are flying with the R.A.F. or up in Canada. But, well, I have my mother, you know. She's quite comfortably fixed as it happens but she isn't well. She's coming East next month to make her home with me—if she can stand the climate."

"I see." Wheaton rose. He said, "Well, hope you get some sleep. What time do you want breakfast?"

"Would eight be too early?"

"Not in these parts."

TONY went to the bedroom door with his host. They both heard the little clatter of Linda's heels on the old stairway and heard, too, that as she passed the door she was singing under her breath. Tim Wheaton smiled. He said, "She's happy—pray Heaven, whatever happens, she'll stay that way—"

"Amen," said Tony, "and, of course, she will. Rix seems a fine sort of guy, with all the charm in the world too. Whatever comes they'll have each other, and I imagine from the little I've seen of her that she has plenty of courage."

"I believe she has," said Linda's father. "Although it hasn't been tested yet," he added. "She's had a good life, so far . . . popular, friendly—and then, Rix. She's been in love with him ever since she was an infant . . . No," he said, with half a sigh, "she hasn't had to face anything very difficult. We've never had much money but we've always managed to eat and keep this old roof over our heads. We've managed her education, too, and the absurd things youngsters wear these days. We'll do a bang-up wedding—Rix's father is giving them a little house, an old salt box, which he owns, two blocks away . . . and there's furniture and to spare in our attic for it. She'll be all right," he added.

"It's very pleasant," said Tony, smiling, "to meet a girl who is perfectly happy. I don't mean in a smug, complacent way . . . but vitally, every inch of her alive with it. And a girl who isn't chasing around after a career. Practically every girl I know in New York wants to be a big shot in whatever she's undertaken . . . business, the arts—you know."

"Linda's like her mother," said Wheaton. "And you can say what you will, modernity and the current unrest notwithstanding, the career of wife and mother is the most satisfactory for any normal woman in the long run." He smiled and shook his head. "But don't get me going," he added . . . . "Good night."

Tony shut the door softly after him and went on with his undressing. Swell people, the Wheatons. He snapped out the light, yawned loudly and fell into bed and was almost instantly asleep.

Linda, next door, heard him yawn, heard him turn over, and smiled. Nice person, Tony Dennison. She wished that he and Peg . . . of course she was absurd, as Rix often told her, trying to marry her friends off, just because she herself was so happy, so idiotically, mindlessly happy. She stretched her round, tanned arms above her head and sighed, remembering Rix's arms around her in the cool darkness and his mouth against her own and his familiar, "Good night, short, sweet and ridiculous, sleep well . . ."

Of course she would sleep well, in possession of all her little world . . . secure, untroubled. The radio spoke horror and warnings, the headlines were filled with despair and foreboding . . . and Rix had had to register in the draft. But very soon, when the New Year turned, they would be together. Nothing could ever take that away from her. They belonged together, for always.

She thought sleepily that she must ask Tony to come up for a week end of winter sports . . . she'd have Peg . . . and maybe . . .

Smiling, she fell asleep.

IT WAS the Sunday before Christmas and less than two weeks before the wedding. "A great confusion," complained Linda's mother, thoughtfully, "you don't know which are Christmas and which are wedding presents." She was helping trim the tall tree from the vantage point of a large chair, watching her husband and Rix Anderson toil, to string the lights exactly to her taste. Linda was frowning in concentration, hanging the clear, bright globes on the lower branches. Peg, so much taller, had taken over the upper branches and was trimming them with small chimneys and fat Santa Clauses, her dark head on one side. Rix on a stepladder sat down on the top of it and grinned at them both. "I love to see fragile women work," he said.

"You would," said Peg, "you're bone lazy . . . always putting off till tomorrow what should be done today. If we left this tree to you it would be Easter before you had it trimmed."

"Sez you," responded Rix amiably. "You simply don't appreciate me, that's all. Me, I like last-minute action. What's that?" he demanded as the maid Ellie staggered in with an express package.

"Wedding present," said Ellie briefly, "clear from New York."

"How do you know it's wedding?"

Linda had left her post and was kneeling by the big box She cried, "It's from Tirano's . . . and that means wedding."

"Wait," said her mother, "till I get my notebook."

"Rix," said Linda, "help me open it."

"If I climb down, darling," he protested reasonably, "I'll have to climb up again."

"I'll help," said Peg.

They unwrapped and unwrapped and unwrapped. When the blue box finally appeared it was not very big. But within it, in tissue wrappings, there was a small and lovely silver bowl.

"Look," shrieked Linda. She took the card from the small envelope . . . "It's from Anthony Dennison."

"It's lovely," said Peg, turning it in her long, red-tipped fingers. . . . "Very good taste Mr. Dennison has . . ."

"Rix, you aren't looking!"

"Hi ho, Silver," chanted Rix from the stepladder. "Do you expect me to clean it, Linda? There's one thing to be said however. We'll never go broke. We can always eat the silver, metaphorically speaking, if we can't eat off it—"

Linda sat back on her heels. She said, "I'm so sorry he can't come to our wedding . . ."

She looked up at Rix and smiled, and Peg Reynolds turned away. Her face was still and grave, no expression stirred it. Her heart was a crazy welter of emotions. So hard to hate Linda, so hard. Linda was a kid, sweet and good and mediocre. Linda was just lucky, she'd had everything her own way. She knew nothing about loving. She loved everyone, in her frank, tenacious way, her parents, Rix, even me, thought Peg, trying to hate her, lashing herself into it. Linda's a fool—she had no conception of what love could mean, claws in your breast, tearing, bloody, horrible. Nothing would affect her deeply. If anything happened, she would grieve but she would not be destroyed . . .

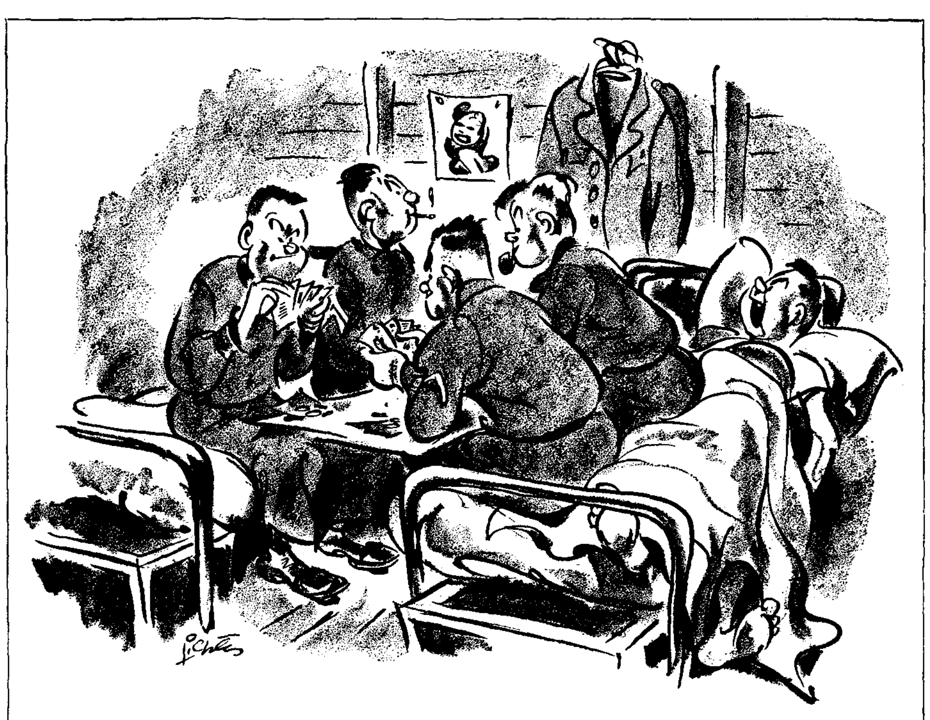
Peg looked up and caught Rix's regard upon her, still and dark and warning. Oh, Rix, Rix, she thought despairingly, what is to become of us . . .?

He was a coward, she thought, there was no stability under the charm, no promise of strength. It would be easier to hate Rix than to hate Linda.

Someone marched into the long drawing room. The Wheatons' front door was shut against the cold, the sharp wind and the snow flurries but it was not locked. Rix exclaimed from the stepladder and Linda jumped up to cry, "Mother Anderson!"

Rix's mother was a big woman, tall and spare. Her hair was white and thick and curly. Rix's bright brown eyes were inherited from her, even to the tilt at the corners.

She said, shrugging herself out of her Persian lamb coat, "I was on my way



COLLIER'S "Reynolds, I wish you didn't entertain so much!" GEORGE LICHTY

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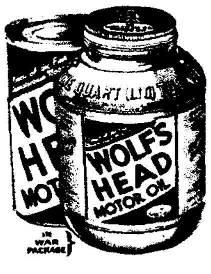


home, but I saw the lights. What time is it?"

"It's nearly five. I'll have Kitty make you a cup of tea," said Mrs. Wheaton, smiling at her oldest and closest friend.

"Do," said Mrs. Anderson without demur. "I'm half dead. I've been arguing my head off at Red Cross headquarters. Heaven knows how most of these women ever run a home . . . they're the most disorganized lot I've ever run into. I spend my time cracking a whip." She looked at Peg and asked abruptly, "How about you, Peg, can't you give us some time, evenings, or does that shop of yours demand your nights as well? Linda's not much use of course. She's walking on clouds . . ." Alice Anderson's spare brown face softened, "but, after the wedding," she added cheerfully, "and the honeymoon I'll see to it that she does her hands' turn."

Mary Wheaton said, "Linda, run tell Kitty we want tea." She turned to Mrs. Anderson and said, "The committee on refugees . . ."

"Don't mention committees to me," said Mrs. Anderson, "or I'll scream the house down. Where's Tim . . .?"

"Sleeping off midday dinner."

"So's Horace . . . men!" said Mrs. Anderson, grimly.

"Men must work," said Rix, descending from the stepladder, "and women must weep, over committees." He ruffled his mother's hair with his narrow hand and grinned down at her. "Relax, Angel," he suggested.

His mother smiled at him unwillingly. She scolded him, she worried over him and adored him, standing as a buffer between him and his irascible and dour father. But she rarely permitted tenderness to invade her eyes or voice. She had been brought up in a hard, stoical school; it was very difficult for her to show emotion, to make the graceful gesture, the gracious remark.

Linda returned. Kitty arrived with tea, and Linda poured. Tim Wheaton came in yawning and disheveled and decided on a whisky and soda, and Rix said he'd settle for one too, for sociability. Linda looked at him thoughtfully—Rix never drank, that is to say, the way you meant when you said "He drinks." Just an occasional drink now and then. But lately . . . She wished he wouldn't. And he had been nervous, crochety.

Linda watched Rix carry Peg's cup over to her, smile at her and say something under his breath—something silly, because Peg flushed up to her eyes and looked at him, Linda thought, angrily. Funny about them. They were always fighting . . . oh, not seriously of course, yet there was an antagonistic undercurrent. Peg was very critical of Rix, sharp sometimes, almost nasty. Rix took it good-naturedly and came back at her. But it worried Linda. She had asked Rix once, "Don't you *like* Peg, darling?" and he had answered, "Sure I like her, she's a swell gal," and then she had asked Peg, "Why do you pick on Rix *all the time, don't you like him?*" and Peg had replied, smiling, "Of course I do . . . he isn't my type especially, but he's all right—only not half good enough for you."

LINDA wanted them to like each other. She was fonder of Peg than of any other girl her own age . . . she'd had something amounting to a crush on her in college . . . and after they had met again, and Peg had been so unsettled and unhappy . . . the loss of her mother, and most of the money, the breaking of her engagement to the boy in the West—Linda had wanted to give her the world to make up, a little, for all she had lost and suffered.

Mrs. Anderson rose and sighed. She said, "Rix, take me home . . . it's sleeting, and freezing underfoot . . . I need a strong arm to lean on."

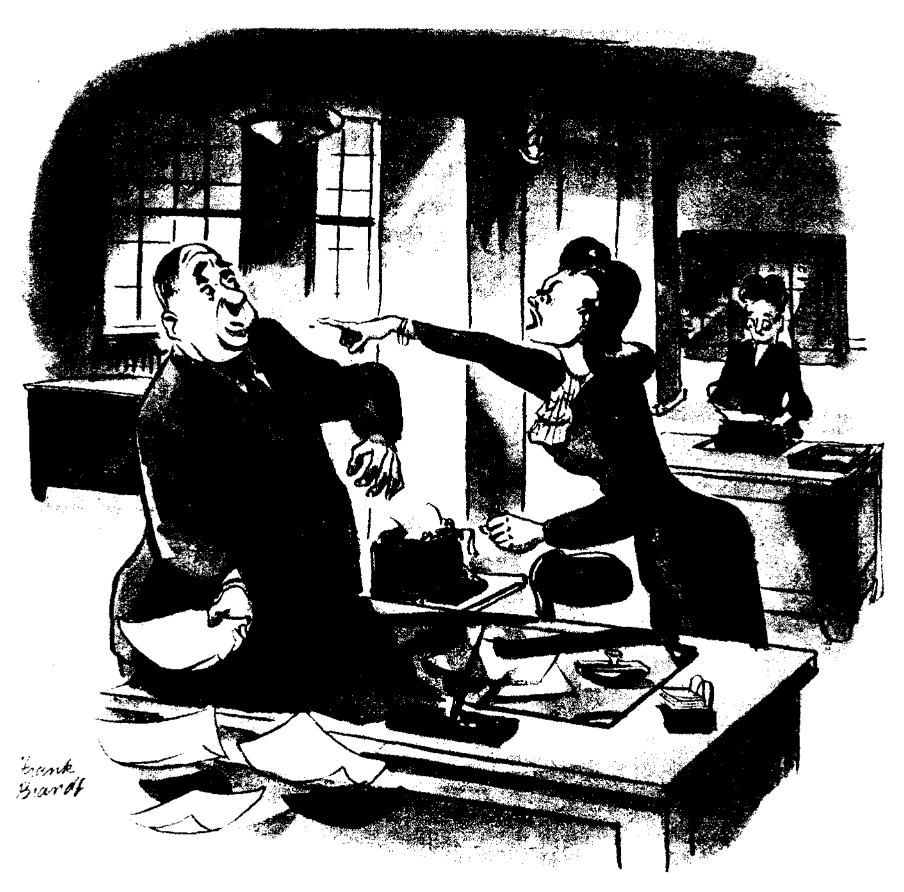
When they had gone Linda sat back and looked at the tree. It was beautiful. She said, "It's the loveliest tree we ever had . . . it will be the happiest Christmas."

"I hope so, dear," said her mother. Her father smiled at her. But Peg rose so suddenly she overturned the fragile tea table beside her, cup and all, and ran out of the room.

Mr. and Mrs. Wheaton raised their eyebrows at each other, but Mrs. Wheaton said gently, "This is a hard season for her, I expect, you'd better go after her, Linda."

Linda fled upstairs. Peg had locked herself in a bathroom. Linda could hear her crying. She hammered at the door. "Please," she said, "please, Peg, let me in."

"No—"



"Just one word about those invoices, Mr. Gillis, and I'm a Waac"

COLLIER'S FRANK BRANDT

"Please—"

After a long time the door opened. Peg's face was distorted and her gray eyes were swollen. She said sullenly, "Oh, Linda, can't you let me alone?"

Linda was running cold water in the basin, looking for eyewash, for a cloth . . . for spirits of ammonia. She said, "Don't mind me, Peg. I—we all know how hard Christmas must be for you and you're such an awfully good sport about it."

"I'm a rotten sport," contradicted Peg fiercely. "I hate myself, I loathe everybody. I don't know how you stand me. For two cents, I'd sell out and pack up and get out of this place."

"No, you wouldn't, you just think so, now. Business has been good, it will be better . . ."

"It isn't business," said Peg, "it's everything. Sometimes I think I'm going crazy." She came close to Linda, took the cold washcloth from her hands and flung it in the basin. "I'm all right," she said. "I'll go home presently. I'm sorry I made such an idiot of myself."

"You're not going home," said Linda, "you're staying here."

SHE couldn't bear to think of Peg, upset and unhappy, in the room over at Selectman Smith's. A nice room, and her own bath and Mrs. Smith was a dear, but it wasn't like being home. This house should be home to Peg, Linda thought. Aloud she said:

"Don't be a goop, Peg . . . we want you here whenever you'll come. And after I'm married—I'll have a guest room too."

Peg said, "Oh, be quiet . . . I'm sick of it . . . hearing about the wedding, day in, day out . . . about everything . . ." She quieted as Linda's face grew stricken and bewildered. "Oh, I'm sorry," she said. She took Linda by the shoulders and shook her. "Haven't you any spirit?" she demanded. "Why don't you kick me out of here?"

"I have plenty of spirit when I need it," said Linda quietly, "but you aren't yourself, Peg. I understand."

"No, you don't," said Peg. She added, "Look, whatever happens, will you try to remember that I've been grateful . . . and I'll always be sorry . . . ?"

"What do you mean?" cried Linda. She was suddenly terribly alarmed. Peg mustn't go back to that house alone, she mustn't. Linda knew . . . and few others did, that after the catastrophe on the Coast, Peg had taken too much sleeping medicine. They'd pulled her through that but now . . . She thought: How anyone could do such a thing! Life's too precious, too short, too promising . . . but if Peg had once been under that dark urgency—? She said sharply, "Peg, stop being a fool!"

"Okay," said Peg, and she was smiling. It wasn't a smile you liked. "Okay . . ."

She opened the door and went downstairs and without dramatics made her apologies to Linda's parents. And then, refusing their offer of hospitality or escort, went out alone into the sleet and darkness.

"Golly," breathed Linda and went back to the living room, "I can't imagine what's wrong with her."

"Nerves," diagnosed her mother, "and memories . . . after all, there was a time when she had everything, Linda . . . a home, her parents . . . and now . . ." She shook her head and added, "I hope she'll be all right for the wedding . . ."

Peg was to be maid of honor.

"The wedding," repeated Linda. She sat down on a hassock by the fire and put her hands about her knees. The firelight made sparks in her eyes and red-gold glints in her hair.

The wedding was very close. . . .

And then it was closer. Christmas had come and gone and it was a week before the wedding. For the last time, Linda closed her desk at the office. The girl who was taking her place, whom she had trained for it, would open it in the morning. This was her own week, the week before her wedding . . . there were a thousand last-minute things to do.

She went home, walking through the cold darkness, with the snow in her face. Her father had gone to the county seat, for overnight. Her mother would be out, she had some calls to make. Linda entered the quiet house, grateful for its warmth, for the smell of something baking, for the firelight.

She was taking off her things when the telephone rang.

A voice she did not recognize spoke to her, asked, "Linda . . . ?"

"Yes . . . who . . . ?" But now she knew. Rix's mother. She must have a cold, she was so hoarse. Linda said, "Mother Anderson. I didn't know you at first. Have you a cold . . . ? You mustn't have a cold, just before the wedding."

Alice Anderson said, painfully, "Is your father there . . . or your mother?"

"No." Linda explained their absence. Then her voice sharpened with sudden anxiety. "What's happened?" she asked.

"I hoped," said Mrs. Anderson dully, "that Mary or Timothy . . ." She broke off. "Is there any place I can reach your mother?"

Linda's heart constricted with unreasoning terror. She said, "I don't think so, she told me she had some calls to make . . . she didn't tell me where. Mother Anderson . . ." she took a deep breath, "has anything happened to Rix?"

There was a silence which seemed very long. Then Mrs. Anderson said, "Linda . . . I'm coming over . . . I'll be there as soon as I can . . ."

"But—has anything—"

The wire was dead.

Waiting was interminable, waiting was an eternity. Linda walked from the door to a window, from a window to the fireplace. Something had happened to Rix.

An accident.

He had driven to Boston on the previous day, on business for the bank. An accident. The slippery roads, the blinding snow flurries. Rix drove too fast. He always had.

Rix. Rix.

People didn't wring their hands in real life. Linda had always thought that, reading about it. Yes, they did. She was wringing hers now. They were cold and wet. Her stomach turned over. She felt ill, with waiting.

SHE was back at the fireplace staring into the flames, seeing only Rix, dark, laughing. Rix, on the golf links, swearing at a sliced ball. Rix, dancing at the little club, his arms tight around her. Rix, at college, the year he graduated. Rix . . .

She heard the step on the porch and stumbled toward the hall. Mrs. Anderson came in, shaking the snow from her coat. She *looked* like death. She walked like an old woman.

"Linda . . ."

Mrs. Anderson's arms were around her. "Don't cry," she said. Linda wasn't aware that she was crying. "Linda . . . I'd rather die than tell you this . . . that a son . . . that my son . . ."

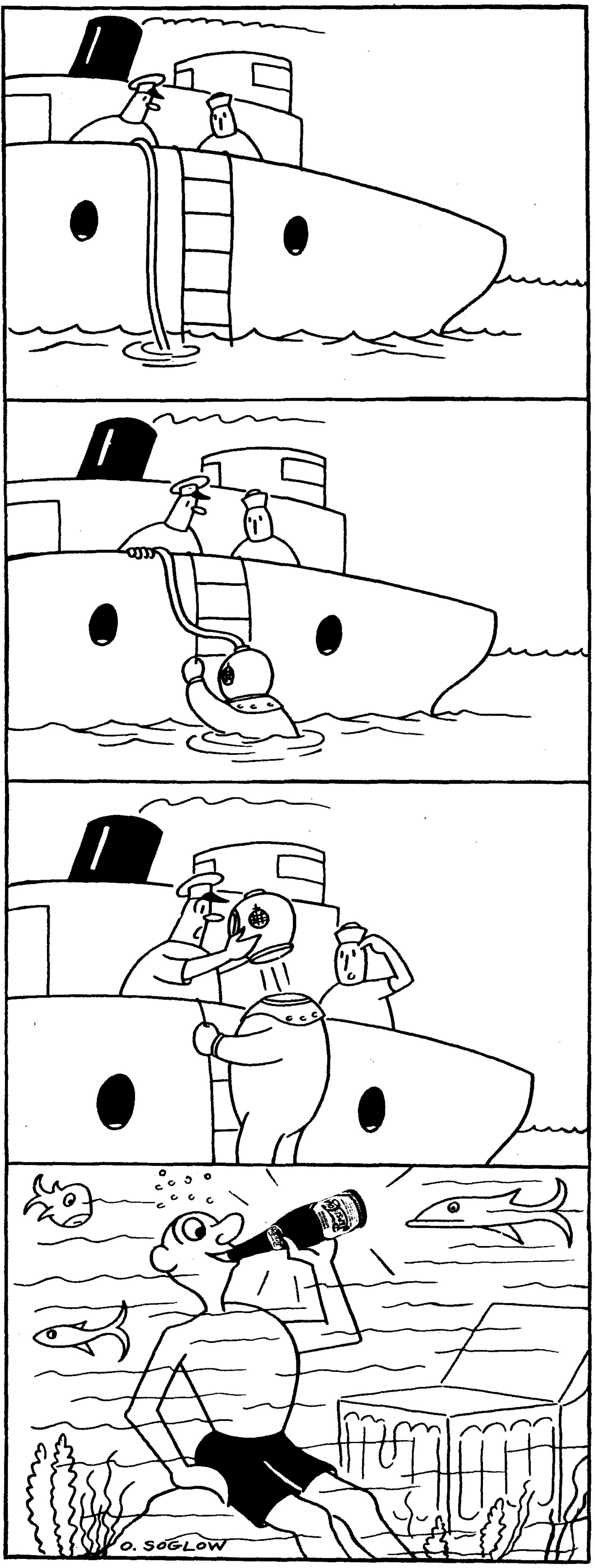
Like death, her face, white and stern, and old. And Linda crying, "What is it, what has happened to him?"

"He's gone," said Mrs. Anderson, "with Peg Reynolds. She met him in Boston. They've gone on to New York, they are to be married there. I had a wire. He asked me to tell you. Linda . . ." her harsh voice broke. "Oh, my child," she said pitifully, "don't look like that, don't shake so—"

"I don't believe it," said Linda in a loud, bewildered voice.

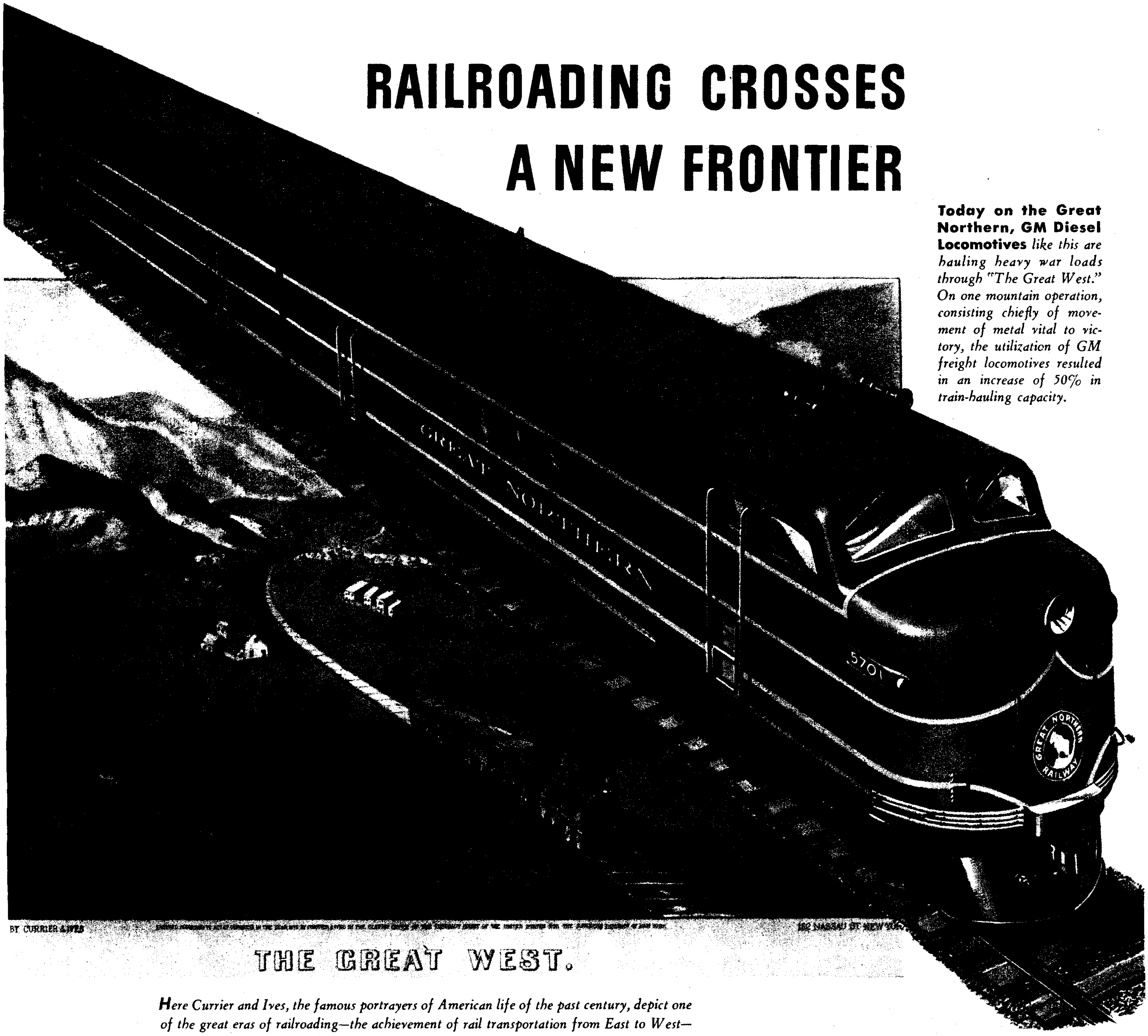
"It is true," said Mrs. Anderson. She released the girl and went toward a chair, groping as if she were blind. "It is true," she said again.

(To be continued next week)



RAILROADING CROSSES A NEW FRONTIER

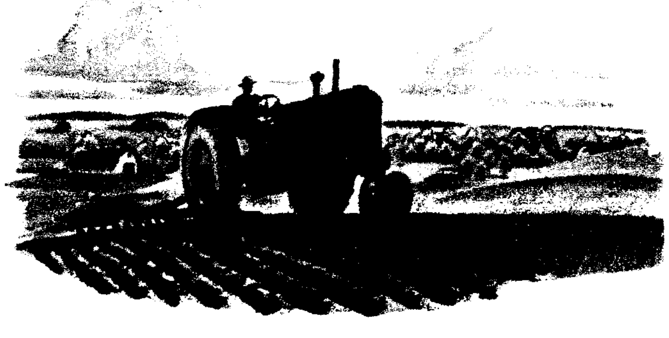
Today on the Great Northern, GM Diesel Locomotives *like this are hauling heavy war loads through "The Great West." On one mountain operation, consisting chiefly of movement of metal vital to victory, the utilization of GM freight locomotives resulted in an increase of 50% in train-hauling capacity.*



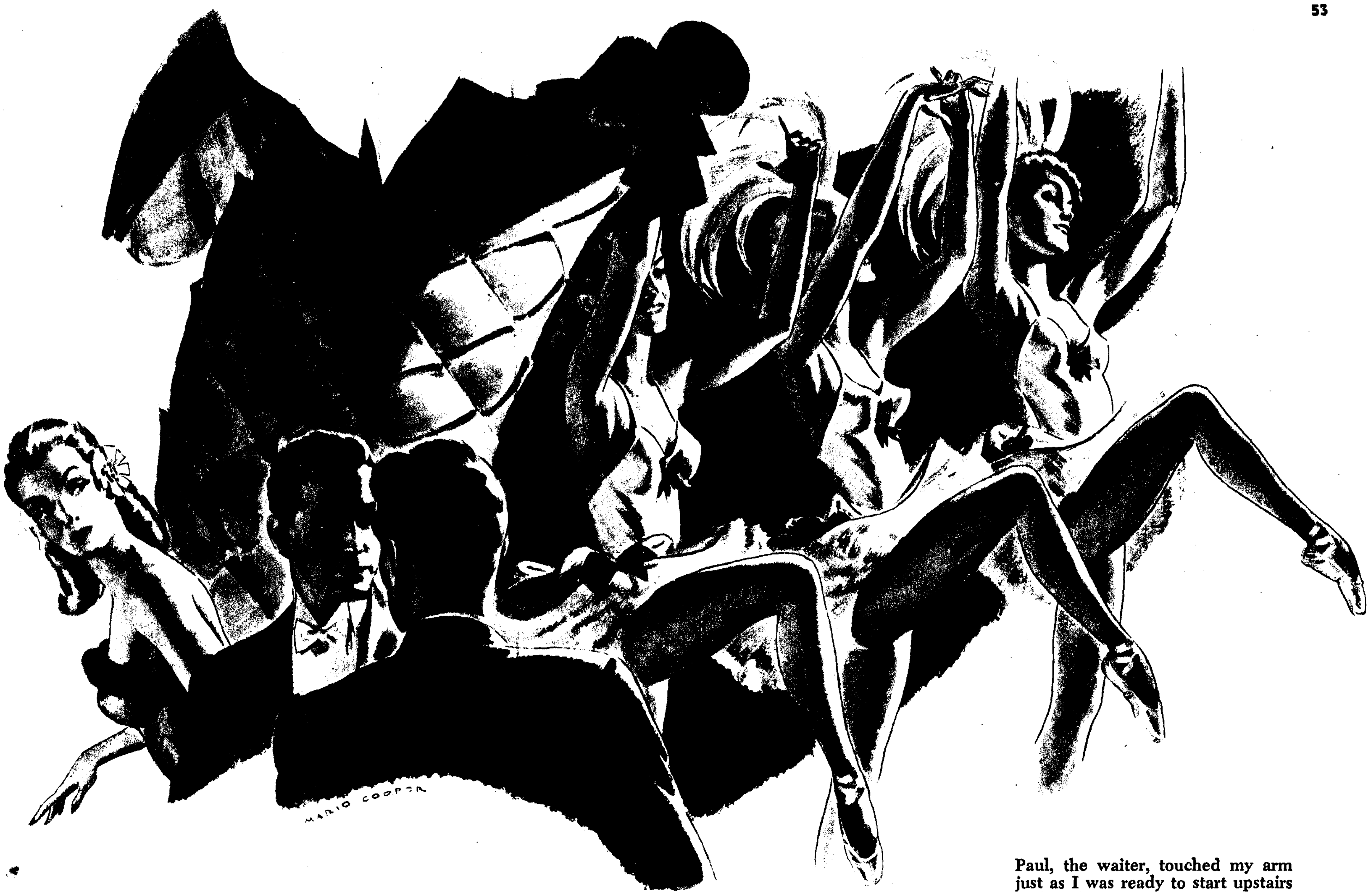
Here Currier and Ives, the famous portrayers of American life of the past century, depict one of the great eras of railroading—the achievement of rail transportation from East to West—the opening up of new lands and unexploited resources.

WARS have a way of ending old eras and starting new ones. Following the Peace of 1865, the nation was first united from coast to coast by bands of steel (May 10, 1869). Geographically, America has no new frontiers. Technically we have many. The curtain already has been drawn back on one element of the new era that surely will follow the present conflict—a new tool for the improvement of national transportation—General Motors locomotives.

Crossing the new frontier is not alone for the railroads. GM Diesels will usher in new possibilities for the farm and for industry as well.



GM
GENERAL MOTORS



Paul, the waiter, touched my arm just as I was ready to start upstairs with Judy. "Mr. Harrison," he said, "there's a man waiting to see you"

Sound of Revelry

By Octavus Roy Cohen

ILLUSTRATED BY MARIO COOPER

The Story Thus Far:

JUDY MORGAN and Steve Harrison (the narrator) are dancing teachers, in New York City. They are in love. Late one evening, Jonathan Tate—one of Judy's wealthy friends—is murdered in his apartment; and, quite by chance, Steve, Judy and Babs Willard (who hopes to take Steve away from Judy) see two persons who are involved in the crime: a beautiful blond woman and a fairly young man in evening clothes.

A short time after the murder, Babs is killed—shot to death on Fifth Avenue. Whereupon, three members of the homicide squad—Lieutenant Max Gold, Andy Sullivan and George Ballard—go into action. . . . Tate's will is read. In it, he leaves everything he owns (including the "Torrid Zone," a night club) to Judy!

Judy takes possession of the club. There, Steve sees the blonde, also her companion on the evening of the murders—a man named Bob Norden—from time to time. But, to his amazement, Judy evinces no interest in them, and Max Gold refuses to interrogate them!

Among the Torrid Zone's patrons are a young man named Gregg Martin and his father, Arthur Martin. When they come in, Judy invariably joins them, chats with them; and she is always cordial to the blonde—Claire Livingston—although the woman appears to be falling in love with Steve. . . .

One of the club's patrons whom Steve meets is Mabel Grant. Mabel is a frowzy blonde, a good sport. She is living with a man named Grant—Ollie Grant—a curious little fellow who, introduced to Steve, asks numerous questions about Jonathan Tate. Mabel and Judy have a number of private talks. But Judy will not tell Steve what they are about.

One day, Steve goes to the Torrid Zone, where Judy has a small suite on an upper floor. As he nears the place, he sees Judy come out, hurry away. Then, going up to Judy's bedroom, he finds a body—the body of Mabel Grant. The woman has been murdered! Wondering just how much Judy knows about the murder, Steve hides the body, puts it in Judy's closet.

Returning later—with his friend, Eddie Kane, who is to assist him in spiriting the corpse away, in an effort to protect Judy—Steve finds Gold, Ballard and Judy gathered in the bedroom. The detectives question Steve. Then Judy says, "I'll get my hat and coat." She steps to the closet. She opens the door—wide. Mabel's body is not there—it has vanished!

VII

I HEARD a sound from in back of me. It was Eddie, gulping.

Max Gold was staring at me. He wasn't missing a thing. I don't know what I looked like, but it must have been one for the book. I tried to look everywhere except at the closet where Mabel had been. I tried to give the impression that I wasn't the least bit interested in that closet.

I thought back over the previous night. Mabel had been there, all right. She had been completely dead. I had dragged her into the closet. Before doing it, I had shoved all the hangers down one end. I had messed up the shoes. Dresses and shoes at one end of the closet; the late Mrs. Grant at the other. Now the closet was as neat and proper as a pin. The shoes were all in order.

Mabel had walked out on us.

I never was good at riddles. I was worse than that on this one. About the only thing I could be fairly sure of was that Judy hadn't been involved in taking Mabel out of the closet. Her gesture in opening that door had been too natural, too unrehearsed.

I was sure about Judy. But I wasn't sure about Max Gold. The hard, wiry little man from the homicide bureau knew something. He had me out on a limb, and he was getting ready to saw it off.

I said, "Shall we leave this rug, Judy?" and she said, "Of course. . . ." So Eddie and I shoved some furniture around, rolled up the nice rug that was on the floor and spread out the one we'd brought. It was an act, and not a very good act. Max Gold leaned against the wall and grinned at us. I didn't like his grin. He said, "You guys start something, you finish it, don't you?"

I let that one lay. Eddie and I picked up the nice rug and carried it downstairs. We walked around to the back of the truck and opened the door. The minute we were out of earshot, Eddie said something. It was something exquisitely profane. Then he said, "Whaddya know?" and I said I didn't know anything.

"You ain't off the beam, are you, Steve?"

"No. I put that body in the closet myself. I sat it up and put a hat and bag on its lap."

Eddie looked green. He was a very unhappy young man. He said, "It sure ain't there now."

I agreed with him. Then I said, "Easy, kid. Our boy friends are watching."

Max Gold and Ballard and Judy were standing under the canopy which said "Torrid Zone." Max was looking at the delivery truck. It had a name on it, and an address. I knew that Eddie Kane hadn't seen the last of Lieutenant Gold. I was sorry, but there wasn't anything I could do about it.

I told Eddie goodby, and he drove off.

I joined the trio and spoke to Max Gold. "You finished with me?" I asked.

"Yeah."

I took Judy's arm. "Let's take a walk."

She didn't say anything. Neither did Max Gold nor George Ballard. I could feel them looking after us. It wasn't a nice feeling.

We walked a long way. We walked clear down to the Pennsylvania Station, and I took her into the main restaurant. I selected a table way off in the corner and I sat so that I could see the entrance. If my little playmates came in, I wanted to know about it.

A waitress put menus in front of us. We ordered, though I was willing to bet six, two and even that neither of us would be able to eat anything. We sat quietly until the food was served and then we fooled around with it, making practically no impression.

Judy looked drawn and worried. I must have looked worse. I said, "Mind if I ask you a few questions?"

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She gave me the green light by shaking her head.

"What happened at the club early this afternoon, Judy? Say a little after one o'clock?"

She countered with a question: "You knew I was there?"

"I saw you leave. You left fast."

"Had you been there?"

"I was on my way. I hadn't been inside."

"Did you go in?"

"Yes."

She shoved her plate away. Her voice was dry: "Did you see anything, Steve?"

"Yes. I saw something."

"What?"

"Can't you guess?"

"I'm asking you, Steve. I've got to know."

I thought it over. Judy unquestionably knew the score, so there wasn't any use stalling. I said, "I saw Mabel Grant's body."

"Go ahead. . . ."

"I started thinking things. Things that weren't nice. I figured you were mixed up in it."

"Why?"

"Because you had been in the club, and you were in an awful hurry when you left."

"You thought . . . ?"

"I don't know what I thought, honey. All kinds of things I don't understand have been happening. This was just another one. It checked in with everything else only because it didn't make sense, and neither did the rest of the picture. I had to figure you in on it."

"So . . . ?"

"Let's be honest. Suppose you had killed the woman. It doesn't matter what the reason was. Maybe it was good, maybe it wasn't. Maybe it was accident or self-defense. I wanted to ask you, but it was anybody's guess where you'd gone or when you'd be back. You might have been in the clear, and you might have been on a spot. I figured it was up to me to do what I could. So I thought up the cute little idea of taking the body away until I could find out a few things from you. That's where Eddie and the rug fitted in. . . ." Her lip trembled. She looked like she'd enjoy a good cry. I hurried on: "So I shoved all your dresses down one end of the hanging rod. I piled up all your shoes. I dragged the body into the closet and propped it up against the wall. That was so nobody would stumble on it accidentally. Then I went to Brooklyn."

SHE was staring at me peculiarly. She said, "So *you* were the one who moved the body?"

"Yes . . ." Her question told me a lot. It proved to me that she had seen Mabel, too. The big unanswered question was whether Judy had had anything to do with the fact that Mabel was dead.

Her head moved from side to side. This time she was groping, too. She said, "I don't understand . . ."

"You don't understand what?"

"Any of it. I got up about 11:30. I went to the club to look over some bills. I got there about one o'clock. The body was there then."

"The *body?*"

Judy said simply, "She was dead."

"What did you do?"

"I telephoned Max Gold. He wasn't there."

"Did you leave word?"

"No. I wanted to tell him about it first. If I'd left word, he might have come over when I wasn't there. Because I wasn't staying there, Steve. I was terrified."

"Naturally. So you went after Max Gold and waited until he came in."

"Yes. I told him what I had seen and what I knew about it."

"How much did you know?"

She backed away—mentally. I could feel her do it. "I'll explain that later, Steve. Anyway, he got in touch with Ballard and the three of us went over. The body was gone."

I said, "No, it wasn't. It was in the closet."

"No." Again that sideways movement of her head. "It wasn't in the closet. I put my coat in there."

"Were your dresses all shoved down at one end?"

"No. They were hanging just like you saw them a little while ago."

I said, "Well, I'll be darned." It wasn't a very bright remark but it seemed to cover the situation. I said, "Did you kill Mabel Grant?"

"No."

"Then who did?"

She looked straight at me. "I don't know any more about that than you do," she said.

THERE was still a lot of unfinished business, but Judy was in no condition to attend to it right then. Besides, it was getting late. I suggested that we postpone the rest of the session until after the dinner show, and she welcomed the idea.

We walked back to the club, and Judy followed me into my dressing room. She said, "Don't think I'm silly, Steve—but would you mind dressing upstairs?"

"With you?"

"Yes. I'm nervous . . ."

"Surest thing you know." I grabbed an armful of clothes and make-up, and we went up to her apartment.

Judy took a robe out of the closet and went into the bathroom. When she came out, she had the robe on and her dress in her hand. She sat down at the dressing table and started doing things to her face.

I had just started to say something when the door slammed open and Professor Grisson barged in.

The professor was short and round and he had long hair and wild eyes. He was a swell illusionist and a good comedian, but he wasn't being funny now. He was roaring mad. He glared at Judy, ignored me, and yelled, "Somebody stole my box. Somebody stole my box."

Judy turned around. She wasn't very much interested in the professor's box, but she had to say something. So she said, "What box?"

"My disappearing lady trick. The box I use to disappear the lady in."

I remembered the thing. It was a long, wooden box. It looked like a coffin's first cousin. Judy and I looked at each other. We were both figuring that Mabel was in that box—wherever the box might be.

The professor was raving. This, he declared, was an outrage. It was criminal. It was vicious. It was the work of someone who was consumed with professional jealousy. He openly accused Renita, our star. He insisted that she was sore because he'd been getting more applause than she had.

He kept on making a lot of noise, so I got up and shoved him out of the room. He stamped downstairs, making loud sounds of anger. I closed the door, stood with my back against it and looked at Judy.

"Mabel," I said, and she nodded.

The show that night was without question the worst performance New York has ever seen in a first-rate night club. Grisson had said things to Renita, and she took it out on the cash customers. The eight girls of the line had heard the quarrel, and that played havoc with their precision. The professor worked as though he hated the whole world. Tommy Watson, the emcee, was a mile up in the air. He tried to gag it off, but his gags fell flat. Judy and I danced like automatons. The orchestra was sour. It was a lousy show.

The minute it was over, Judy and I

changed into street clothes. We took a taxi to her maisonette. She snapped on the lights, but I turned them all off except for one standing lamp that wasn't too bright. I sat down on the sofa and motioned her to sit beside me. I took her hand. It was cold. I said, "Look, sweetheart—we may as well finish talking. It's got to be done."

She didn't say anything, which was the signal for me to go ahead. So I said, "How did you happen to meet Mabel Grant last night?"

"She sent word by Paul that she wanted to see me."

"And then?"

"We talked."

"About what?"

Judy gave me a long, level look. She said, "I can't tell you that."

"Why not?"

"I can't even tell you why not. You've got to take my word for it that there's a good reason."

I began to get angry: not with Judy, but with whoever it was had put her in this trance. I said, "You aren't being smart. We're standing in the middle of a lot of murders. That isn't healthy in any language. You can come clean with me —no matter what anybody says."

She shook her head. "I can't. Not about this."

"Don't you trust me?"

"It isn't that, Steve—you know it isn't. There's nobody on earth I trust more implicitly—"

"—Except Max Gold."

She spoke patiently, like an adult trying to explain to a child something she knows in advance the child cannot understand: "I can tell you a lot of things, but not everything."

I shoved a cigarette between my lips and forgot to light it. "I suppose Max has made you promise to keep your mouth shut?"

"Yes . . ."

"And even for me you won't break your word?"

"No."

I gave up. I was dizzy. I used anger and I used logic. She wouldn't budge. So I said wearily, "All right then—what *will* you tell?"

She thought it over. She said, "I had an appointment with Mabel Grant today."

"At the club?"

"Yes. At one o'clock."

"A follow-up on last night's talk?"

"Yes."

"You still won't tell me what it was about?"

"I can't, Steve."

"When you got there, she was dead?"

"Yes. I couldn't stay there alone with the body. I was nervous and frightened. So I went after Lieutenant Gold."

I said, with emphasis, "That guy!"

"When I got back, the body was gone."

"In Grisson's box." I threw back my head and laughed. "The old guy never made a woman disappear that effectively." I stopped laughing as suddenly as I had started. The effect was gruesome.

She said, "You and Eddie were planning to carry the body away in that rug?"

"Yes."

"Because you thought I was involved?"

"I suppose so."

"You were taking an awful chance."

"I didn't know what I was doing. Nobody tells me anything. I had to make my own play."

"I think it was wonderful."

The words were simple enough. They didn't really mean anything. But the way she said them . . .

I turned and looked at her. She looked at me. Then all of a sudden it happened.

She was in my arms and she was crying. She wasn't a big, brave woman any more . . . she was a frightened little girl, and I had a shoulder handy for her to weep on. I put my arms around her and held her close. I forgot everything except that I felt swell.

I even got silly. I talked to her like I'd always wanted to talk. I had her with her guard down, and I made the most of it. After a while she stopped crying, but she didn't pull away. I tilted her head back and I kissed her. I kissed her a second time, and a third.

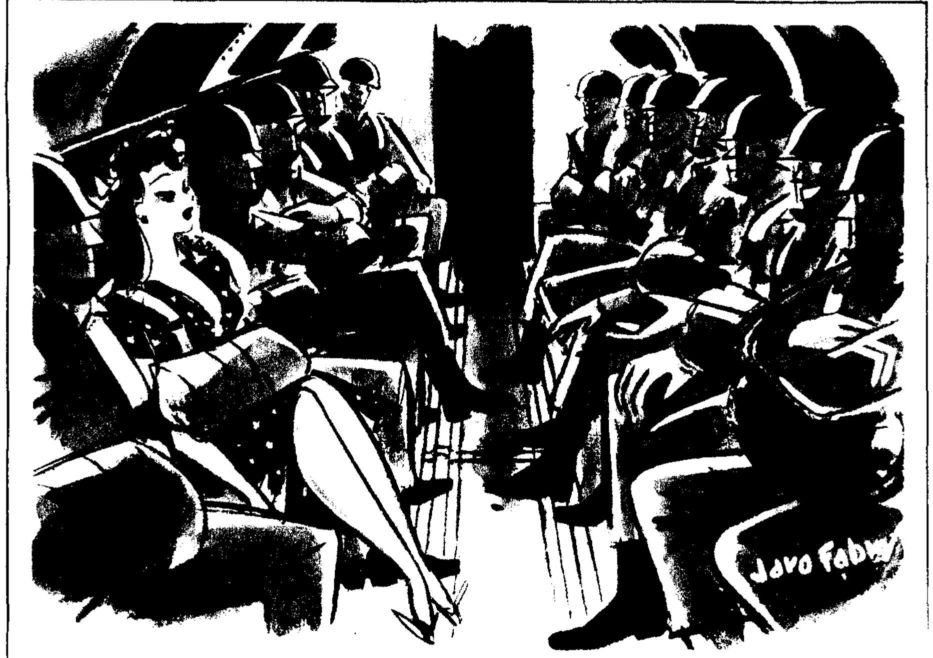
Then something seemed to hit her. It hit hard, and it was grand. She kissed me . . . . That says it all, but it still doesn't give the complete picture. It was the sort of kiss that would make any man forget such trivial things as murders.

TIME passed pretty quickly then. We didn't talk any more about the mess we were in. We really didn't have any time for talking. It was all pretty wonderful until we looked at the little ivory clock on the mantel.

Then, all of a sudden, we were show folks again. One more long kiss, and we rushed into the street and piled into a taxi. I held her close while we rode to the club. The ride was a lot too short.

Once again I dressed in her room. I liked it that way. We went downstairs and danced better than we'd ever danced before. We got lots of applause and we did two encores.

They finally let us go. Renita was burning. Grisson was still accusing her of conspiring to wreck him professionally, and now Judy and I had stopped the show. There wasn't a lot left for her. I expected



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her to hand in her notice that night, but it didn't matter. Nothing mattered.

That is, nothing mattered until Paul touched my arm just as I was ready to start upstairs with Judy. He said, "Mr. Harrison, there's a man waiting to see you."

He said "man," not "gentleman." Right away I thought of Max Gold. "What sort of man?" I asked.

"A little fellow. Hard-looking."

"Black hair and eyes?"

"No. He's practically bald."

I said, "Oh-oh" to myself, and walked toward the entrance. I went downstairs. Ollie Grant was standing inside the front door. He looked seedy and worried, and he was twirling a battered felt hat in nervous hands.

He came right to the point. He said, "Look, buddy, I gotta talk to you. Right away."

"About what?" I asked.

"Trouble," he said. "Lotsa trouble."

I LEFT Ollie Grant at the front door, twiddling his hat. I went up to Judy's apartment, kissed her on the off chance that she was still in the mood (which she was), and started taking off my make-up and changing from tails into street clothes. I said, "Look, honey, I've got to go somewhere."

She was rubbing cold cream off her face. Her eyes were worried. She said, "Something important, Steve?"

"I don't know."

"Does it concern me?"

"I don't know that, either. But it can't wait."

I went downstairs and joined Ollie Grant. He seemed relieved, as though he'd half expected that I might have slipped out the back way. He didn't know that there wasn't any back way.

We went to his hotel. He didn't ask me, and I didn't suggest it. We just went there. The room was disheveled. It was all full of Mabel, even though Mabel wasn't there and never would be there again. The closet door was half open and I could see some of her things hanging up. Her toilet articles were on the dresser, her shoes on the floor.

Ollie took off his coat. He was wearing a fancy vest. He didn't appear to be watching me, but I knew he wasn't missing a trick. I sat down in the same chair I'd occupied the night before and waited for him to open up. He took his time about it. He sat in a straight chair not too far from me and not too close. His eyes bored into me. "When's the last time you saw Mabel?"

For some reason, I didn't figure Ollie in this murder. That being the case, he most likely didn't know there had been a murder. And if I could help it, he wasn't going to know. The cops knew, sure—because Judy had told them. But I didn't believe they were giving anything out to the newspapers.

So it was my cue to play dumb. I was getting to be an expert at it. Maybe I'd learn something. Maybe Ollie was so worried, he'd tell me things. But I wasn't saying anything.

So in answer to his question, I said, "Last night. Here."

"You didn't see her today?"

"No. Was I supposed to?"

He shook his head. He got up and walked to the door and back. He seated himself again. He said, "Something's wrong."

I didn't say anything. Just waited. He picked it up."

"Mabel's gone."

"Gone where?"

"I don't know." He thought it over and corrected himself: "I know where she went, but I can't figure why she hasn't come back. If anything's happened to her . . ." He let it hang there, and I had an uncomfortable feeling. Ollie was little but he was hard as nails. And I figured that his association with Mabel was a lot deeper than a joy ride. He was in love with her.

I said, "What makes you think that something might have happened to her?"

He made a gesture. "This whole thing ain't like her. She went out. She was comin' back in a couple hours. She didn't do it. She hasn't phoned. It doesn't fit. Not Mabel, it doesn't."

"I wish I could help you, Ollie."

His keen eyes were on my face. I warned myself to be careful. I knew this little man was smart. He said, "You seen Miss Morgan today?"

"Sure. All evening. We've been dancing together."

"I mean during the day?"

"Yeah . . ." I pretended to be thinking. "We got together about four o'clock."

"For what?"

I frowned. I put on an irritation act. I said, "You're a regular feller, Ollie, but I don't get this. What's it to you what Miss Morgan and I did?"

"It's plenty," he stated flatly. "Let's have it."

"It's none of your business," I said. "But there isn't any reason why I shouldn't tell . . ."

"Like I said before: You're a right gee."

"Thanks. Miss Morgan and I talked over some acts she's considering for a new show."

"I ain't interested in show business. How long did you talk? What time did you finish? Where did you go?"

"We talked quite a while—I don't know how long. We took a walk and dropped in at the main restaurant at Pennsylvania Station for dinner. We got back just in time for the dinner show."

"After that?"

"We went to her apartment. We stayed there until almost midnight."

"Why?"

I said, "Be nice, Ollie. I'm letting you get away with this hard stuff because I figure you're worried. But what Miss Morgan and I do—and why we do it—is our business. It just happens that we're in love with each other."

"I get it." Of course he didn't get it, but he thought he did. "Sorry if I stepped on your toes. I ain't diplomatic."

"Okay, Ollie. Any more questions?"

"Miss Morgan . . . did she seem the same as usual? I mean, was she upset about anything?"

"Not that I could notice. But don't you think it's time you explained all this? Where does Judy figure with Mabel?"

He said, "Mabel had a date with her. One o'clock at your club. Miss Morgan mention seeing her?"

I shook my head. "Not to me, she didn't."

"Funny . . . I know Mabel wasn't stalling me. She left here about half past twelve and said she was goin' to see Miss Morgan. Said she'd be back in two-three hours. She ain't back yet."

HE WAS good and worried. I was sorry for him, knowing what I knew.

I asked, "What was she going to see Judy about?"

Ollie didn't answer right away. He sat there rigidly, and I knew his brain was working overtime. He said, "On account I'm worried, I gotta talk to somebody. Maybe you're elected."

I waited.

"You'll help me?"

"Within reason." That seemed to be the answer I would have made if things had been normal. "I can't make positive statements until I know what it's all about."

"If I tell you things, you'll keep your trap shut?"

"Yes," I said. "Provided no toes are stepped on."

"Fair enough." I could see him making up his mind to trust me, which was exactly what I wanted. He said, "You know what Mabel and Miss Morgan was talkin' about in the club last night?"

"No."

"They was talkin' about Jonathan Tate." He smiled thinly. "That doesn't seem to surprise you."

"Nothing surprises me any more," I told him.

"Ain't you gonna ask me why they was talkin' about Tate?"

"If you want me to. Otherwise I figure you'll tell me anyway."

"The reason," he said slowly, watching the effect on me, "is because Mabel was figuring to cut herself a slice of Tate's money."

"Why?"

"Because," said Ollie, "Mabel is Mrs. Jonathan Tate."

I made no attempt to conceal my surprise. I said, "Wow!" and I said it in such a way that he knew I wasn't in on it.

"Her and Tate was married long ago," he went on. "They got divorced in Mexico about 1928."

"But I thought you said she was Mrs. Tate."

"Them Mexican divorces ain't any good. That's why Mabel was in New York. She was willing to play it either way, according."

"According to what?"

"How much butter was being handed out."

I said, "I don't follow you."

"Here's the cards, Harrison. I'm layin' 'em on the table—face up. Maybe Mabel was still Mrs. Tate, and maybe she wasn't. Mexican divorces are loose enough so she could raise a lot of doubt. And while the courts were getting ready to decide who was who, she could tie up the whole Jonathan Tate estate.

"Things haven't been rollin' so smooth for me and Mabel. We didn't want any row, but a hunk of cash would have come in handy. So she figures she'll hunt up this dame who inherited all of Tate's money: she'll come clean with her. If the dame offers her some cash, she'll keep her mouth shut. Otherwise, she'll put in as Tate's widow."

"Blackmail?"

"No. Hustling, maybe, but not blackmail. It'd be up to the courts to say has she got a right or not. That ain't blackmail in anybody's language."

He leaned forward. "When me and Mabel come east to put the bite on Miss Morgan, she said she didn't know only one person in New York she might work through."

"Yes . . . ?" I wasn't much interested, but I had to ask questions. "A friend of Mabel's?"

"Nope. A lug she didn't even know. But she knew that Jonathan Tate was pretty close to him, so she figured maybe it was an angle. She seen this guy day before yesterday."

I said, without particular interest, "What was his name?"

Then Ollie Grant pinned my ears back. "The guy's name," he said, "was Arthur Gordon Martin."

Arthur Gordon Martin! That was Gregg Martin's father!

I HAD gotten information from Ollie, all right. But all it had done was to confuse me worse than ever.

This was thin ice, and I wasn't a good skater. I said, "I've met this man Martin."

Ollie looked up hopefully. "What sort of a mug is he?"

"Don't you know?"

"From nothing, I don't. Neither does Mabel."

"Then how . . ."

"All she remembered was that when she was living with Tate, he had a lot of correspondence with this Martin. Business or personal or both, she didn't know. Tate didn't talk much, according to her, and when he did talk, he didn't say anything. What do *you* know about him?"

"Less than you do. He represented some big film company in Europe for a lot of years. Back and forth between Paris and New York all the time. He's lived in this country ever since the war got into full swing. He has a grown son named Gregg Martin."

"You know a lot. How come?"

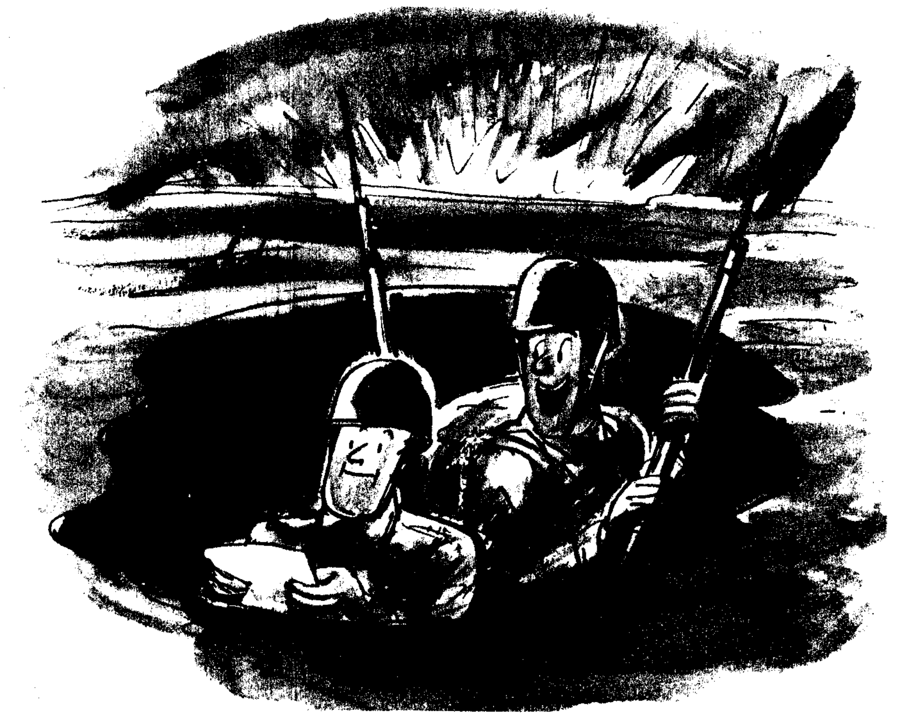
"I investigated a little because the son—Gregg—has been making a play for Miss Morgan."

"So-o-o . . ." Ollie started doing some heavy thinking. "Some sort of a tie-up, maybe. Young Martin is wolfing around Miss Morgan. Mabel makes it clear to old man Martin that Miss Morgan ain't sittin' so pretty as she thought. Where does Martin live?"

I said, "Let's don't play that way, Ollie. Not too fast. Wait until Mabel shows up and explains what gives. How do you know you wouldn't be crabbing things by going to Martin now?"

"I gotta find out what happened to her," Ollie said.

"Let me tackle that. I know Mr. Martin socially. He comes into the club all the



COLLIER'S "Okay, it's a bill—but it's from home, ain't it?" I. ROIR

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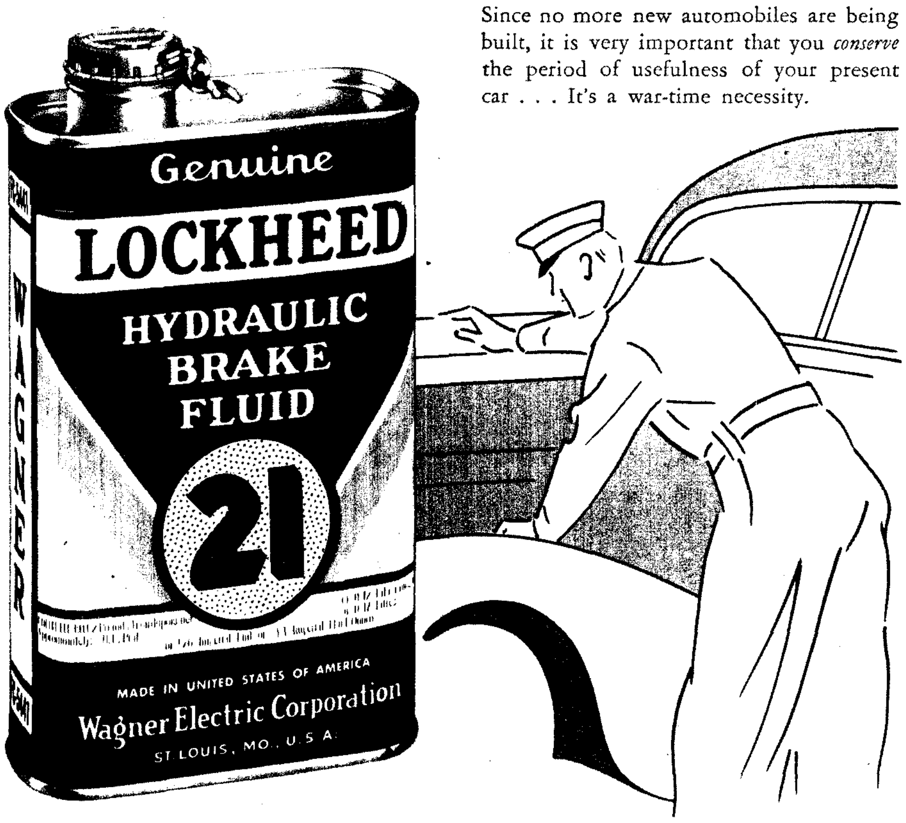

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time. I can ask him things in a way that won't make him suspicious."

Ollie looked at me steadily. "Are you leveling?"

"Yes. Of course, I'm a lot more interested in Judy than I am in Mabel . . . but this time it adds up to the same thing. Figure it out for yourself."

He nodded. "Sounds reasonable. But I still got the creeps."

"Check the hospitals if you're worried." That was logical advice, and it wasn't going to hurt anything. "Anybody can happen to have an accident. Stick around the hotel. Perhaps she'll phone or write."

"I don't like it."

"Neither do I. But what else are you going to do?"

"If anything's happened to Mabel, I'll do plenty."

He said it quietly, but he was deadly. His manner didn't make me feel any more optimistic. I said, "You could report it to the Missing Persons Bureau, but I'd advise saving that. If she turned up right after, it might put a crimp in your scheme."

"You'll help?"

I said that I would. All I wanted was a couple of days. I felt rotten. But if it was in the cards for me to do Judy any good, I had to keep Ollie Grant from going off the deep end. If he happened to find out that Mabel had been murdered . . . I tried to think of something else.

I TALKED to him a long time. The poor guy was so worried—so appreciative of a friendly voice—that he fell for my arguments. I advised him to get a good long sleep, gave him my address and phone number, promised to report as soon as I'd had a chance to talk to Mr. Arthur Gordon Martin, and left him.

I wasn't feeling so good. I'd gotten to the point where thinking didn't help. What I really wanted was to spill it to Max Gold, or a reasonable facsimile thereof. But my hands were tied. Max was playing his own game. He was handling Judy his way. And I figured what would happen if I went to some other cop: He'd get all the dope, make his report, find out that Max Gold was on the case already . . . and I'd be up against Max anyway. I definitely didn't want that. Max was a keen lad, and Max didn't like me.

I had another restless night. It was daylight when I finally dropped off. It was still daylight, but not so many hours later, when the phone rang. It was Eddie Kane, my brother-in-law. He sounded low.

"Steve?"

"Yes."

"I'm calling from a booth. I got lotsa nickels."

"Go ahead."

He said, "This is a bad mess. That little vulture of a dick has been over here."

"Max Gold?"

"That's the one. Had another flatfoot with him—guy named Sullivan. No brains. But Gold—he's got plenty sense."

"I'm listening, Eddie." I had a hunch what was coming.

"Gold figures we know who killed Mabel. He's getting in my hair: snooping around, asking questions, talking to the old man and Margie. Even to Muggsy."

"Muggsy ought to be pretty near a match for him," I said. It didn't sound very funny.

"He knows we were stalling him. I got an idea he knew about somebody being murdered."

"He knew, all right."

"He figures we were in on it. He never fell for that rug-cleaning stuff."

"Of course not."

Eddie's voice dropped to a whisper. He said, "Where the devil did Mabel go?"

"I haven't figured that out, Eddie."

"You reckon Max knows?"

"No. That's probably why he's sleuthing around. When he knows something, he just sits back and does nothing."

"What you mean?"

"That dame I told you about—the blond one. Max knows she was mixed up in a *killing, but* he doesn't make a play."

Operator broke in and demanded another nickel. It made a clean, musical sound when it dropped into the phone box and Eddie went on talking:

"You gotta do something, Steve. Your sister doesn't like her husband any more."

I said, "Keep your shirt on, Eddie, and quit worrying. You're not in on this—"

"Says you!"

"If there's a rap coming, I'll take it. And maybe I'm on the edge of finding something new."

"If it's another corpse, count me out."

I felt sorry for Eddie. Just because he'd been regular, he was in a jam. I felt sorry for everybody: for Ollie and Judy and . . . well, most particularly, I felt sorry for myself. About the only person I didn't feel sorry for was Max Gold. I made up my mind to have a talk with him. I wanted him to let Eddie alone. But even that idea didn't total up so hot when I thought about it. The more I begged Eddie off, the surer Max would be that Eddie was in deep.

I went down to the club about three o'clock. I didn't have anywhere else to go, and there was a chance I might run across Judy. Or something else. The way things were moving, there was no telling what the Torrid Zone might produce.

I let myself in the front door and went upstairs. The second floor looked just like it had the day before. Nobody there, but I thought about Professor Grisson. There was somebody I had forgotten to be sorry for, so I started being sorry for him then. The main prop for one of his best illusions had been swiped. Somebody had put Mabel in it and carted her away. Well, I figured, that was more appropriate than a rug.

Judy's apartment was empty. Not even a body on the floor. I walked around the room, trying to figure what might have happened. Nothing came out even.

Mabel had been shot. But Judy didn't have a gun. Then I started thinking from the beginning again: I altered that line to read that I didn't know that she had a gun. What was to prove that she hadn't gotten one after the night somebody broke into her apartment? Maybe Max Gold had loaned her one. The way she wasn't telling me things, she might have an arsenal for all I knew.

I LEANED against the wall and tried to dope out what might have happened the previous day. It wasn't fun and it didn't get me anywhere. I got sore at myself. I started to walk away and my shoulder hit a picture that was hanging on the wall.

It was a silly picture: three dames without any clothes on having a conference. My shoulder hit the picture and it hit the floor. It made a noise like a ten-ton truck. My first thought was that this would be an ideal moment for Max Gold to walk in. But Max didn't show up. Neither did anybody else.

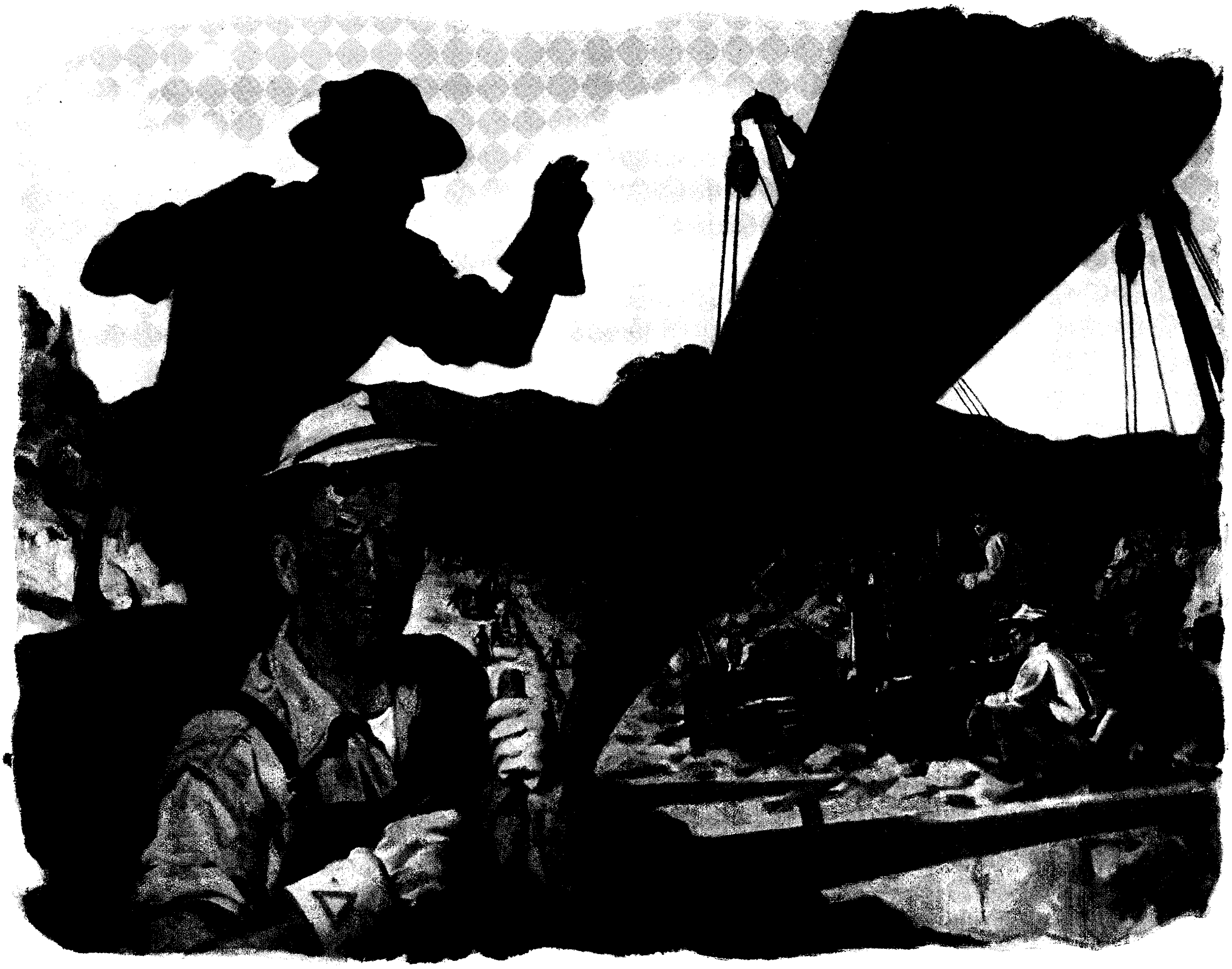
By some miracle, the glass hadn't broken. The three ladies were still undressed and still talking it over. I picked them up and started to hang them back on the hook.

The picture wire in back of the frame had snapped. There was enough play for me to twist the ends together. I did a thorough job and reached up again.

There was a picture hook in the wall. And there was something on the picture hook. It was a key: a flat, narrow key about two inches long. It had a round end, and the end had a hole in it. The key was suspended on the hook which stuck through the hole. It had some wire wrapped around it.

I took the key down and put the picture back in its place. The nude ladies kept right on talking. But I didn't say a word. I was studying the key.

(To be continued next week)



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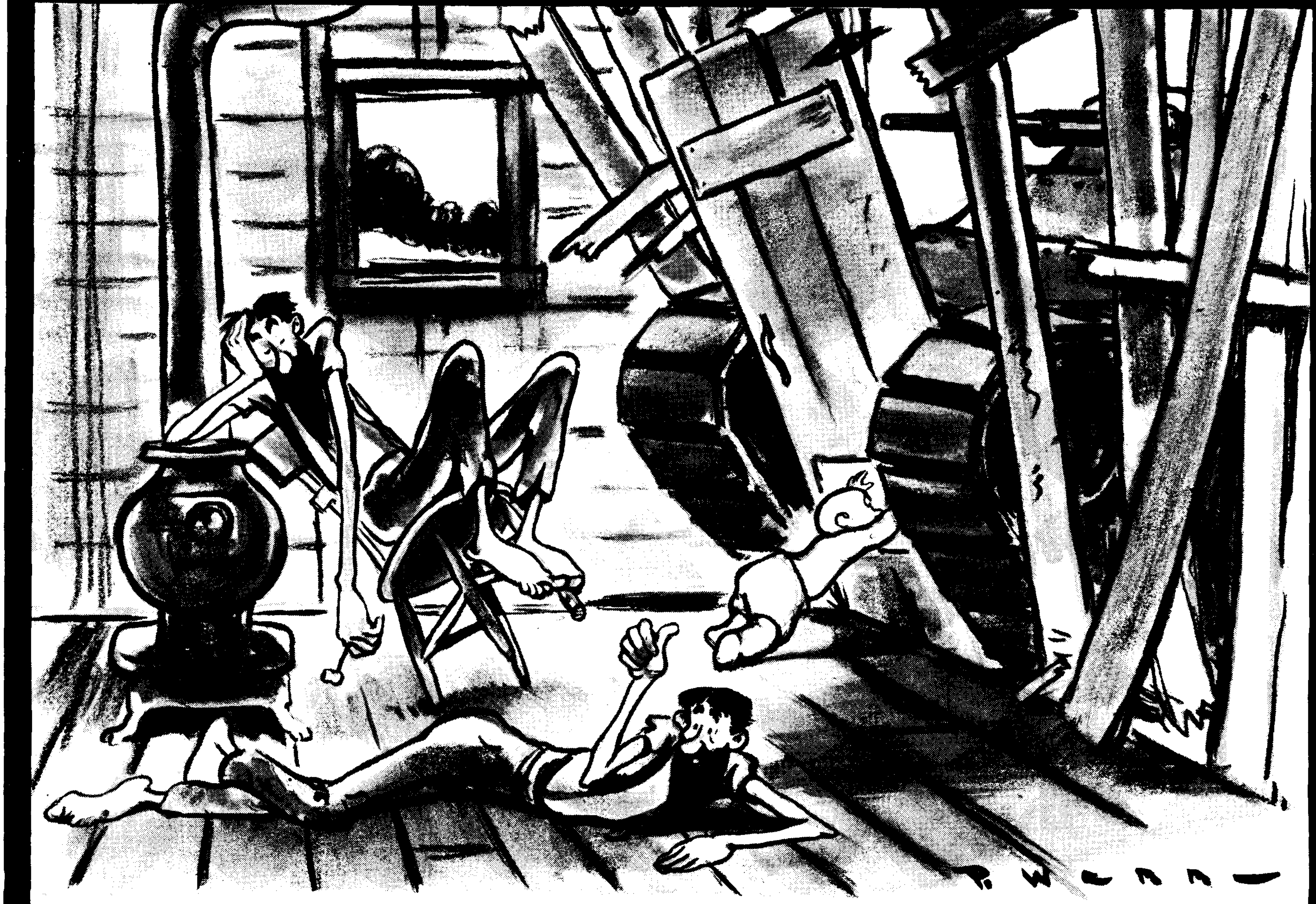

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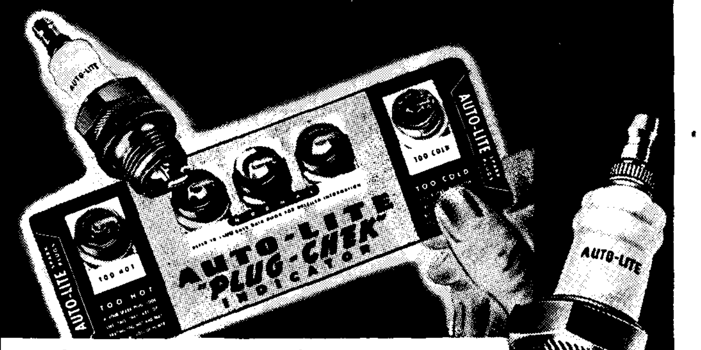

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Blow, Gabrielle, Blow!

Continued from page 23

Grandpa Tupple's. He took her down to the station with him a lot and by the time she was nine she could telegraph as good as he could. Which was when she got the crazy notion of wanting to be an operator in spite of being born in a theater right after I had got through playing Carnival in Venice, which always closed our act. You must remember us—Tupple and Flo, Hard Shoe and Bugle Specialists.

For a long time it certainly looked like Gabrielle was never going to take after me or my mother, Marie (Leatherlungs) Ledeaux of the circus, who played the bugle dressed in a silver military tunic and white tights but always with an American flag draped in front of the high balcony on account of her legs were kind of bowed.

However, I didn't give in to Gabrielle's notions. In spite of the fact that the kids in the neighborhood called her "Toots" because of her bugling and she hated it and used to cry over it, I insisted on her learning. I trained her my own self until she could do as fine a triple-tongue as I could before I went soft after my husband died and they buried him and vaudeville both at about the same time.

Well, a bugler's life is no soft snap even outside of the Army, and the bugler is an equally unpopular character in civilian life because of the practicing which makes it hard to keep a good furnished room very long. Also a bugler's personal life is full of sacrifices. To commence with, she has to sleep with her bugle so's it will be warm for early morning practice. Then again a real good professional bugler don't kiss, excepting on the forehead. That's on account of the embouchure they got to develop by playing with the sensitive part of their lips, and kissing destroys it.

"Be careful when you go out!" I'd tell her. "Remember your embouchure!"

OF COURSE this was a kind of handicap and as a result Gabrielle never had any real beaux. As soon as they'd warm up she had to cool off. But then on the other hand, she didn't seem to really care for any of the fellows she met.

"We never seem to have any serious interests in common," she'd say. By which you can see she was the sort of girl who would have been perfectly safe even in burlesque. Simple and shy and earnest and with an embouchure to protect.

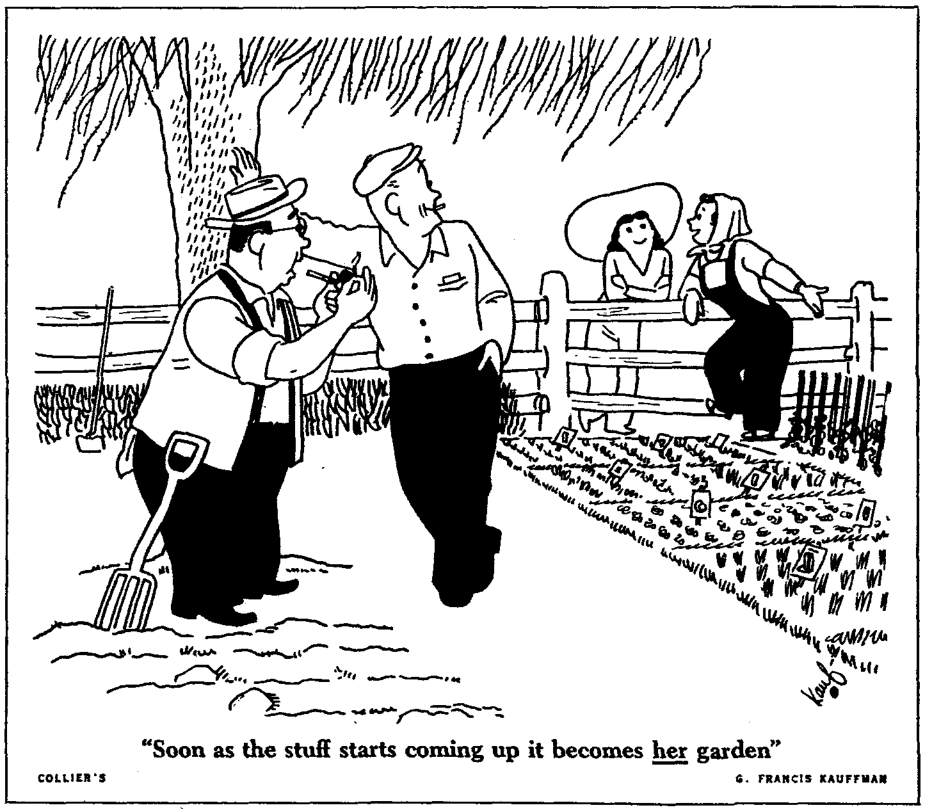
Well, I educated her like I said on a bank roll a mouse could have carried, hoping she'd get in one of these all-girl orchestras, and she did a couple of times but her heart wasn't in it and she always got let out, generally because she slugged somebody who called her Toots, or because some guy tried to kiss her. Once a little feller out in Detroit at the Opera House climbed a ladder backstage and nearly made it. But in knocking the ladder from under him she lost her Equity card for disturbing the show, and after that, she just couldn't seem to get any place until this Woman's Army Auxiliary thing came along and it was plain to the both of us that Gabrielle was meant to be a soldier. When we decided she'd answer that call for musicians the Waacs was putting out, she felt a distinct satisfaction about doing so.

"Aside from serving my country," she says, "for once I'll be someplace where nobody will call me Toots and if they do I'll be big enough to beat up any of the dames that try it!"

And this was so. I'll never forget the day I went with her to the Pennsylvania Station to see her off. I could see her a long ways off after we'd said goodby on account she was so much taller than the others. Was I lonesome! And then just when I began to feel I could not stand my only child being in the Army her letters commenced coming through. And for once she wasn't in hot water. It seems she had met a boy and this time it was the real thing.

"At last I have found a man with whom I have something serious in common," Gabrielle wrote. "And how I love him! But, Ma, don't be worried about the embouchure, because he is a bugler too!"

WELL, Gab met this boy, whose name was Bill, last name unknown, at a USO canteen in Daytona. It was a he-canteen, and of course the Waacs have their she-canteens, but once in a while a group of them with a chaperon in charge makes a formal visit to the boys' outfit, probably in order to keep up the girls' morale by reminding them that there *are* soldiers who wear pants. Whether the girls ask 'em back, Gabrielle didn't say, but these two didn't need to wait for a second meeting to know where they stood. Gabrielle stood six feet in her service shoes and Bill stood five feet five. Maybe they had to sit down to fall in love. Or maybe the fact Bill come from Texas and was used to big girls who wouldn't look at him made him fall for a big one who would. At any rate they got themselves sick on love and double-scoop sodas, and the only catch in the whole affair was that Sergeant Gertie Blockwood, a sourpuss who was the chaperon, kicked because Gabrielle had spoken to Bill without a formal introduction.



"Soon as the stuff starts coming up it becomes her garden"

COLLIER'S G. FRANCIS KAUFFMAN

"That dame reads so many detective mags she gets suspicious of everything anybody does," Gab wrote. "When she heard me talking about the Morse code she thought we were switching from something else, something we shouldn't be saying. And she broke us up before we even got the chance to make a date."

Actually, those two kids had been talking about the Morse code. Everyone to their own taste when it comes to lovemaking. And Bill was a telegrapher who preferred to be a bugler while of course with Gabrielle it was the other way around. At the end of her letter she seemed awful worried for fear she would never see him again because of his not knowing her name but only that she was the Waacs' bugler. But as she also said Bill was in the Coast Guard and parked in a camp only a mile south of the Waacs' training station, I figured love would find a way.

And it did. That was as inevitable as a run in a silk stocking. I heard all about it in Gab's next letter.

Gabrielle's practicing on the bugle wasn't much more popular in camp than it had been in the last twenty-seven rooming houses we'd lived in. Consequently, Gab was in the habit of going out on a high sand dune at the limits of the post and blowing in the direction of the ocean as much as possible. So far the fish hadn't kicked. Well, this was a beautiful day and she stood there warming her bugle under her arm and looking at that glorious water, feeling a little sad because she didn't know for sure what was going on deep in the heart of Texas, or how he was going to reach her. Then duty called and she raised her bugle to her lips. But before she could blow a single note she heard sweet music, high and clear, coming from the south. Then while she stood there frozen with excitement the message came—it was Morse code triple-tongued on the bugle.

"Where are you, darling?" it said.

"Bill!" Gab's lips were trembling so she could hardly make it. "It's me!" The answer came right back.

"Sunday noon at the Shanty. How's about it, sweet?"

"Okay," sputters Gab.

"Say, 'Okay, sweet,'" says Bill.

"Okay, sweet."

WELL, Gabrielle couldn't practice any more after that. She went back to her quarters and collapsed until Assembly. But when she got her week-end leave she was at the Shanty with military promptness. And Bill was already there waiting for her. Naturally this time they told their full names, and his was Bill Green. He came from a big ranch and he talked about the horses his family raised and naturally that interested Gab as her grandfather on my side used to ride four horses at the same time in the circus, and what wouldn't most of us give to ride even one of them at a time now, with the gas shortage. But anyways Bill said he hoped if he ever married, his wife would be contented horsing it on the ranch instead of horsing around the country or words to that effect, and Gab said she loved horses. She couldn't understand how anybody could eat one. It was apparently a very congenial meeting. And I began to feel as hopeful about Gab getting her man as if it was the Canadian Mounties she'd enlisted in.

Well, Gabrielle and Bill had a couple of dates after that and finally one day he asks her a few leading questions over their Java.

"I don't know a whole lot about your outfit," he said. "Tell me, are you lady warriors allowed to get married the same as we are?"

"Certainly," says Gab encouragingly. "We can get leave for it, same as you would."

"But," says Bill worriedly, "suppose there should be—well look here, Toots, if a gal was to marry she might have a baby. How's about that?"

"She'd get leave for that, too," says Gab, feeling herself get red in the face, but trying to ignore that Toots part.

"Well, I'll be darned!" says Bill, and Gabrielle thought he sounded sort of scared, like he'd had a narrow escape, or something. Then there was quite a silence between them and not a comfortable one, either.

"Why did you ask that?" says Gab at last, giving him another chance. But Bill didn't take it.

"Oh, just curiosity, I guess!" he says, embarrassed.

"*Curiosity?*" Gab, who had been expecting quite a different answer, barked at him.

"Sure, Toots! What else, Toots?"

"What do I care what else—and stop calling me Toots!" she says getting to her feet.

"Well, Toots is kind of a natural name for a bugler, isn't it?"

THIS was the last camel that broke the pack, and Gab couldn't take it. She always was as easily upset as a canoe, and here she'd been expecting he'd propose and all she got was this Toots stuff, the name she'd hated ever since she was a kid. So she brushed him off and walked out into the night and kept on walking so long and so late that when she got back to the post she was three hours overdue and not an excuse in the world to show for it.

Naturally that canceled her next leave, but Gab was so mad and hurt she didn't even trouble to let Bill know why she wasn't keeping the date, same time, same place, which they had made before the quarrel.

But when that date had come and gone, Bill took steps. He knew the hour Gabrielle would be out on the sand dune practicing, and he also knew that as his bugling couldn't be heard inside the buildings at her post, there was no use blowing his own horn until she could hear him doing it. So around the practice hour his message come over clearly in the still air.

"What's cookin', Toots?"

Well, Gab was so mad she couldn't hardly wait to reply. And did she let him have it!

"Don't talk to me, it's dangerous!" she codes back, and this time she blows a *rat-tat-tat*, with the accent on the *rat*.

And then while he is still sending some kind of incoherent message, she puts her bugle back under her arm and stalks off down the dune and there in the sea-grape bushes, who is watching her and listening but old sourpuss, the detective-mag-reading Sergeant Gertie Blockwood.

"Tupple, what were you doing?" says Gertie, very severe.

"Just practicing," says Gab, trying to seem innocent but looking and feeling self-conscious as a canary-fed cat.

"A funny sort of practicing!" says Gertie suspiciously. "I been listening to you

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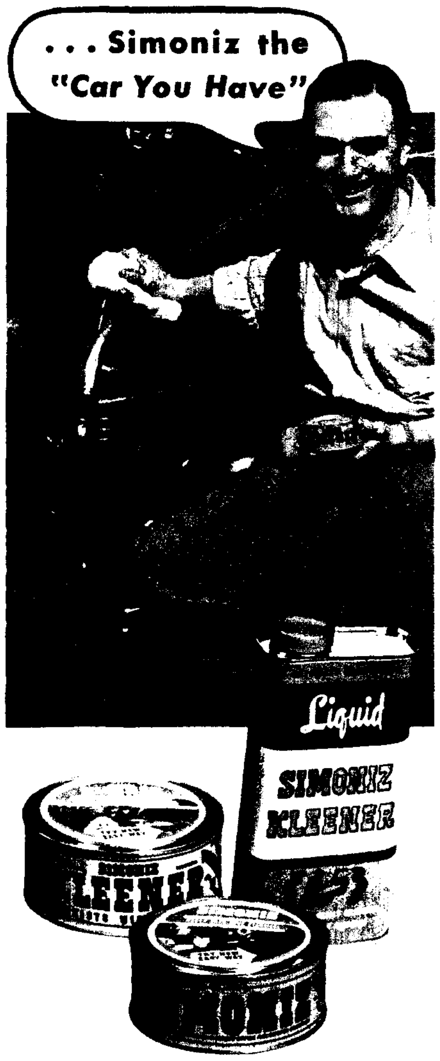

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more than this once, and I haven't recognized any of the regular bugle calls when you've been practicing!"

Well, I am afraid Gabrielle says "Nuts to you!" which was the wrong thing. But then Gab had just ruined her whole love life for good and all and I guess she was too upset to realize she had not only insulted a sergeant, but a lady sergeant, which was even worse.

Funnily enough, nothing came of it immediately except that after that, Gabrielle could hardly get out of Gertie's sight. Every time she looked around, there was Gertie hot on her trail, or sitting at a distance glaring at her from behind a detective mag. And as time went on, this bothered Gab a lot because like any other woman under the circumstances she began to weaken about Bill.

FINALLY one day when she appeared to have shaken Gertie, she went out to the practice stand and as soon as she gets there she can hear Bill off in the distance and he's sending. "Snooky-wookums sweetie pie," he's saying. "Aren't you hep I love you? Whatever I done I didn't mean it. Gab, sweet, will you marry me?"

There he was, poor feller, broadcasting his love at the top of his lungs, hoping she'd be on the beam. Gab was so happy the tears were streaming down her face. She had just made a lip and put her bugle to it to code him a loving acceptance when she looked down into the sea-grape bushes and there was Gertie, who had just caught up with her and who was eagerly listening in. The sight absolutely panicked Gab.

"Don't communicate," she taps out. "I think we are being watched."

"Okay," says Bill, "for the present it's ducky-doo."

"I'll call ducky-wucky doo," Gab tells him, "when it's safe."

Gabrielle came down off the sand dune feeling shaky and upset and keeping one eye out for Gertie who for once didn't follow her but dashed off quickly in another direction.

"And oh, Ma," Gab wrote me, "that baby talk was something we'd sort of made up the first time we kissed each other on the forehead to save our embouchures, and it meant we loved each other all over again. I hope you'll wish us luck, Ma!"

Well, I wished them luck all right but it didn't do any good because next time I heard from Gabrielle she was in jail.

Gab has since explained to me that Waacs don't have regular guardhouses or jails, but it amounted to the same thing. She was confined to quarters awaiting court-martial and it was all due to that snoop Gertie Blockwood.

It seems that this Gertie had got suspicious when she first heard Gabrielle blowing other than the regular Army calls, and reported the matter to the C.O. Then it seems there had been quite an investigation going on because the Waacs' telegrapher had caught a lot of what Gab had been sending and also some of Bill's answers and none of it sounded very good. The first thing Gab knew she was called before the C.O., a nice lady with white hair and patience, and asked what she had been telegraphing in code on the bugle?

"Oh, Ma," Gabrielle wrote me, "if only I had had the sense to tell her the truth! But I was too scared and I lost my head. Besides, I was ashamed to tell about that ducky-wucky stuff. A great big girl like me and a lady soldier as well. What would my C.O. think? I didn't want her to be ashamed of me. So I wouldn't talk."

This looked so bad that the C.O. had no choice only to consult the colonel and he had no choice only to order a court-martial. What with Gab sending these messages from the sand dunes and German saboteurs having been captured on the Florida beaches not so long ago and enemy subs being possibly within hearing distance offshore, it began to look pretty serious.

I settled down to an awful week of waiting while the court-martial got to work.

Well, it must of been quite a show. It seems they had all kinds of experts down there: F.B.I. men, code specialists and even a musical professor. And there was plenty of excitement among them when Gab went on refusing to answer questions. By that time she was so scared she couldn't.

It was enough to strike anybody dumb, and besides, the day before the trial Gab come down with a bad sore throat, and I have always taught her that when that happens she is not to talk to anybody or take anything except two mashed aspirins in warm water which she is to gargle. So for a spell she just sat there and shook her head whenever she was spoken to and didn't complain, because she knows no real trouper ever does about a minor ailment. And the things those experts pulled out of the bag!

"We have had quite a number of peculiar cases where musical signals were used," she heard one feller testify. And another got up and agreed with him and told about how not long ago in India a guy blew on a flute and boom! up went a factory.

Of course Gertie was one of the principal witnesses against her, and most of what Gertie said made sounds like those detective mags of hers. And when the Waacs' telegrapher read out all that stuff about "Don't talk to me—it's dangerous," and "Don't communicate, I think we're being watched," it certainly did not sound good to the investigators. On top of which the nooky-wooky business might sound comical but then on the other hand it might be code. Of course, if Gab could have got in touch with Bill the whole business could have been cleared up in a few moments, but by now Gab wasn't allowed to communicate with anybody at all.

Well, as a sort of second-act climax, the officer in charge ordered Gabrielle to be given her bugle and then told her to play exactly what she had played before.

Terribly nervous and embarrassed, Gab got up, warmed the bugle and began. When she'd got through, the experts had it all down but it also had them down just where they'd been before, on account they still couldn't make out what it was all about. Then the colonel spoke kind but firm.

"Private Tupple," he says, "you are facing a very grave charge. It will mean imprisonment if it is proven that you have been communicating with the enemy. In any event the least punishment you face might be a dishonorable discharge for behavior unbecoming to your position. Before I impose sentence I want you to think well. Is there anything you want to say?"

Gabrielle thought well. Bill was the solution. She was a Waac, but she was a woman first, and he was her man. She must reach him and with her not being allowed to communicate, there was only one way to do it. She took a chance and spoke up. "Yes," she says, "I'd like to play that code message out on the sand dune where I played it the first time."

You can imagine this caused plenty excitement. There was a lot of whispering among the court-martialists, but at last they gave in and agreed.

It was a solemn little procession that marched down to the sea, and Gab's heart was beating fit to choke her. It was off-hours and the chances were Bill wouldn't hear her. Suppose he was on leave? Suppose he was asleep or away on patrol duty? Her hand trembled so she could scarcely bring the bugle to her mouth and it was the hardest lip she ever made in her life. But when she blew, it was like that other bugler, Gabriel, blowing for the resurrection. Then she quit and there was a few moments of heartbreaking silence with everybody straining their ears. But pretty soon an answer came floating on the sunset breeze.

"Where you been, baby?"

The stenographic notebooks were being covered frantically, for nobody caught on at first.

"I couldn't communicate," tooted Gab. "Against regulations."

"To heck with regulations, ducky-wucky," thundered Bill. "I still say I love you. Will you marry me?"

THERE was a short silence while the investigators looked at the transcriptions and then the C.O. turned to Gabrielle, trying not to laugh. But by that time everybody was grinning, and according to Gab it was as if the whole bunch, judge, jury and experts, melted in the Florida atmosphere. Even the colonel looked sentimental when my big girl, blushing like a bride should, put the bugle to her lips and shot back one word.

"Yes!" says Gabrielle.

And that, as I told the ladies at the Stage Door Canteen, was the whole story. Except that the minute Gabrielle got free and reinstated in the Waacs and all, she sat right down and wrote me all about it.

"And believe me, Ma," she ended, "wait till this war is over and then—to hell with embouchure!"

THE END

It's a Farmer's War, Too

Continued from page 11

Added to these possible disasters, evident but uncontrollable, there are grave shortages of machinery, skilled and unskilled labor, supplementary hog, cattle and poultry feeds and certain fertilizers. These things are facts and perhaps disastrous ones—and nothing effective can be done about them this year.

Neither Mr. Davis nor the hysterical measures regarding labor and machinery adopted this spring at the last moment can make more than a minute difference to 1943's production. Abandoning restrictions on wheat growing won't give us more wheat. Wheat is planted in the fall and harvested the following summer. Summer wheat, planted and harvested the same season, is a negligible factor.

Let us look at what we may expect:

Farm machinery is seriously lacking. Originally the Administration limited production to 23 per cent of normal. Manufacture of new machinery was left to small plants which cannot produce either the machines or parts used by four fifths of our farmers. Now the steel required for normal production of farm machinery is less than three per cent of our total output, and it is manifestly folly to cut production to less than a quarter of normal, considering the vital importance of food in this war.

Under pressure of public indignation and farmers' despair, the machinery quota was raised to fifty per cent of normal, still far from enough. But this increase will not be available this year. Add to this the strange policy which "froze" much available machinery and distributed more in almost insane fashion by sending it to areas where it wasn't needed or couldn't be used.

WPB, OPA and Department of Agriculture regulations, muddled and overlapping, have made it as hard as possible for

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Actual physical fitness records of this war prove that the boys whose basic military training and basic calisthenics are supplemented by baseball, tennis, boxing, football, basketball, track, judo, etc., develop skills and agilities that make them the best fighting men in the world.

And our American boys must develop these skills and agilities in school, in college, on our sand lots and play fields, in training camps and behind the lines, if they are to be physically fit to meet the fanatically conditioned fighting men of our enemies.

No machines of this highly mechanized war are so essential to our success as these fine "Human Machines" that carry the hopes of America's freedom into the front lines of battle.

Could anything be *more* important than the equipment that is necessary to give them this priceless physical training?—to develop not only the strength and endurance, but the skills and agilities they must have to out-fight enemies who have been trained for war since childhood?

* * * *

So far as the materials made available to us, and facilities not engaged in war production permit, we will continue to supply equipment for the sports that help to make American fighting men the most efficient "Human Fighting Machines" in the war.

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farmers to get machinery and repair parts. Farmers spend precious working hours filling out questionnaires and driving around to various bureaus for permits to buy parts. On our farm, a tractor part broke recently. The manager was forced to spend two days and drive 185 miles to get a new part—while the tractor stood idle.

So we have a black market in farm machinery. A four- or five-year-old tractor, worth $750 when new, brings as much as $1,200. There is an OPA ceiling on prices and so, at farm sales, the auctioneer sells a bale of hay or a rooster for $1,200 and throws in the tractor.

The farm-labor situation is even worse. Dispersal of dairy herds, dumping of hogs and cattle and closing of hatcheries and poultry projects is an old story now. There isn't a county in which you cannot see farms and dairies that won't be operated this year simply because of lack of machinery or labor.

Selective Service and the Food Administration have issued statements to show that the farm labor shortage was caused by high industrial wages in cities. These were misleading statistics, made so deliberately.

High wages affected only unskilled farm labor which could be replaced, though at the cost of lowered food production. Not more than a fraction of one per cent of skilled labor left farms for factories. This labor was drafted recklessly, cutting at the foundations of food production. Without skilled labor to direct and manage farm recruits and volunteers, little or no food can be produced for the cities. The draft of this precious labor continued in the face of an actual national and world-wide food shortage. At last, in a panic, the War Manpower Commission issued a "directive" to stop the drain. The governor of Colorado even took over administration of the draft in his state to accomplish this purpose.

Relief Steps Come Too Late

When things became desperate, the President showed signs of noticing the catastrophe and became alarmed. Makeshift measures were taken to remedy the situation this year—again, too little and too late. Skilled workers now overseas cannot be brought back overnight, if at all. The procedure for getting them out of the Army in this country and back to the land is so enmeshed in red tape, delay and divided authority that few of them were available in time for spring planting but perhaps will be available for the harvest.

Washington authorities, through ignorance or a feeble desire to deceive our people and put off the awful day of reckoning, talk always of the harvest, and how the harvest problem will be solved. They slip over the spring planting and the fact that you cannot harvest what you don't plant.

It has been proposed to bring back skilled labor from the Army, but the Army and Selective Service change their minds from day to day as to how this is to be done; the required letters and forms frequently are useless before they arrive in Washington, and the thing has to be begun all over again. The number of men released for farm work, if any, is small enough to be ludicrous. Meanwhile, our people and the people of the world want to eat.

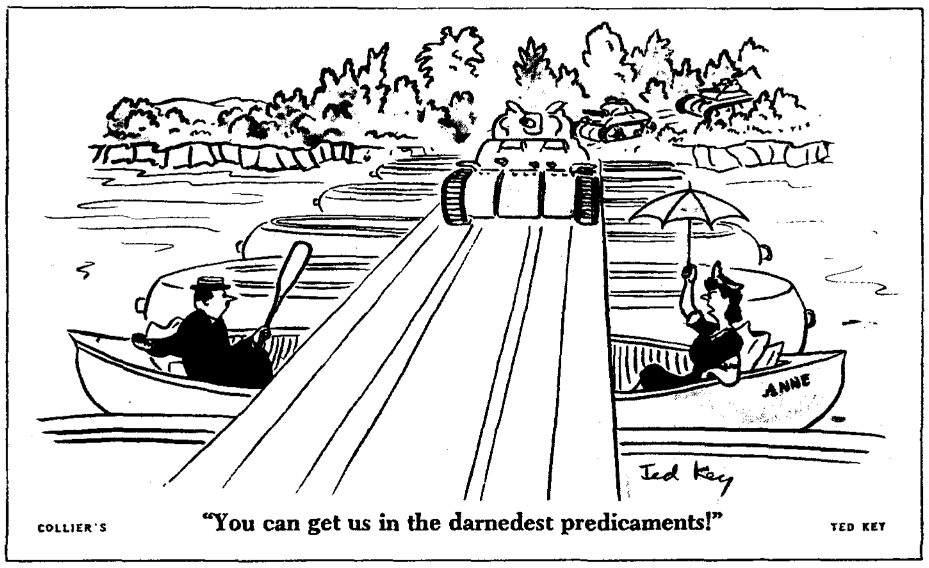
Manpower Commissioner McNutt and Selective Service Director Hershey have issued floods of contradictory orders and statements, all designed in theory to force labor out of factories and nonessential jobs and back to farms. This hasn't worked. There were plenty of applications —by individuals who want to be safe from the draft on farms at the wages paid by war industries.

One of my dairy-farming neighbors, about to close down for lack of help, advertised for workers. He got fifty-one replies, and only one, an unskilled man who may prove more a hindrance than an asset, was possible. All the others wanted from $200 a month up, with board and lodging—for escaping conscription. This is a wage no farm can pay and escape bankruptcy.

The other farm-problem "solution" offered is Secretary of Agriculture Wickard's "dream army" of three million volunteer workers. The secretary simply announced the project and "left it lay." Today there has been no effort at organization, and if one is being considered, it is on the basis of federal control, centralized in Washington and foredoomed to failure.

The reasons for this are simple, apparent and undeniable. There is a universal lack of confidence in Washington bureaus. There is immense resentment among citizens, especially farmers, over the meddling, interference, extravagance and red tape of these bureaus. A remote, frequently disliked Washington bureau with a bad record cannot arouse patriotism to the same degree as a community organization. If Washington persists in trying to organize and dominate this "dream army," it will be a total failure. If it is planned on a state basis, county by county, city by city, it can become a brilliant success.

There is a powerful movement among the people, especially farmers and small business people toward a decentralization of government and a return to states' rights. Last year, Minnesota under Governor Stassen did a brilliant job of solving her own farm problem after federal agencies had failed completely. This year a dozen states are following Minnesota's lead. The rebellion against centralized, bureaucratic federal government, with its errors, extravagance and inefficiency, is inextricably involved in the whole food-production problem. It will grow rather than diminish in intensity, spreading from class to class as the food crisis increases.



"You can get us in the darnedest predicaments!"

More than four fifths of the dairy products, meat, vegetables and fruit we eat is produced by fewer than thirty per cent of our farmers. These are the large commercial farm enterprises, big dairies, big poultry projects, cattle ranges, market gardeners. These are the producers that are hardest hit by labor shortages. Their production has decreased seriously and, under existing conditions and lack of confidence in Administration measures and policies, cannot well be increased.

The remaining seventy per cent of the American farmers includes twenty per cent operating family-sized farms depending almost entirely on family labor. They have been hard hit by the draft and in many cases have simply gone out of production.

The remaining half of American farms contribute little to the national food pool. Either they exist in single-crop areas and don't even produce enough food for themselves or they are so-called marginal farmers who merely scrape a living and contribute nothing. It is among these farmers that the Federal Security Administration has done a good job, inducing them to take on one more beef feeder, one more dairy cow or one more brood sow. The total has been impressive.

From this analysis of the farm-labor and machinery problems, it will be seen that the food mess came about because the Administration failed to conceive or put into operation any food-production plan. The President himself neglected the situation, or failed to recognize that food is as important as armed forces. By now the problem has become so complicated and muddled that no good results can be expected this year. Unless something is done quickly, nothing will be accomplished in 1944, either.

To accomplish anything at all a Department of Food Production should be established at once. At present the prices paid by farmers for machinery and commodities and the prices for what they sell are regulated by the OPA. Manpower and farm labor are under the vacillating political combination of McNutt and Hershey. Production of farm machinery depends on WPB. A hundred other details are in the hands of the deposed food czar, Claude Wickard, still kept on as Secretary of Agriculture. Mr. Davis, the new administrator, even though he may be the most brilliant man in the world, can achieve little or nothing under such a setup.

The breach between farmers and labor, which is part of this problem of food, is partly natural and partly created artificially by certain New Deal elements. It must be remembered that the farmer—even the family-sized and marginal farmer —was among the first to revolt openly and violently against the regimentation, red tape and bureaucracy of the New Deal. For this, he never has been forgiven by certain New Deal elements and perhaps by the President himself.

These elements, aware that the farm vote is lost beyond recall, have coddled labor for political reasons and every day they seek to discredit the farmer in the eyes of the public. Administration bureaucrats, even in the Department of Agriculture, seek to widen the breach by abusing the farmer and setting labor and the farmer against each other. Such tactics in time of war and crisis approximate a kind of sabotage which Doctor Goebbels scarcely could have hoped for. Of the warring elements, labor is certain, in the end, to be the victim of these tactics—and for the next few years, labor is going to need all the friends it can muster. In the lean years to follow, this will be doubly true.

What, then, is the average farmer, and what does he want? The successful American farmer, the one who counts when it comes to feeding you who work in factories and live in cities, is a hard-working, intelligent fellow, as good a citizen as any nation could pray for. He is asked to produce more and more by an Administration that has placed every obstacle in his way. He is desperately short of labor and machinery. He needs more fertilizer.

He is harassed by questionnaires, his precious time is taken up by the stupidity and red tape of bureaucrats. He is not worrying about prices, though of late he is being badly squeezed between the prices he pays for what he buys and the prices he gets for what he sells. In all my contacts with the average farmer—and they are many—I have never heard a single complaint about the prices he receives for what he produces. He wants to work and produce food.

He does not want subsidies because he does not believe in government by subsidy and because he knows that the present government always extracts payment in return, in terms of new regulations and regimentations that bring him more completely under the thumb of Washington bureaucracy. What he wants is machinery and fertilizer and a free hand to get his job done and some faint degree of co-operation or consideration from his government in getting it done. He wants help rather than abuse.

As I write, it seems that the OPA has learned nothing from its mistakes. A ceiling has been placed on the price of chickens, but none on the expensive feed the farmer must buy to produce them. With feed prices out of scale with the ceiling price on poultry and eggs, neither will be produced.

Uniform Price Ceilings Needed

It all comes back to the obvious economic dictum of Mr. Baruch—that inflation cannot be stopped or the "line be held" by placing ceilings on some things and not on others. It is a very simple economic law, and even politicians cannot alter its workings. But the whole ceiling arrangement and the gyrations of the OPA are only one more factor in the setup which is making farming an economically hazardous occupation and which threatens to reduce rather than to increase already insufficient food production.

Today there is no sign of improvement in the situation. Conditions are growing worse rather than better. Not even the most optimistic can believe that we will produce more food this year than last. Unless some sensible nonpolitical action is taken at once for the good of the nation as a whole, the food situation will be worse in 1944 than in 1943.

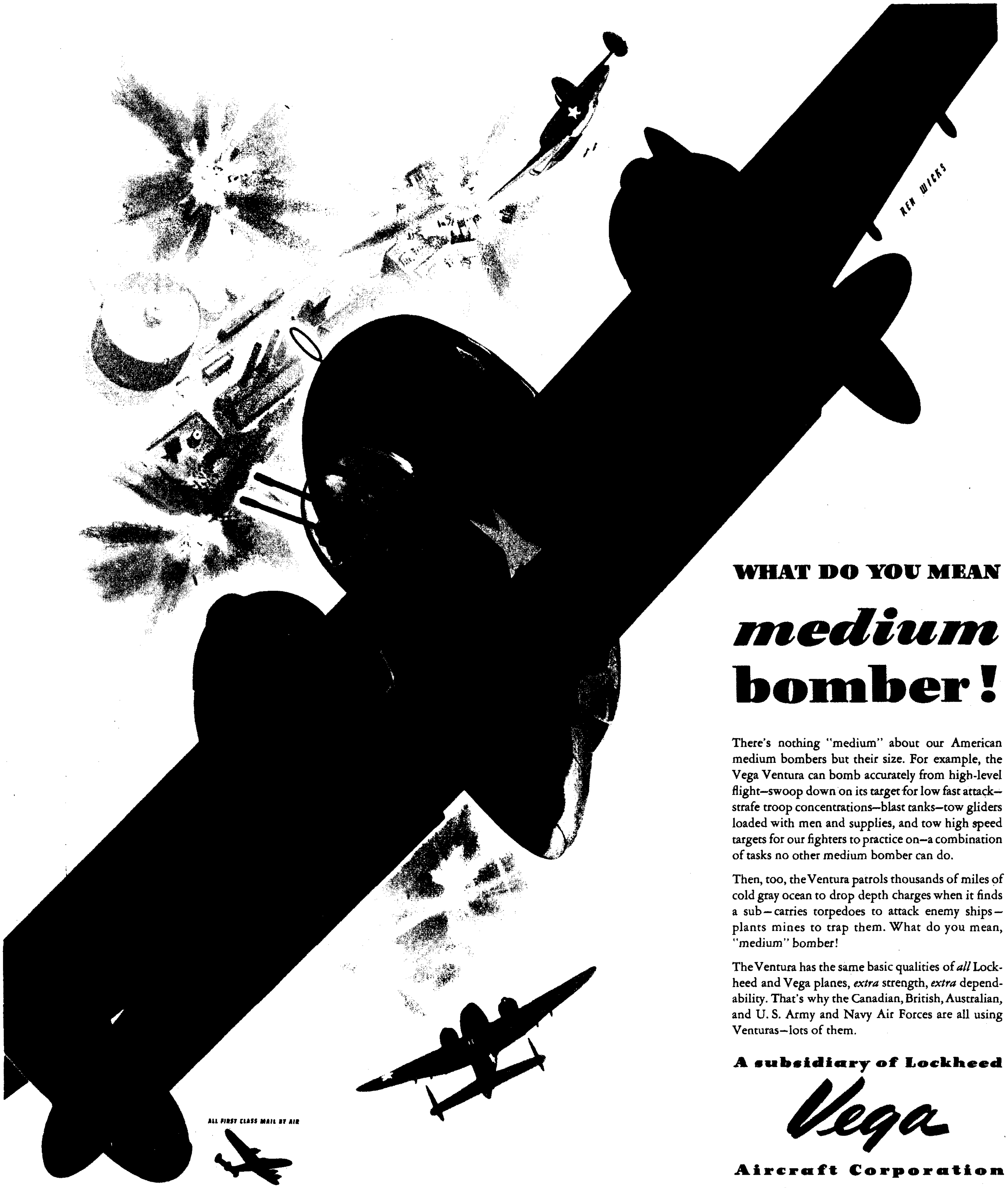
By December this year we shall really feel the gravity of the food famine. Some of those in the know are predicting food riots. I have no opinion, save that the situation will be bad, and in 1944 will be worse unless it is removed from politics, and active, sensible measures are taken.

Consequences of the food shortage are terrifying in their possibilities. They can not only defeat the Democratic party; they also can put an end to Lend-Lease and force such a strong ally as Russia out of the war. They can change the temper of the American people and throw them back to blackest isolationism. They can change the whole course of the human race for generations to come.

As the war continues, it becomes clearer and clearer that the farmer is as important as any front-line soldier. He is doing his best. On the whole, he is putting up a gallant fight, but the odds still are against him. He has not, like the Army, been given everything. On the contrary, he is faced by almost every possible obstacle, and the situation is very little better than it was a year ago.

Without the farmer, we cannot win the war, and certainly, without him, we cannot win the peace.

THE END



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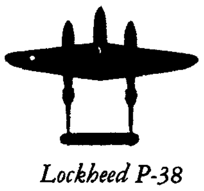
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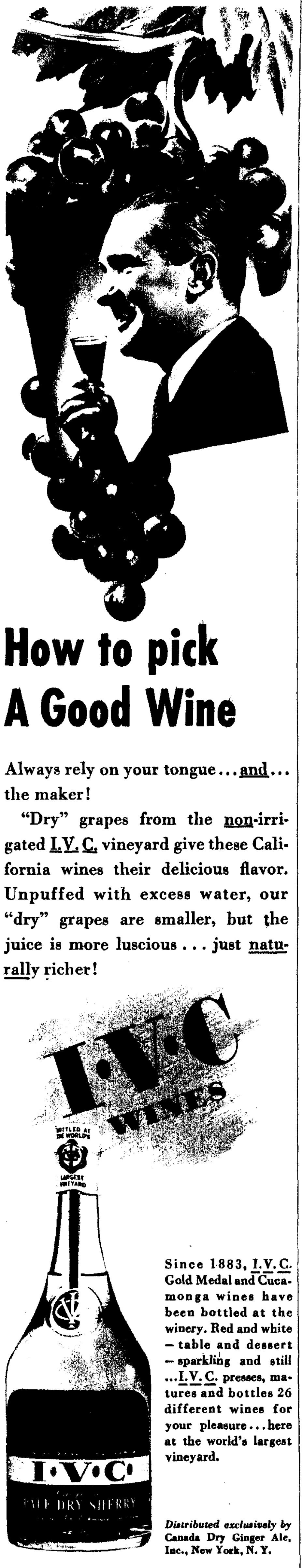

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Talent for Destruction

Continued from page 12

Mr. Havengen was saying that he had only a few days down here. He had had a time getting down; had to rent tires in Monterrey to save his own. "Yes," Martingale said. The boy had brought him his drink. He saw that Ella was very nervous, and he finally realized how much his own arrogance and assurance must disturb not only her but also her husband. He wondered again how conscious it was on his own part. It had been with him all his life, and tied up somehow, inexplicably, with his flair for breaking or confusing things.

"You going to be at the Hallets tonight?" Havengen said.

"Why, yes, I guess so," Martingale said.

"I didn't know they'd asked you?" Ella said. Martingale read the desperation in her voice, and thought, but somehow without satisfaction, that he knew more of her mind than her husband did. Havengen had apparently missed his wife's tone.

"Oh," Martingale said. "We're very informal down here, as Ella may have told you." He found that he had addressed Havengen.

"Oh, yes, I know," the other man said earnestly. "Ella likes this sort of life. And it's better here in this altitude for her health. It's not much harder for me to reach than Florida. I could have flown down but would have had to wait so long, what with air priorities and so on, that I decided to drive. I had to go to Texas, anyway."

"Yes." Martingale nodded. Havengen's references to priorities, the vaguer things associated with a war, disturbed him. He saw that Ella was still pale under her tan. If she was so devoted to this simple and rather dull man who was her husband, that was, Martingale supposed, all right. He himself had no particular feeling for her; she was just one of a great many women he had known. He supposed that it might be merely the sense of security she got from Havengen and which Martingale knew she could not possibly get from himself.

He finished his drink and stood up; it was obscure to him why he should go now. He saw relief come into Ella's face. It was not past him, he knew (and the others in the town knew), to be brash about Ella, even now, even here. He remembered what his wife had said before their divorce; he had "a talent for destruction." It did not displease him when he had first heard it; he supposed it did not displease him even now.

HE SAID goodby and Havengen said, with a kind of assumed heartiness, that if he stayed here long enough, maybe they could go hunting together. Why, yes, Martingale said, and moved away and into the cobbled street again. The light touched only the tops of the houses now, and he shivered a little in the mountain chill. It was too late to go into the pass for doves.

Perhaps it was the chill that made him think of it, perhaps something else, maybe only his old love for hunting, an atavism more deeply rooted in him than in most men; but he began to think of another kind of hunting than that of the doves coming down from the mountains at dusk; he began to think of the leopard jungles to the south, near Acapulco, of their heavy, rank growth, of the wet heat that even in shade lay continually there; the rifle carried heavily in the hands, the picture of himself in helmet and shorts as he had seen Englishmen in the moving pictures of his youth; the great cats lying in green shade, invisible often to even the practiced eye, with the dappled light on the dappled fur.

He would go there again, Martingale decided suddenly. In the sudden chill of the mountains' twilight, in the loneliness from which he was never quite free, he had a sudden and almost overwhelming desire for heat and for what might be called danger. He would go south tonight.

IN THE last light he stowed what was needed in the rumble of the car. The rolls of mosquito netting and blankets, the medical kit with the chlorine pills for the water; the sulfaguanidine for the bacillic dysentery, although it was usually the amoebic you got when you got it in the low country; the carbines in their sheepskin cases; the shotgun for doves and *chachalacas*, the black wood chickens of the jungle; some tinned food and a pair of binoculars. He knew the country; in a way, knowing different kinds of terrain and how to exist and hunt in them was one of the things he was good at. He thought again, not for the first time, that if he could have been sure they would give him work he liked to do and was fitted to do, he would return to the States and fight in their war. It was a good rationalization, anyhow, he knew.

He finished the packing and looked up. Havengen was standing there. "Would you mind if I went along?" he said. His face was eager and open, like a child's. "You decided to go pretty suddenly, didn't you?"

"I usually do," Martingale said. "I thought you were at the Hallets'."

"We started to walk there, but looking up over the terraces in town here, we could see you packing guns in the car. I wanted Ella to come over with me, but she said she'd go over to the Hallets and I could see her there later."

Martingale studied the man silently for a moment longer. He had again the feeling of inevitability as though there was something urgent he had to accomplish.

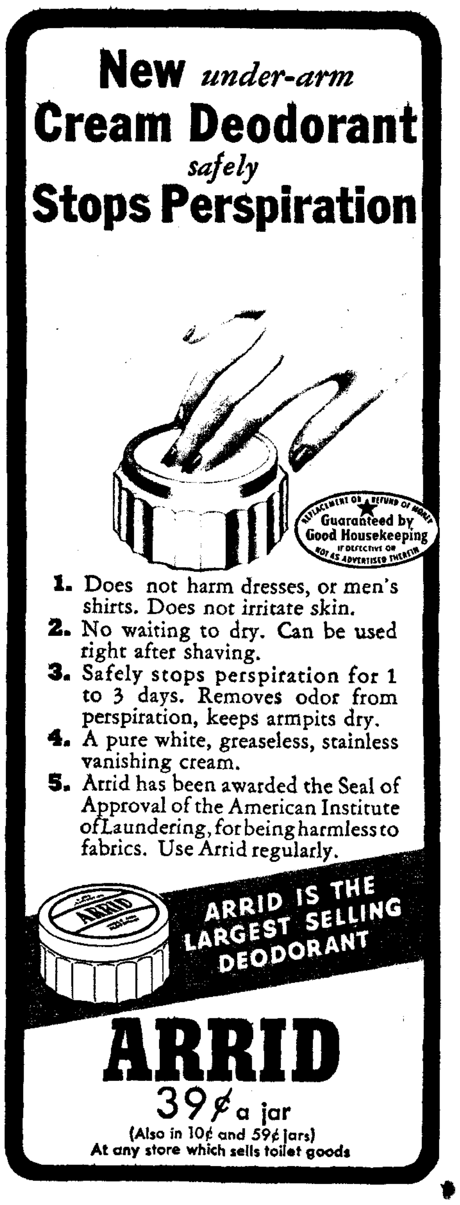
"Come, if you like," he said. "I'll be driving all night."

A HUNDRED and fifty miles south the next morning, they stood in the bright sunlight of the clearing in which the thatch-roofed and partly open cottages of the native village stood. Havengen looked pale and tired. It had not been a good trip down. Time after time they had had to stop for the mountain fog, and while they waited, Havengen had told Martingale various things: how he had come out of retirement, when the war started, to open a machine-tool shop; how much Ella meant to him, who had married late in life; how he had always wanted to hunt in really wild country. Listening to the garrulous older man, a tension had built up in Martingale.

So, now, Martingale got some satisfaction out of the other man's pallor as they waited in the clearing where the burros had been loaded. The sun was hardly over the tops of the nearest palms, but the heat lay around them like a cloud. The Indian, Eloy Santiago, came across the clearing toward them, followed by three of his younger children. He had guided Martingale before. He turned to shoo his children away, and then he gestured to Martingale with his hands to indicate they could go.

Martingale had noticed an uneasiness among the villagers, and that the little Mexican soldiers, who usually policed all remote towns and villages, were not in sight. He asked the Indian where they were, and Santiago said they were gone because of the war. "Nor is it entirely a good thing," the Indian added, gravely, "that we should be left here without protection."

"Bandits again?" Martingale said.



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"Who knows?" The Indian shrugged and would not look at him.

They moved out of the clearing and the sun and in the hot shade of the jungle felt the homely noises of the village drop away. A parrot screamed overhead and Martingale smiled to see Havengen jump. He had not told the older man that this moving through the jungle was the sportingest and also the riskiest kind of hunting. It was like hunting squirrels: you stared at nothing in particular, but just tried to see as widely as possible, and what you noticed first was movement, movement in almost the abstract, and then you knew where to look, although perhaps only a tail had flicked or a palm frond moved suddenly.

The urgency which had been on Martingale was still with him, but it seemed to have little to do with the hunting of leopards. It was as though he were here for some important purpose, whose nature he did not know, like the crew of a ship sailing under sealed orders. Ahead of him the Indian paused to look closely at the trail. "You don't trail leopards on the ground," Martingale kidded him.

"Of a certainty, no," the Indian said, "but there are other men here, in boots, like yourself."

"Probably it is of no importance," Martingale said.

The Indian shrugged and they moved on. Once, the Indian fired his old Mauser, and they could see movement in the trees, but nothing definite to shoot at. Then, fifteen minutes later, the Indian looked at the trail again and said, "Those of the boots began to hurry when they heard the shot."

"Perhaps," Martingale heard himself say, "we should look into those of the boots."

"As you wish," the Indian said.

The trail went upward to a kind of rolling mesa, where the trees were thinner and lower, and they could see that the mesa ended against the mountains, which rose above it. About three quarters of a mile ahead, they could see a column of dust rising in the windless air and, through his binoculars, Martingale could see several men and a pair of burros, and over them a thin metal fishing rod, flexible and glinting in the sun.

"They're a long way from a lake to be carrying a fishing rod out like that," Martingale said.

"It is not a fishing rod, Señor," the Indian said.

"What, then?"

"A radio thing, Señor," the Indian said.

"Of whose?"

"Quién sabe?" the Indian said. "Who knows?"

"No one is down here with a radio for any good," Martingale said.

"Doubtless, not, Señor," the Indian said.

"Why are you afraid to talk?" Martingale said, angrily.

"I thought," said the Indian, "that since you were not in your own country in these times, you might be of those who carry the radio."

MARTINGALE'S anger left him. His mind, in a mental gesture that was by now reflexive, blanked itself to the implications of what the Indian said. Also to help, he turned to Havengen and said, in English: "Eloy says that group up ahead has a radio and are probably Germans."

Havengen was not so adept at concealing things as was Martingale; under his sweat and flushing, he went pale. "But what good is it here?"

"The mountains come close to the sea here and you can see a lot of the Pacific from some of them."

"What do you think we should do?" Havengen said.

The remark irritated Martingale. He realized he had been going to do nothing. He heard himself say: "Not much we can do. By the time we get to some place where we could notify the authorities, the men with the radio would be gone."

In the moment of silence a kind of rage beat in Martingale. That Havengen, in his own fear, should still be able to indicate they should do something about the men with the radio was the principal source of his rage. Like most expatriates, Martingale had frequently rationalized his own instability and discontent into a supposed dislike for his own country. His unwillingness to submit to its discipline in these times had given a kind of depth to his feeling now. So that here, in this place of neither law nor manners, he felt an almost overpowering desire to hurt badly this simple man, Havengen, by telling him of Ella and himself. They stood there, in the hot silence of the place, Martingale's face working. His wife's words came to him, spoken calmly out of the past, the one recrimination that did not anger him, in which he took even a kind of pride: he had a talent for destruction.

The remembered words actually calmed him. In the new and strange calmness, he saw things with great clarity: the necessity of Havengen and Ella to each other, the one with youth, the other with stability; his own unimportance to Ella; hers to himself.

WHEN Martingale did not speak, Havengen went on, still not looking at the other men. "I wouldn't mind going after them," he said. "Ella wouldn't like it if she knew—but she doesn't know."

Martingale spoke to the Indian. "Shall we go after those of the radio?"

"Of a certainty," the Indian said. "Only that one of us should go back to the town and call the authorities on the telephone. This one, the Señor Havengen, would be best."

"But he knows nothing of the trails," Martingale said. "It would have to be yourself. Or perhaps you could take him to the village, and someone else take him to the town, while you come back after me with others of the village."

The Indian looked curiously at Martingale and it was only then that the white man realized the strong current of emotion in himself. The sense of continuity was strong in him, too, as if it were all part of a plan of action begun, with foresight, the previous day. Martingale turned and told Havengen what they were to do.

"I'd like to go with you," the older man said.

"It's better this way," Martingale said. He watched the other two go back down the trail and into the heavy green of the matted trees, and then he turned away from them. He had a feeling of lightness and surety; even of a kind of nobility. On foot, the heavy carbine in his hands, he moved over the mesa along the trail where, now a mile away, the column of dust still rose.

He moved silently, his inner tension not affecting the looseness of his body. It occurred to him, but without amazement, that this was the first time he had hunted men. It did not seem strange to him. His plans formulated themselves without effort. The men ahead knew now they might be followed, so they would probably leave a guard along the trail. His mind moved ahead, trying to determine where the guard would be left.

Between himself and the pillar of dust there was a little rise, marked only by the higher line of the trees against the sky. A quarter of a mile before he reached it, and still hidden by trees, Martingale left the trail and began to move in a shallow arc through the less dense growth of the mesa. He came effortlessly up the rise, along it where it crossed the trail at right angles, and there, where he had known a man would be, one stood, watching the trail.

Watching the man, unseen, Martingale

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They are for a select few who are engaged in a highly specialized branch of medicine...in all the U.S. there are only twelve hundred doctors of dermatology. According to a recent survey, more of these skin authorities use Mennen Shave Products than any other brand...more than the next four leading brands combined. When buying shave cream for your own use, why not be guided by the personal preference of men who know what is best for the skin?

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① WHISKERS OFF! **Brushless Shave**, a cream, not a grease. Jar or tube. **Lather Shave**, plain or menthol-iced. Jar or tube.

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3-STEP MENNEN SHAVE

felt no hatred for him. He studied the ground around the man and waited to see whether he was alone or made efforts to communicate with others. But there was no one else, only the big, blond man, in shorts and sun helmet and boots, the bandolier of cartridges slung across the heavy muscular body. And in his hands the small, deadly carbine, a Mannlicher like Martingale's own. Even at the distance he stood, Martingale recognized the make of gun, although it looked even smaller and deadlier than his own because of the size and assurance of the man who carried it.

That the guns should be alike was the first break, Martingale knew, and it crystalized in him the feeling of inevitability and of pattern. He had wondered how to kill the other and bigger man without betraying his own presence to those ahead, who could, from the nature of their work, tell the difference in the sound of different rifles. But now that they both had Mannlicher carbines. . . . Martingale sighed a little, letting out half of his held breath, sighting on the big man who, patiently and without anger, waited by the side of a road to kill a stranger.

Martingale hardly heard the peculiar whining crack of the gun, like a giant whip being snapped. The big man leaned suddenly forward against the tree that had been concealing him from the trail, and then slid rather slowly down the trunk, rolling over once to the side and lying there on his back. Sweat almost blinded Martingale. He trembled like a child in extreme fear. He did not know where he had aimed or hit the man. When he began to move toward the body, the trembling left him. When he was looking down on the big man, on whose heavy blond face a kind of smile, saturnine and willful, yet remained, he felt no satisfaction. He wondered what to do with the body and realized that there was nothing to do. So he left it there, smiling its curious and brutal smile, and went on along the trail.

THE dust still rose ahead, its pace less hurried. The dead man's friends were sure he had killed any intruder with his Mannlicher. It was noon and the sun was a weight on Martingale's back. His face was fixed in a kind of mask, but he was reminded of his thirst only by the canteen which banged heavily against his leg. Seeing the dust cease moving and dissolve in the air, he felt the flesh of his body rise in fear and cunning, but looking at his watch, knew the others must have stopped only to eat. This seemed foreign and strange to him; he knew no hunger.

He moved on; quietness and assurance were things he had attained to without effort. Near the road, a snake the Indians called *cuatro narices,* or four noses, because of its broad and poisonous head, watched him dully. It was another good omen, he thought; one of the most vicious snakes in the country had not bothered him. Then he realized it was because the snake was dulled by the altitude; this was about as high as these snakes ever got. The trail had climbed steadily and he was almost in the mountains.

The others should be just ahead of him, he knew, and began to move from tree to tree. He saw them seated on stones near where a path moved upward from the trail and into the mountains. There were three of them, big men, dressed like the one he had shot. A portable sending set was strapped between two burros, who stood near by, their heads hanging.

Again there was the breathlessness as when he had first sighted the watcher by the trail. The carbine came up, then he hesitated. It was not an automatic weapon, and there was plenty of cover available for the others. After his first shot they would scatter. Martingale thought in terms of destruction and of the killing of what was now his quarry rather than in terms of his own safety. He had been seized with the idea of his own immunity. Now, he would wait until they were upon the path that led upward from the trail. There, moving along the edge of the mountain, they would be like clay pigeons moving along the track of a shooting gallery.

The men ate hurriedly and rose, two of them looking down the trail, but apparently without concern. Then they moved off, now more slowly as the burros made heavy going up the path with the radio set between them. Martingale came forward slowly to the edge of the trees. The path wound out of sight behind the mountains, but Martingale could see the thin line of it, like a ripple in water, winding upward half a mile beyond, where it emerged again along the wall of what he knew must be a canyon in the mountains. *To find out where they were going*—the idea occurred to him as a constructive step in the orderly progress of his destroying. But he knew almost instantly that it was only that there might be the more to destroy.

He shook his head as though to clear it, but this idea that had fastened on him could not be shaken. He felt that he could not have abandoned it even if he wanted to. When the others were out of sight, he followed them to the bend in the mountains. For over an hour he moved upward after them, hiding behind rocks when they were across a canyon from him, moving easily and freely when they were out of sight behind a bend in the mountains.

ACROSS the final canyon from them, he lay and watched them toil up the trail to where it bent out of sight again just under the lip of a crest. They must be near their destination, he knew. When they were out of sight he ran, panting, along the now almost level trail until he could see them again. They were moving easily and freely, slightly downhill on a wide, shaly clearing that was a kind of little plain. About a half-mile away he could see some sort of dwelling well-blended into the side of the mountain, and below them, below the edge of the plain—he had not anticipated it—the whole Pacific lying there, its edges hidden in mist.

THEY moved easily and freely across the little shaly plain, he saw, and there was now not much cover for them. . . . He lay on the ground, let out half his breath again and began firing. The first shot missed and the men hesitated. The second shot dropped one of them face down. The others began to run, one of them trying to hurry the burros along. At three hundred yards, Martingale dropped the man near the burros and saw him roll kicking on the ground. The burros bucked once and stood still. Martingale could wait no longer. Disregarding the other man, he shot once into the box between the burros and saw something break and fall from it. It was satisfying, though, and he shot twice at the remaining man running, but missed.

From the house against the crest of the mountain, other men came out, running, carrying the crooked shapes that were semiautomatic rifles. They came across the shaly plain, and quite clearly and effortlessly, as though he had known of it in advance, Martingale saw what he was to do. By going around the edge of the little plain, just under the crest, he would have the cover of rocks and mesquite. . . .

Moving on his hands and knees, he could see them working across the plain toward the pass he had shot from, one group covering another. He weighed no consequences, good or bad, experiencing only the feeling of satisfaction and of what seemed *inevitability.* The others moved slowly on the pass, hardly faster than he moved toward the house. Near it, he paused. It was built into the mountain and seemed empty. In what was to Martingale an orderly procession of events, this emptiness did not seem unusual. He felt, foolishly perhaps, that that, too, was ordained.

He moved to a blind side of the house and listened. Across the clearing, almost half a mile away, he could hear them firing. But the house was silent. He slipped quickly along under the windows and through the door. In the dimness of the room he came into, a whole board of instruments covered one wall. He was at once scornful and impressed.

A voice in a language he could not understand spoke out of the instrument. There was a kind of rich glee in the voice a secret shared. If he could operate the thing, Martingale thought, if he could even understand what was being said. But he could do neither. He saw, quite suddenly, as he had seen so many things today, that he had never liked machines or the age they dominated. His talents were *for things of a different time.*

By the door was a length of iron pipe, used for barring the door. Martingale picked it up and began to punch holes in the face of the instrument panel. The voice kept talking and, in a cold rage, Martingale began to swing the pipe like a baseball bat. Great gashes appeared in the panel, a whole row of tubes exploded with one swing that cut off their tops, and two coils fell through holes in the panel and hung there like some kind of synthetic fruit.

The voice burbled once and died. Martingale stood there, realizing fully his inadequacy: in his ignorance, he could not even know whether or not he had seriously damaged the thing.

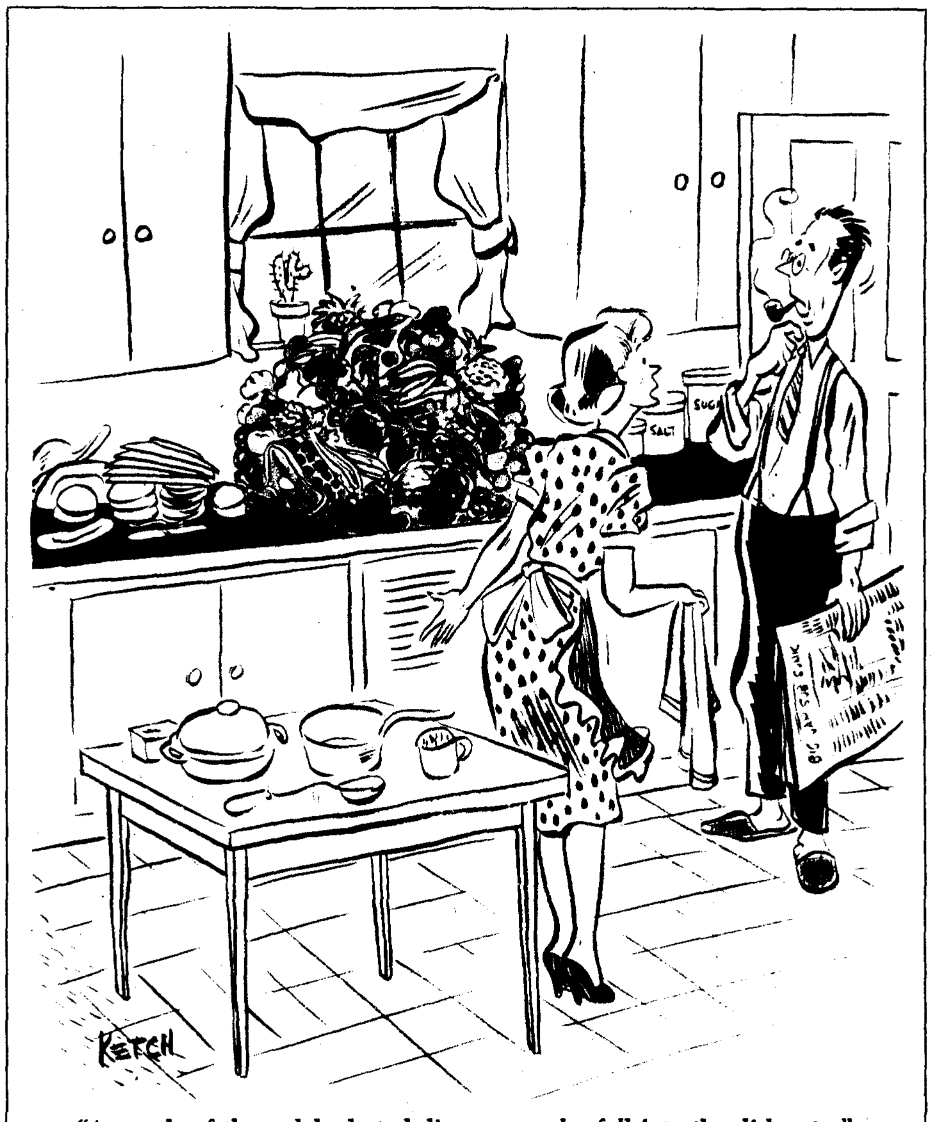
HE TURNED away from it and closed the door, barring it. Across the shaly plain, men were moving back on the house, almost leisurely. When they were a little closer, he shot one of them, then missed a second as the others ran for cover. There was no answering shot although the men carried guns. They were afraid to risk hurting the instrument panel behind him, Martingale knew, and he came the closest to smiling that he had that day.

They crept closer and he shot another one of them, seeing him roll over, yelling. The others called to Martingale in German, which he did not know, and then Spanish. They told him what they would do to him if he did not come out and surrender. The night would come soon, they told him.

To Martingale it was as though he did not hear the others. He stood there, looking out along the edge of a window, knowing that even if Santiago and Havengen reached him, it might be too late. Later, perhaps, he would feel fear, and later, too, he would be a hero, whether alive or dead, something he had not intended or desired to be. He knew only that he had a deep sense of fulfillment as if, finally, he had done the thing he had been fashioned to do. As if everything he had ever done had led him, surely, to be trapped here in this house on a mountain overlooking the greatest of the oceans.

In the fading yellow light in which his enemies waited for the darkness, Edward Martingale waited, too. He had waited for it all his life, he knew, and now it was almost over. Below him he could see the incredible expanse of blue water, in twenty tones where the depths shifted and varied the colors, and even one ship that moved steadily southward along it. With the romanticism he affected to despise, in a kind of shame that now and finally he had done something worthy, with emotion which he had always hated, now in him full and strong, he tried to say everything *of his life and his accomplishment in one* sentence. "You rats," he said quietly out into the dying light, "will be still for a little while, now, anyway."

THE END



"A couple of those dehydrated dinner capsules fell into the dishwater"

COLLIER'S HANK KETCHAM

To keep on top—to keep driving your job—gather friends around your table often. Serve them wartime dishes like these, and moderate glasses of wine. It's good sense to be of good cheer

WINE

brings good appetite to the dinners of war

Spaghetti Baked with Burgundy looks and tastes "special." To make it, mince 1 onion, 1 clove garlic, ½ green pepper and fry lightly in ¼ cup bacon fat or other meat fryings. Add ½ lb. ground beef and cook, stirring, until seared. Add 2½ cups canned or diced fresh tomatoes, 1 tsp. sugar. Salt and pepper to taste. Simmer 30 minutes. Add ½ cup California Burgundy wine. Mix with 3 cups cooked spaghetti, ¾ cup diced American cheese. Put in casserole. Bake 1 hour at 325° F. Serves 4 to 5 people

HAVING FRIENDS IN for "potluck" dinner does good all around. It sets up a chance to swap slants on war work and rationing and victory gardens. It's relaxing... jobs go better next day.

What to serve? Many a tempting wartime dish is coming out of saucepan or oven or skillet. The main dishes shown here, for example, taste like a million. And all people still can get the simple foods these recipes utilize.

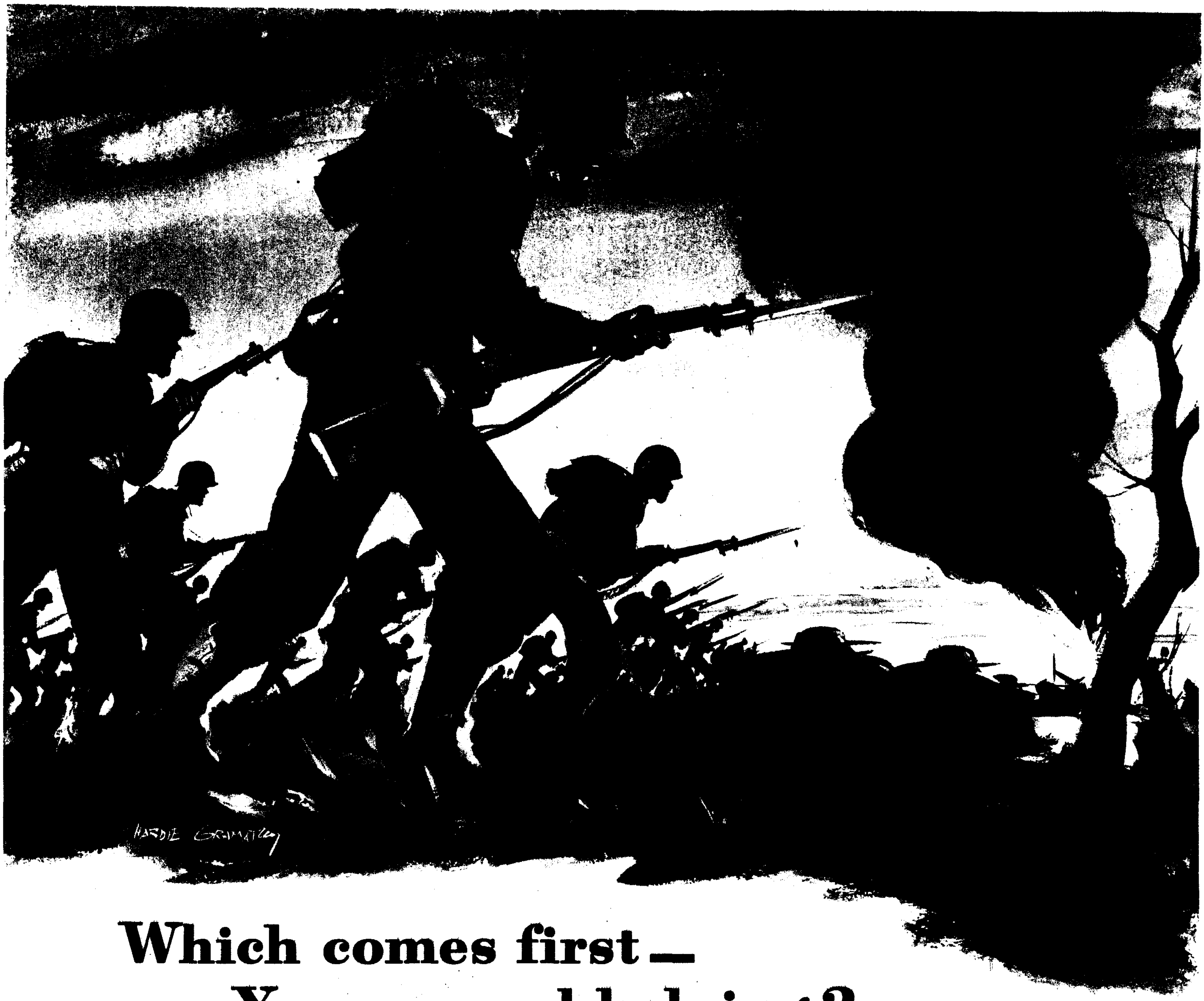
For extra goodness these main course dishes are cooked with a little wine. You flavor the dish with wine and then you serve glasses of Burgundy or Sauterne when the main course is served. It does wonders for your dinner.

We wine growers invite you to try these cheering foods and to serve wine with them at your table. For other wartime dishes made with wine, write Wine Advisory Board, 85 Second St., San Francisco.

• Your dealer will gladly help you select wines for home serving. When you dine out, ask your waiter to suggest a sound enjoyable wine.

FOR VICTORY BUY UNITED STATES WAR BONDS AND STAMPS

Try fish fillets baked "sandwich style": Salt and pepper 8 small or 4 large fish fillets, fresh or frozen. Put together in pairs with this filling: Combine 3 cups bread crumbs, ¾ cup chopped celery, 3 tbsps. minced parsley, ¼ cup melted margarine, ½ cup California Sherry wine, 1 beaten egg and salt, pepper and thyme to taste. Bake uncovered on greased pan in hot oven (400° F.) 30-40 minutes or until done, basting with Sherry and melted margarine. Serves 4. Sherry in small glasses before dinner makes a grand prelude to this main dish



Which comes first— Your second helping? or our second front?

You want to see this war won—and won quickly. You want to see it carried to the enemy with a vengeance. Okay—so do all of us. But just remember . . .

A second front takes food . . . food to feed our allies *in addition to* our own men.

Which do you want—more meat for you, or enough meat for them? An extra cup of coffee on your breakfast table, or a full tin cup of coffee for a fighting soldier?

Just remember that the meat you don't get—and the coffee and the sugar that you don't get—are up at the front lines—fighting for you.

Would you have it otherwise?

CHEERFULLY CO-OPERATING *with rationing is one way we can help to win this war. But there are scores of others. Many of them are described in a new free booklet called "You and the War," available from this magazine. Send for your copy today! Learn about the many opportunities for doing an important service to your country. Read about the Citizens Defense Corps, organized as part of Local Defense Councils. Choose the job you're best at, and start doing it!* You're *needed*—now!

EVERY CIVILIAN A FIGHTER

Contributed by the Magazine Publishers of America

What Will This Day Bring?

Continued from page 26

set in her so long ago she did not remember its beginning. Everything about their life together, though, stood out in her mind—dated, defined and, tonight, almost painfully real. Sid seemed very near.

Suddenly, out of the corner of her consciousness, she saw someone going down the other side of the street. Her heart leaped and scattered to every inch of her with a force that left her shaken, and for a second blinded.

But when she could see again she looked, and it was only a printer going home. It was just that the man had a familiar kind of leanness to his back, which she had thought she recognized. . . .

THE printer was coming from the newspaper office, which was right next door to Sid's. In the fading light she could just make out "Barclay & Haines, Attorneys at Law."

"I'm the dusty one of the firm," Sid had told her once. "The one who looks things up. No glory to my career. I just plug along."

And she had retorted assuredly, "Every family ought to have one."

"One what?"

"One plugger with a long look!"

But then, the war had come, and Sid had grown restless.

"I suppose I might as well get into this thing voluntarily. Pretty soon the government'll be finding out there are too many lawyers, anyway."

But that wasn't why Sid had gone. He had gone because something inside him had made him go. She had known, in the back of her mind from the war's beginning, that he would go. And she had not tried to hold him back.

The old stone, ivy-covered church stood stanch in the middle of the next block, against the growing dark. She and Sid often had not gone to church. In the summers Sid liked to play golf Sunday morning, and in the winters it was such a temptation to stay at home, warm and together, and lazy with the papers over a late breakfast. Their pastor had told them once, with a light of both humor and rebuke in his eyes, that they were what were known as "Comfortable Christians."

Sometimes that comfortableness vaguely worried Mary. Once, in a spurt of searching out some sustaining truth for herself—some pattern in the scheme of things to follow and thereby grow—she had asked Sid:

"Sid, what do you hang on to?"

And he had answered matter-of-factly: "You." Then he added, "And three kids and a thirty-by-forty house."

But he had left them all.

SHE turned up the walk tonight toward a house grown strange. No lights were on, and the house stood in dark silhouette against the cold blankness of the gray sky of twilight.

Young Siddy had half the neighborhood out by the garage, playing basketball. She could hear his lusty yells through the others'. Once she caught a fleeting glimpse of his tow head as he ran under the basket and made an overhand shot.

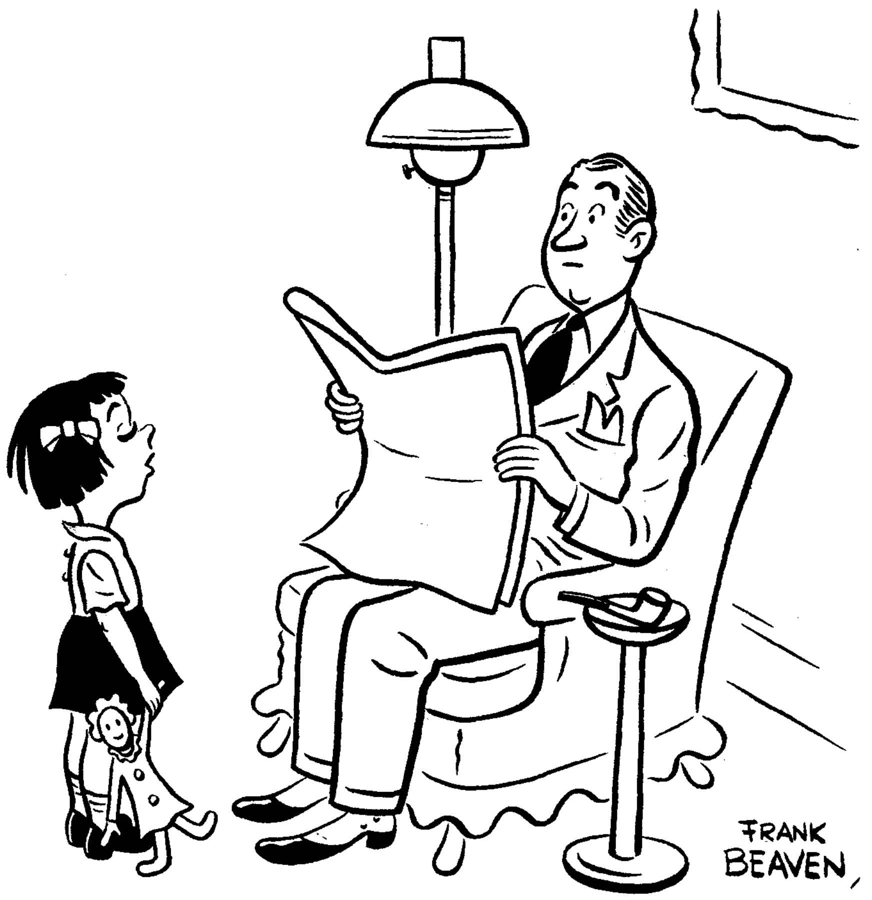
She remembered the evening she had first told Sid about him: "Which do you hope it will be, Sid—a little boy or a little girl?" Whispering it, feeling closer to her husband than she ever had before, and yet at the same time mysteriously alone.

"Little boy, I suppose." Sid's voice, too, had been low, and husky. "I don't know much about girls. I'd be doubtful about a little girl. I'd think I'd got the only nice one there was when I got you." He was holding her in his arms, tracing the way of her face with a gentle forefinger. The forefinger had found the circling of her temples, the upward sweep of her hair. "It'd probably turn out all right, though. I expect I'd find there were two nice ones. I'd be a lucky fellow." His tenderness had deepened in the smile of his eyes. "A little girl would be fine, Mary."

Although, after all, it had been a boy Sid had taken proudly in his arms. "Strong little devil!" Long little devil. Even now, at thirteen, Siddy was as tall as she. He was going to be tall like Sid.

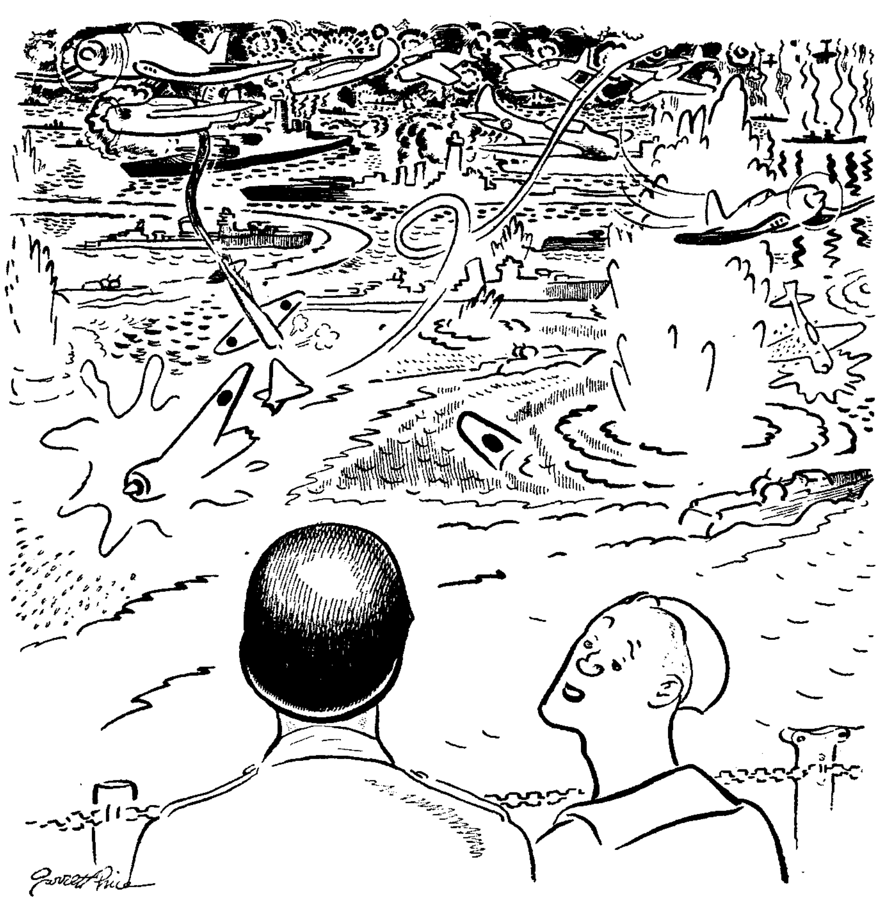
Then there had come Mim, sweet beyond belief; such blue eyes, and so alertly bright; sometimes gravely earnest, but mostly merry. "I think she's going to find the world an interesting place, Sid."

But it had taken Nicky to make them realize just what an adventure having children could be. Nicky all soft, dark and fire, with her flares of fury, her fierce little loyalties, her high-handed impishness.



"All right, then, I'll go over your head and ask Mother!"

COLLIER'S FRANK BEAVEN



"It was a night like this—we were watching the fireworks at the lagoon of nations"

COLLIER'S GARRETT PRICE

"She's the one we'll have to watch," Sid had told Mary once. "She's a catbird, that one is."

All at once, Mary found she was running, up the steps and across the porch. Even as she fumbled at the lamp just inside the door, she was reaching toward the vague squares of white on the table where the mail was always placed. Four letters of no consequence, from other people. She dropped them back on the table, without reading them, and pulled off her gloves slowly.

"Hello, Mother." Mim came in from the kitchen, a tiny strawberry-and-cream spaniel wobbling at her heels. "Isn't he the cutest little mutton chop, though?" exclaimed Mim delightedly, as the puppy hesitated, blinked in the light, and waggled off importantly in another direction. "He's so much alike at both ends I think he gets mixed up himself about which way he's going!"

MARY heard the rippling laughter dully, in a kind of astonishment at anything like pleasure in simple things still going on. There had been no telephone call—no cablegram, either—or Mim would have told her. She let her coat slide wearily off her shoulders, its weight like the last hope of the day falling.

"Come here, you little trouble bug!" Mim swooped the puppy up, dropping into the flowered wing chair with him. She swung her knees characteristically over one arm and settled her fair head comfortably against the opposite wing.

"A comfortable chair, at the end of a good day's work, in a corner of your own—you can't beat it."

So near the weary satisfaction of it sounded, so like the turn of Sid's head was that shadow there against the square-cut depth of his own particular chair, that Mary snapped on another lamp, to dispel the tormenting illusion. She turned all the lights in the living room on then, rapidly, one after the other. It was too dark in this house.

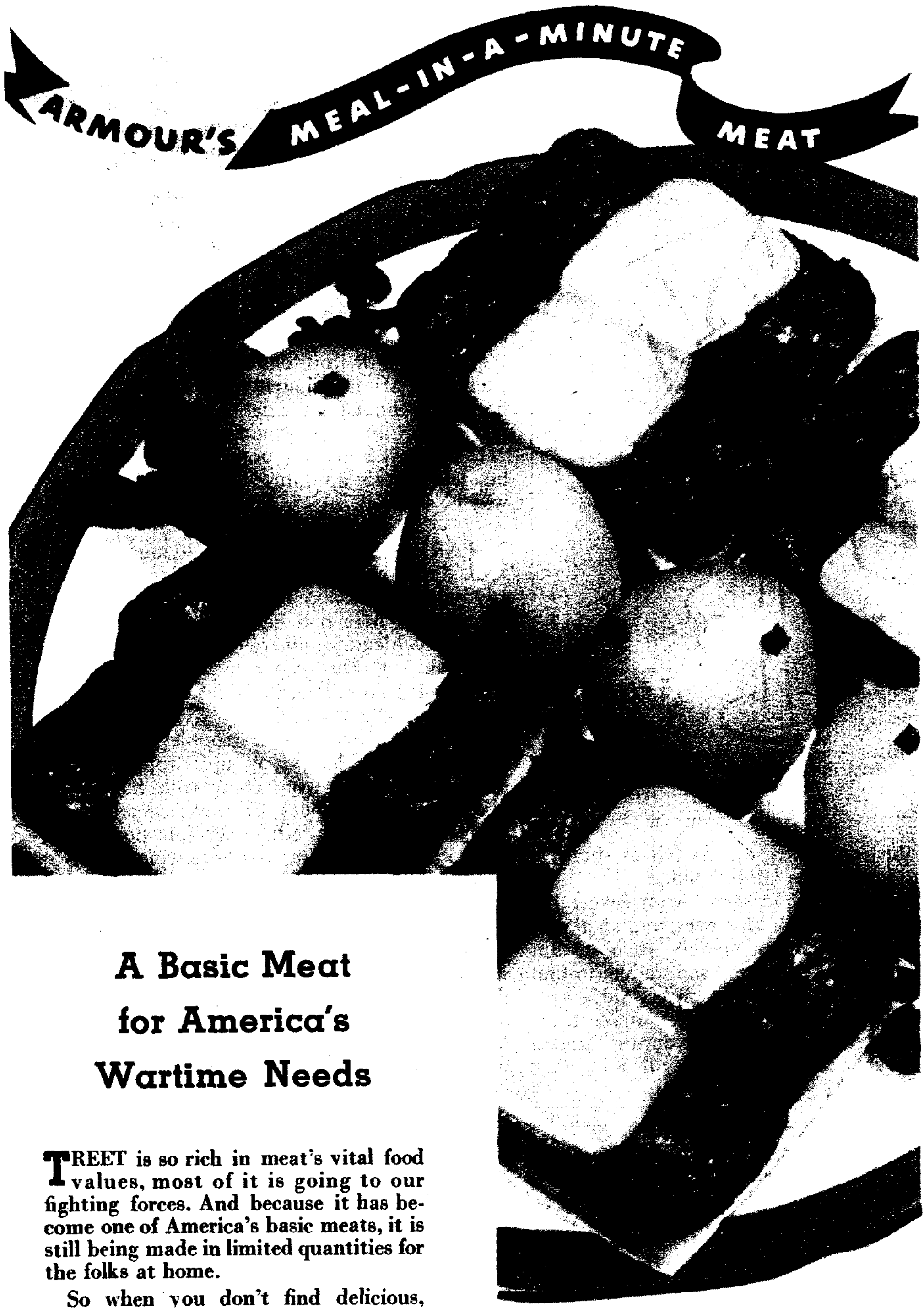
But it was no good. The darkness was within herself. Days of silence are long, and when there have been so many days, and suddenly there comes a day that adds fear too, they grow heavy with hurt.

What will this day bring? It was a trick she had devised, to make her wait as usefully as she could. It was a ruse she had conceived, to pull her through each day of waiting on into the next, with hope. Although it had grown harder lately, still, because she expected that each day would have something in it that would carry her on, no day had yet failed her. Until this day.

TODAY had been curiously fashioned according to former things. Never far from her mind at any time, today Sid had been in everything she did and saw and thought. She seemed almost to have remembered everything they ever had said to each other. All day the memories had struck with a clarity that was making her afraid for the night—as though the day knew something that the night would tell.

She hung up her coat and went into the kitchen, clutching at routine. The warm, savory smell of the dinner she had put in the oven before she went to the Red Cross meeting came at her broadly, and the sweet steam, as she opened the roaster, wavered and scattered as Siddy came pounding up the back steps and into the house. Siddy's coming in meant the door bursting open, getting banged back against the wall, and

No bone, no waste, TREET is ALL meat



A Basic Meat for America's Wartime Needs

TREET is so rich in meat's vital food values, most of it is going to our fighting forces. And because it has become one of America's basic meats, it is still being made in limited quantities for the folks at home.

So when you don't find delicious, ready-to-eat Treet in stores, remember the shortage is temporary — and continue to ask for this favorite meal-in-a-minute meat.

Try the Cheese Treets above tonight. It is just one of the quick tricks you can do with Treet. Serve it dozens of ways — fried, baked, or simply sliced cold. The fine pork shoulder and flavorful ham in Treet will satisfy the hungriest man.

Feeds 4 — at little more than 1 point per serving. You get 12 oz. of solid meat in every tin of vitamin-rich Treet. Serve Treet often. See what a wonderful help it can be in these war-busy days.

Cheese Treets

Fry Treet slices 1½ min. each side. Place on toast (butter before toasting). Top with strips of Cloverbloom American Cheese and broil under moderate heat for 3 minutes. Serve with spiced peaches or other fruit garnish. It's a nutritious feast!

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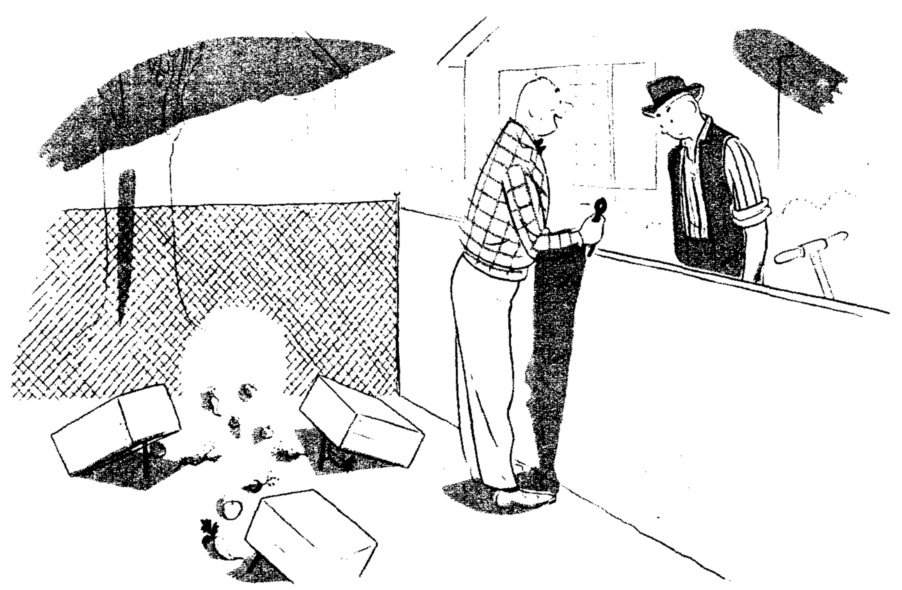


COLLIER'S "I built the fence to keep the rabbits out last year, but this year they're welcome" GEORGE WOLFE

then slammed violently shut—leaving everything shuddering a little, from shock. Mary sighed.

"When will you learn, I wonder, to just open a door and walk in? You're such a rammer, Siddy."

Siddy grinned. He brought the cold from the outside in with him, although he made it more freshness than cold—in the smell of his clothes, and his bristling tow hair that contrasted almost comically with his heavy, black brows. "I think he's going to turn out to be handsome, Sid," Mary had said once hopefully. And Sid had looked at his son and said he surely was getting a slow start.

"Hear anything from Dad yet?"

"Not yet."

For a few moments he hung around awkwardly, for no reason except to let her know he was there. She looked up from turning the carrots glazing in the meat liquor, and smiled at him a little.

"You're a nice boy."

"You're a nice mom. Hey, I made five straight baskets!"

"You'll probably make the team."

"Siddy the Star they call me," he agreed blandly. "How about that juicy little hunk right there?"

"No, it's almost dinnertime."

"Oh, so you *don't* love me."

"Not that much. And hang up that jacket. I never saw such a family for throwing things down and then inquiring brightly where they are."

SIDDY grinned again, snitched the meat hunk, and on his way out with it, gave the roaster handle a pull downward. He always did that. Ripping Hitler's pants, he said.

Tonight the rasping sound brought a clamoring of fear. To drown it Mary put the roaster lid back on with a clatter and shut the oven door noisily. She got out the silverware and followed Siddy into the dining room with it. Setting the table should have been Mim's job. But tonight Mary did not remind her. She needed actual things to do herself.

"Hi, Ornery," Siddy was greeting the puppy, who raised his head and his ears.

"Please don't take him, Siddy," begged Mim.

"Oh, come on, share him with me, why don't you?" suggested Siddy acidly. "After all, you know, he *is* my dog."

Mary interrupted the argument with a practical suggestion. "Take the dog outside a while, Siddy."

Siddy was disgusted. "Fine arrangement. I do all the work—"

Mim grinned, and held the puppy up to him.

Sometimes they really quarreled—but as she and Sid did, laughing about it afterward. On the whole they were good children, good to one another. They had good times together.

And with the thought there came the warm remembrance of an elaborate teasing something that Sid had gathered them all together with one other evening.

"This is the kind of thing we don't tell around, but just among ourselves, we're a *very* superior family."

Mary set the silverware down suddenly, and gripped her hands tightly. It had been bad enough, these last weeks, thinking of him day and night, imagining him in all kinds of hell on earth. But these moments of his nearness, coming realer than reality . . . something terrible was happening to Sid! She knew it. She could feel it. . . . With this acknowledgment, courage broke, into something like emptiness.

"I can't go on, Sid," she whispered, "I can't go on like this—not knowing how you are—if you're all right, or if you've been hurt, or—"

Her mind drew up short before the actual word. She turned toward the window, knowing Sid was hurt, and that if he went, he would take life with him. She stood staring out. And it had come, that which she feared—the night.

"I can't go on." She said it again, this time quietly; the quiet of certainty.

Then as clearly as though he were beside her, she heard him—heard the demanding steadiness of his voice:

"Don't you suppose other people, so near you could reach out and touch them, have felt the same way?"

After a timeless while she acknowledged the remembered rebuke wearily. That was the trouble. You always thought you were the only one. But there were always the ones around you, to whom you were responsible.

The kitchen door opened, mysteriously. Nicky crossed the kitchen floor warily. She stuck a white little face in at the dining-room door. She looked scared.

"Mother, can I see you for a minute? It's *very* important."

Because one did go on, tending to life, Mary followed the beckoning, grubby forefinger out into the kitchen.

"What is it, Nicky?"

Nicky's eyes were big and black. "I'm not *sure* we did it, Mother, but me and Stubby were swinging on the Nichols gate, and now the hinges are broken."

"Oh, Nicky," reproved her mother. "Did you tell Mrs. Nichols you were sorry?"

Nicky shook her head. "I didn't see Mrs. Nichols." Then her eyes got that quick light of impishness. "I saw Mr. Nichols, though."

"What did he say?"

"He didn't say anything. He didn't see me."

"You ran," accused Mary.

"Well, I didn't exactly run. But I was *very* careful."

"Nicky, you go right over to the Nicholses and tell them. And tell them we'll get the gate fixed."

She turned on the back porch light for her and then stood at the kitchen window watching the little girl trudging out of its circle into the night that had taken everything.

"Maybe you'd better go with her, Mim," she said, as Mim came into the kitchen.

"Siddy's out there."

Mary nodded; she had forgotten. Mim came and stood at the window. After a moment Mim said, with an odd, intent quality to her tone:

"Yesterday at school when we had our moment of silent prayer for our country, I didn't say it, Mother."

Mary came back from her abstraction with the night outside to the child beside her, with a start.

"Didn't you, dear?"

"I didn't say any prayer." Mim was half turned away from her mother with a mixture of thoughtfulness and constraint which bespoke some turning she had come upon by herself and passed—

"I just said over to myself what Washington said of the men from the west bank of the Potomac. They'd walked six hundred miles to get to him, and he walked down the line and shook hands with every one of them. Then he said, 'Leave me a banner to lay upon the hills to West Augusta, who rally round me men who will lift my bleeding country from the dust and make her free'—like Daddy. And then, oh, Mother, I had the most lovely thought!"

Mim turned back and her whole lithe little body seemed coming alive, and her face was alight.

"I opened my eyes and looked out the window. The wind was blowing, and the sun was shining, oh, just beautifully. That's when I had my thought. I thought: It's still shining!"

Mary held her breath. Oh, Sid—she thought—oh, Sid, what if I had spoiled that glowing faith?

Mim grew anxious at her mother standing there so strangely silent, with the tears beginning. "Wasn't that all right, Mother? It wasn't a prayer. But it *felt* like a prayer."

Mary shook her head, denying her crying. She smiled into the flushed, sweet face raised to hers. "It's so all right, darling, I don't know how to say so—"

"What's the big idea?" demanded Siddy, coming back in with the puppy. "You've got the place all lit up like a mansion."

"I know—" Mary reached down and found Mim's hand. "But we can turn some of the lights off now. We don't need them any longer." Mim's warm, strong little hand held her mother's tight for a second, in a kind of secret they had.

Siddy put the puppy down, and got out the box of dog biscuits, as reward, and Nicky came flying back in, out of breath but cheerful.

"Mrs. Nichols was all right about the gate, I take it." Mary unbuttoned Nicky's coat—as usual buttoned crookedly and with half the collar turned in.

"She was all right," panted Nicky, buttoning the coat up again, "but that was an awful waste, Mother. Mrs. Nichols didn't know I'd been anywhere near that gate! Can I go tell Stubby, so he won't have that up-tight feeling I did?"

"Ha, ha," laughed Siddy suddenly, as the puppy took the biscuit and backed off with it, growling. "Listen to him growl. Just because he's got a dog biscuit he thinks he's a dog and growls!"

They all laughed—Mary, too, a little giddily, at her young towhead with the fierce black brows.

"Oh, Siddy, you're a joy. You're all a joy, do you know it?"

"We sort of suspect it now and then," admitted Mim airily. And Nicky took one of her unpredictable turns of primness and said, "Thank you."

Joy. Peace and joy.

Mary grew quite still. Her eyes narrowed slightly, and there came a faint light of recognition to them. She gave a little lift of her head in acknowledgment.

That was what this day had brought. It had not failed her, after all. It had brought her reminders of the peace and joy she and Sid had known together. Sid wouldn't call it that. He wasn't much for big, broad sentiments. But he believed in it. He had believed in it enough to go fight for it.

At the gallant little lift of head, there came stilly to her heart his quick-glinting approval, as though he had looked up suddenly and had seen her.

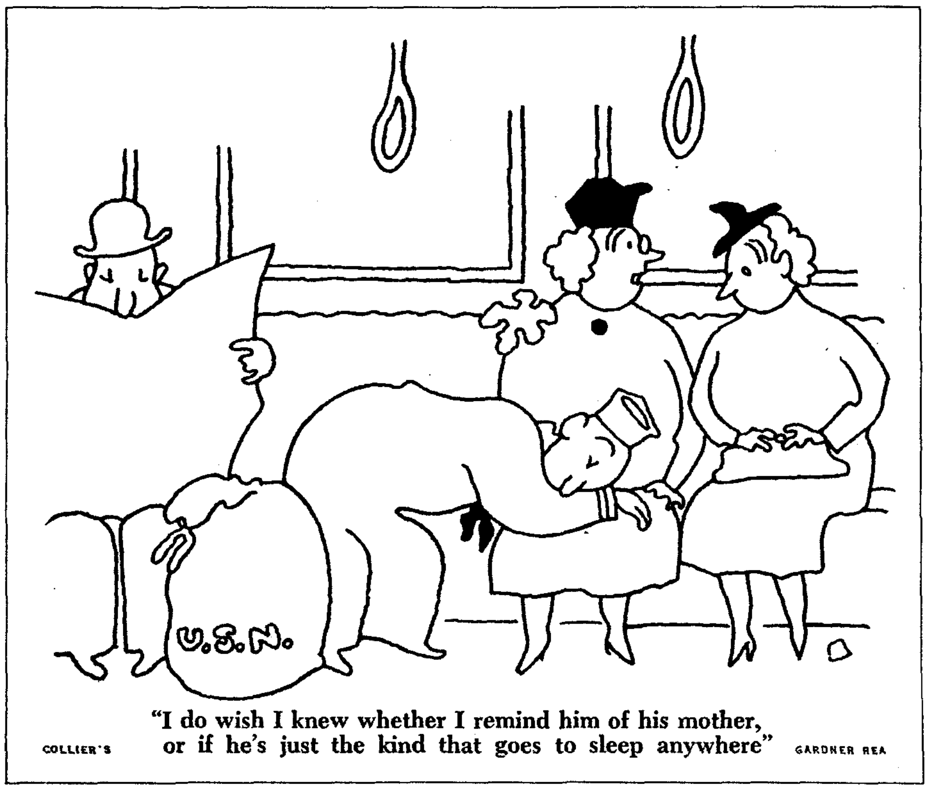
"You're a scrapper. A scrapper and a comer."

It touched her with an odd kind of happiness and like life again, she denied, "You're the comer."

"If I were half the comer you think I am, I'd be a great man."

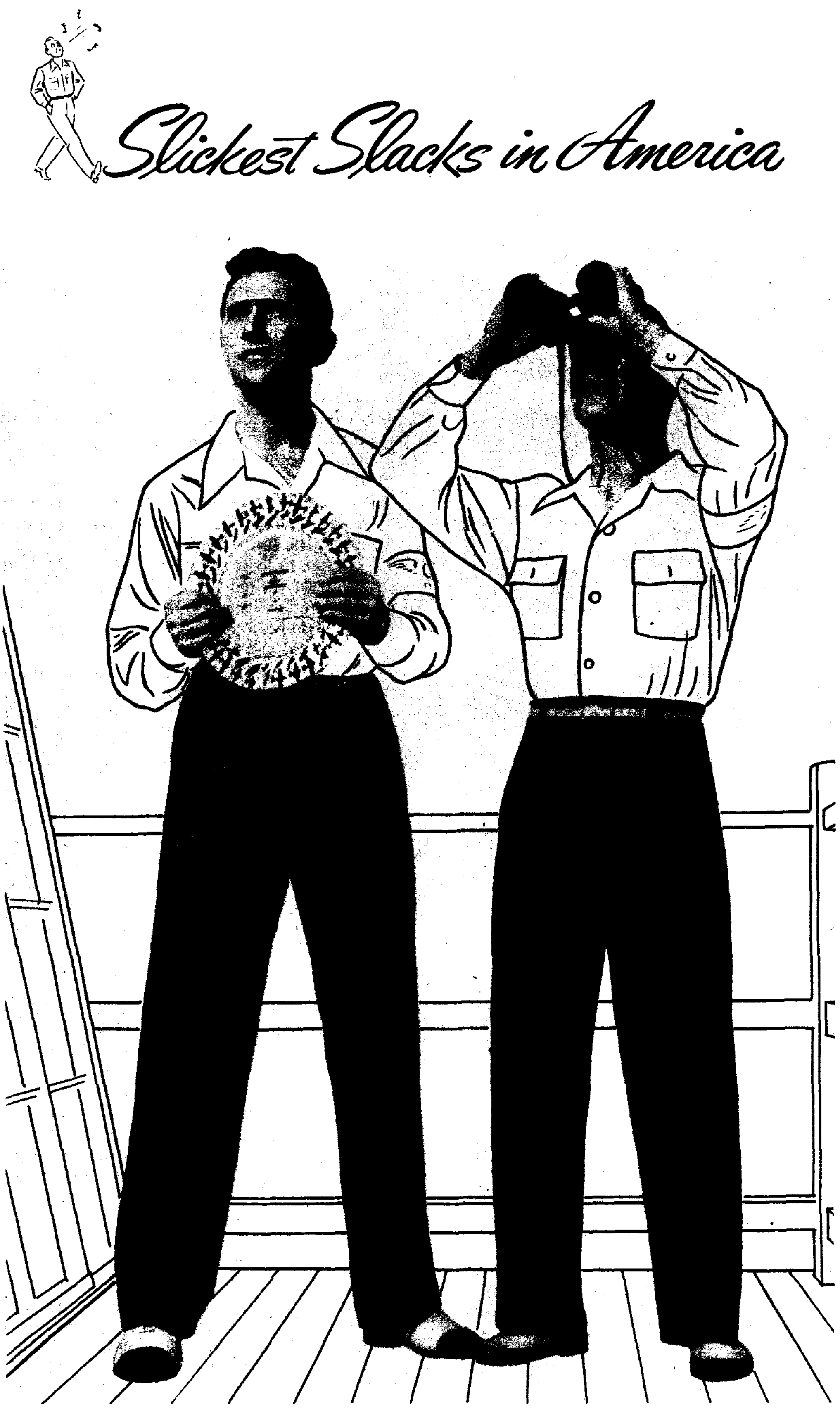
"You *are* a great man. And you and I are going on, together." Her confidence went out across the night.

THE END



"I do wish I knew whether I remind him of his mother, or if he's just the kind that goes to sleep anywhere"

COLLIER'S GARDNER REA



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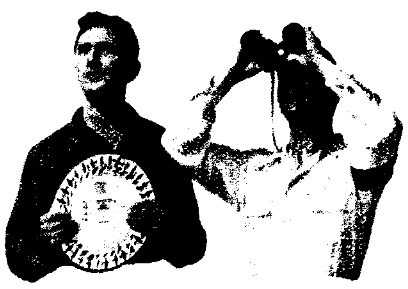

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New Approaches to Lasting Peace

Continued from page 15

People everywhere will clamor for quick restoration and rebuilding of life. They will demand haste and more haste.

The degenerations and emotions of world wars in many ways reach their climax immediately after firing ceases. It is the most disadvantageous moment for peacemakers to set to work rebuilding the world.

That was the situation in 1918. It will confront us again.

When victory comes after this war, we must, jointly with our allies, again try to lead the world to the Promised Land through all these conflicting forces.

And here we must harken to a major voice of experience. We must absolutely avoid the failures of Versailles.

That time some 40 nations, with thousands of skilled diplomats, met in general conference. The authors of this article were there and can well examine what happened.

We had an armistice which lasted for nine long months. During that time these thousands of diplomats in daily sessions under the leadership of the great nations, wrangled and struggled to settle the gigantic problems which had been loosed upon the world. And after that there was a long period of uncertainty in the ratification of the treaty. Daily we witnessed the age-old forces of nationalism, imperialism and militarism acting under the direction of subtle diplomacy. We saw the rise of selfish interests, the clash of ideals, of personalities and of ambitions of men. Hate, fear and revenge were ever in invisible presence.

The very bringing together of all these interests in one place intensified the conflicts and generated new ones. It created a hundred nests of intrigue. The attempt to solve a hundred problems all at once made infinite opportunity for dark-corner operations in combinations and logrolling. The whole world was pressing for haste lest the foundations of order should crumble altogether.

The world had been promised open covenants openly arrived at, and it was impossible to make haste under any such plan. There was no time to enlighten the peoples of the world on each intricate question. Every settlement became a subject, first of secret controversy, then of compromise.

Spiritual Forces Defeated

We saw the conference degenerate into a gigantic struggle for power. Gradually the spiritual forces of idealism and of justice were driven back. The peacemaking was, in the end, swept down the stream of intrigue, power politics and conflict. It was wrecked in the whirlpool of destructive compromise and upon the rocks of selfish interest and emotional action.

The economic clock of the world was slowed down during the long-delayed discussions. Instead of releasing the forces of moral and economic recovery, the armistice was a period of social, political and economic degeneration. Just at the time when the hope of men for the future had risen high it was frustrated by delay.

This must not be blamed on President Wilson. And we should not forget that there were many other able and heroic men there. They deserve credit, not criticism, for the fight they made. But they were overwhelmed not only by the forces evolved in the conference but by the emotional tides and demands from home.

The peoples of the world had little understanding of the impossibility of solving these problems all at once and in haste. The shock to the peoples of the world, upon awakening to what had been done in haste and in compromise, created antagonism to the settlements made. It bred isolationism in every country in the world.

After the last war, America went to the Versailles Conference unprepared. Through the war we had been told that peace discussions would confuse the war effort, that it behooved us to defeat Germany first, that there would be plenty of time to settle the problems of peace afterward. There was no time. And although we went to Versailles with magnificent aims, we were thoroughly unprepared to formulate the practical terms which would give them life. We secured neither peace, freedom, nor safety.

There is nothing more important than getting ready to secure what we are fighting for. Indeed, if we could formulate methods, it would make possible the realization of our aims, and if we could formulate enlightened plans with our associates, it might well be the means of opening a second front within enemy countries and hastening a victorious end of the war.

The first lesson of all this experience is the need for preparation. Peacemaking requires just as much preparedness as war. And that preparedness is not alone in the development of realistic plans. Failure to keep public opinion informed involves the risk of misunderstanding and revolt when the people are suddenly awakened from dreaming and get nasty in their reaction.

The sum of all this experience indicates that we must have a totally new approach to the method and machinery of peacemaking. In fact, the making of peace consists of three parts:

1. The machinery for the making of peace.

2. The political, economic and military and other immediate settlements necessary to secure order in the world.

3. The superstructure or "world institution" for the preservation of peace to be built upon these settlements.

We will first extend and elaborate an earlier proposal of ours as to the method and machinery of peacemaking.

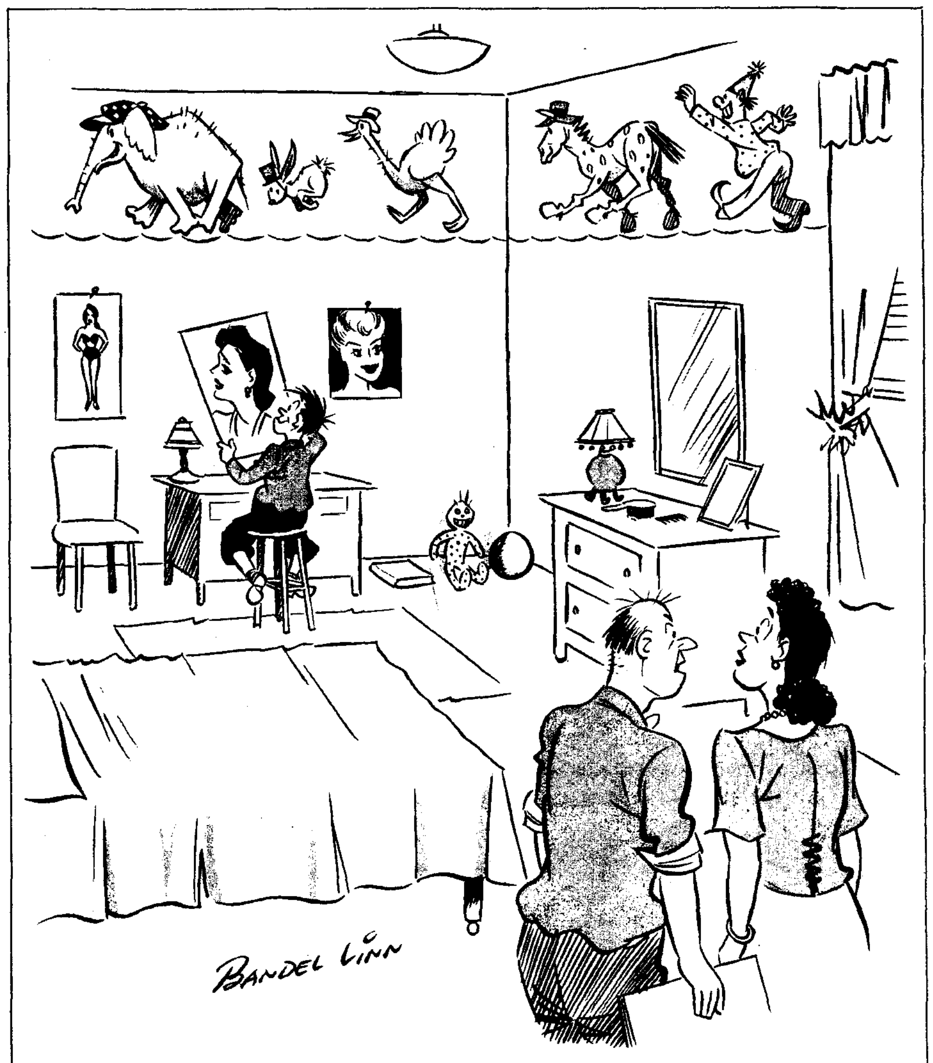
To avoid the quicksands in which Versailles bogged down, we suggested that the world should not undergo either another armistice period or a general peace conference. We proposed that the peacemaking should be divided into two stages.

Quick "Conditional" Peace

For the first stage we proposed that instead of the usual military "armistice" with its delay in political and economic recovery, there be a quick "conditional" peace which would include not only the usual armistice provisions for ending combat but also the settlement of such urgent problems as we mention later and those susceptible of agreement before the end of the war. Thus the armistice period would be eliminated altogether and the "conditional" peace would go into operation instantly, before the forces of degeneration could get in their deadly work.

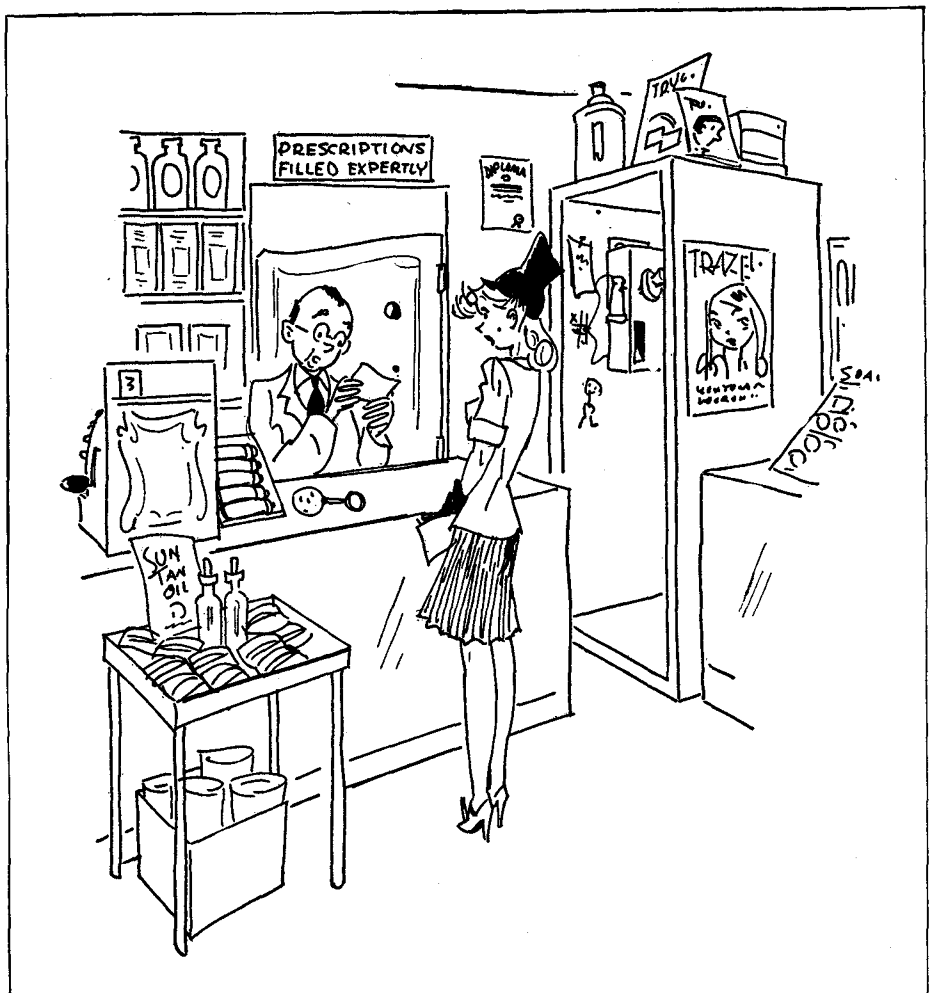
For the second stage we proposed that there be no general peace conference but a transitional period during which there should be negotiation of long-view questions by separate regional councils or special commissions, these solutions to be directed toward allaying, once and for all, the dynamic causes of war. This transitional period is needed for the regrowth of political stability, economic recovery, cooling-off of emotions, adequate deliberation and development of public understanding.

At this point we propose a further new



"Don't you think it's about time we had the nursery redecorated?"

COLLIER'S BANDEL LINN



"This prescription says for you to meet Dr. Roberts tonight at seven at the Penguin Club"

COLLIER'S REAMER KELLER

approach to thinking on the whole problem of peacemaking—not to the machinery alone but a new step in concepts. We suggest that a few of the leading United Nations at some time before the end of the war should, by definite agreement of the whole United Nations, be constituted "Trustees of Peace," or "Regents of Peace," or "Leaders of Peace" to guide the world through the transitional stage from war to peace. They would be a sort of "Regency" to bring up the infant peace. It would be their duty to maintain order, to restore international law, to develop the solutions of the long-view questions and finally to develop some sort of "world institution" to take their place in the preservation of peace. We suggest later on the nature and limitations of their authority.

Obligation of Leadership

Such a trusteeship could well be limited to a term of five or ten years after the conditional peace and subject to renewal. During this transitional period, we could know more of the shape of things to come before irrevocable commitments.

As a matter of fact the obligation of leadership will rest upon a few leading powers. It will not only be an obligation but a right, by virtue of their major sacrifice and their strength, to maintain peace.

The leading powers are likely to assume these functions anyway in practice, as they have in the past. They assumed these functions at Versailles and for a while afterward. But their assumption of such power without consent led to difficulties. The lack of responsibility definitely imposed by the other nations contributed to the early disintegration of unity.

We are not proposing a military alliance of the leading powers. That would undermine their moral influence and would add nothing to their strength. What we will need predominantly is moral and political development of peace. A policeman is 90 per cent effective from his own and other people's knowledge of his office and his strength and of the authority definitely invested in him.

After fighting ceases, there will inevitably be a period during which it will be extremely difficult to maintain order in parts of the world unless there is such a known reserve of strength. In a sense the situation will be worse than during the war itself, for so long as fighting continues, there are wartime disciplines that maintain an orderly regime behind the lines. And there is the unity arising from common peril. With the cessation of hostilities many of these disciplines will break down. Demobilized troops will be free from military restraints, and wartime disciplines of rationing, distribution and the like will break down overnight, particularly in the vanquished countries.

Under such conditions it is daring to assume that a general "world institution" can be entrusted with the maintenance of world order. However successfully large deliberative bodies may serve the cause of democracy in times of peace, they alone are inadequate for dealing with emergencies. And it may be well for us to face the fact that during a transitional period, the maintenance of order and the leadership must be entrusted to a few of the greatest world powers.

Those with a weakness for universal representation of all nations may at once object that this is a proposal aimed at arrogating to a few powers the authority and privileges which should belong to all. This can be disposed of by the statement that the task of maintaining world order after this war will be in no sense a privilege for anybody. It will be a heavy burden and responsibility. In the nature of things, the few leading powers will be obliged to furnish the military forces and the financial and other resources to preserve peace.

We propose that the prior agreed "conditional peace" should be imposed upon the world by the victorious powers and should, as a minimum, include:

a. The instant surrender of arms and demobilization of all enemy military forces.

b. Return of loot.

c. Repatriation of military prisoners and civil populations driven from their homes.

d. The instant removal of all blockade

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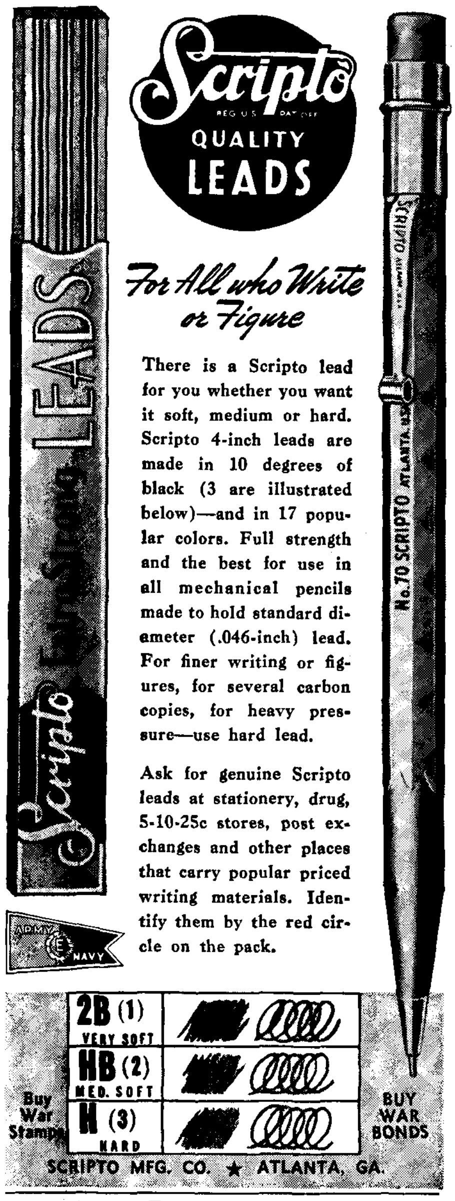

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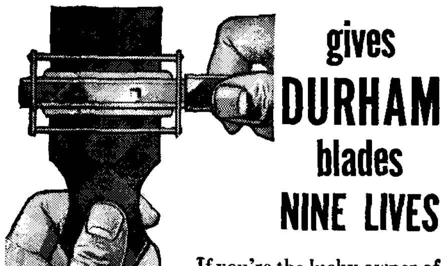

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measures against neutrals and liberated nations—and the removal of blockade against enemy areas the instant they have surrendered their arms.

e. Temporary restoration of prewar commercial treaties pending general economic solutions. (These treaties regulate communication and enable the movement of commercial ships, planes, and goods.)

f. Immediate undertaking of relief for famine and pestilence and aid in reconstruction. Without such organized activity there will be anarchy and no peace. If such a "conditional peace" were established, the more rapid economic recovery would greatly lessen the cost of relief.

g. The designation of provisional boundaries of all liberated and enemy states, with some areas to be occupied and governed by the "Trustees" pending settlement.

h. The immediate call of freely chosen elective constitutional assemblies or parliamentary bodies in all liberated and enemy countries in order that there be effective governments with which to deal.

i. Immediate reduction of the armaments of the United Nations themselves to the minimum forces needed to maintain international order and to enforce ultimate peace provisions.

j. The appointment of regional "councils" or special commissions representing all United Nations chiefly concerned, to deal with different long-view problems.

These urgent questions and such a "conditional peace" are not difficult to formulate nor should they be difficult to agree upon among the United Nations before the war ends, nor to impose, nor should they create any disunity among the United Nations. Attempt to settle long-view questions, however, might disintegrate our unity of war effort.

These urgent measures are the necessary housekeeping to end a war. As they are not long-view commitments, our legislative bodies should have no hesitation in supporting them.

Other proposals might be included in the "conditional peace" if they could be agreed upon. But with these simple minimums the world could move forward toward political order and economic recovery.

The suggestion has been made that instead of a "conditional peace" there should be a much longer armistice—from three to ten years' duration—to afford the cooling-off period.

In view of the degeneration brought about by the uncertainties of the nine months' armistice and the subsequent delays in ratification of treaties after the first war, we tremble to contemplate what would happen in the economic and political uncertainties under such conditions.

Uncertainties of an Armistice

An armistice is not peace. An armistice is merely a cessation of the killing of men, but leaves all the other degenerative forces of war in action. An armistice is worse because it relaxes the wartime disciplines without substituting the disciplines of peacetime. With its uncertainties there can be no restoration of production or stability of political order.

The second stage would embrace the transitional period for growth of economic and political stability. During the transitional stage the "Trustees" or "Regents of Peace" should have the duty not only to see that the terms of the "conditional peace" are carried out but they would need to erect machinery for determining the solution of the long-view problems. Among these questions are:

a. Disposition of enemy countries.

b. Punishment of Axis leaders and officials for criminal actions.

c. Settlement of private-property questions, reparations, and intergovernmental debts.

d. Final determination of boundaries and assignment of disputed areas.

e. Protection of minorities and people of foreign-dominated territories.

f. Federations of weaker states.

g. Government and protection of backward peoples.

h. Outlets for emigration.

i. Re-establishment of international law and at least temporary restoration of the World Court pending other arrangements.

j. Permanent reduction of world armaments.

k. The erection of some sort of "world institution" for the preservation of peace.

Later on we shall discuss the merits of regional councils separately for Europe, Asia, and the Western Hemisphere as the foundations of a "world institution" to preserve peace. In any event such a structure could be invaluable in the transitional period. Even if temporary or probationary they could be each of them assigned such of these long-view problems as are local to their regions. Moreover, these regional councils could serve to compose many current controversies in their own regions and could refer only insolvable conflicts to the Trustees of Peace.

If such a structure were set up at once, it would relieve the Trustees of Peace of innumerable local questions, and if these councils proved a success, it would lay foundations for the "world institution" to preserve peace.

Even if there were a general peace conference with view to complete peacemaking such as Versailles, such long-view problems would have to be dealt with by regional or special committees representing the interested victorious nations. Some of these questions involve more than one region and, in any event, are special subjects.

Such questions should be in separate commissions, each to be solved on its own merits. The work of all these committees should obviously be under the direction and co-ordination of the Trustees of Peace.

Some of these problems require time for cooling off of war emotions. Many of them require time for deliberation. Many of them must have time for development of world opinion.

Even if somebody possessed an absolute and perfect formula for solution of these gigantic problems, no such settlements can endure unless accepted at least by the democratic peoples themselves. If they are badly formulated, they will be upset at the ballot box. The people cannot decide intelligently unless they have time to inform themselves.

These regional and special commissions should negotiate and report. The acceptance of their conclusions must be subject to acceptance by the various nations involved.

Must Be a Peace by the People

For America no agreement is binding until it has been ratified by the Senate. There are some people in a hurry who feel we shall get farther, faster, by empowering the Executive to conclude binding agreements without fulfilling our constitutional requirement of ratification by the representatives of the people. If this is a people's war, it must be a people's peace.

It is difficult to see how we strengthen democratic processes by scrapping constitutional procedure and adopting methods of dictatorship which we are endeavoring to eliminate from the world.

And above all, these long-view questions must be so solved and the transitional period so guided that the dynamic forces in the world which make for war are extinguished or allayed and the forces of peace given strength. Otherwise, any world organization to preserve peace will fail.

We shall in the next article make suggestions to the solution of particular problems.

(To be continued next week)

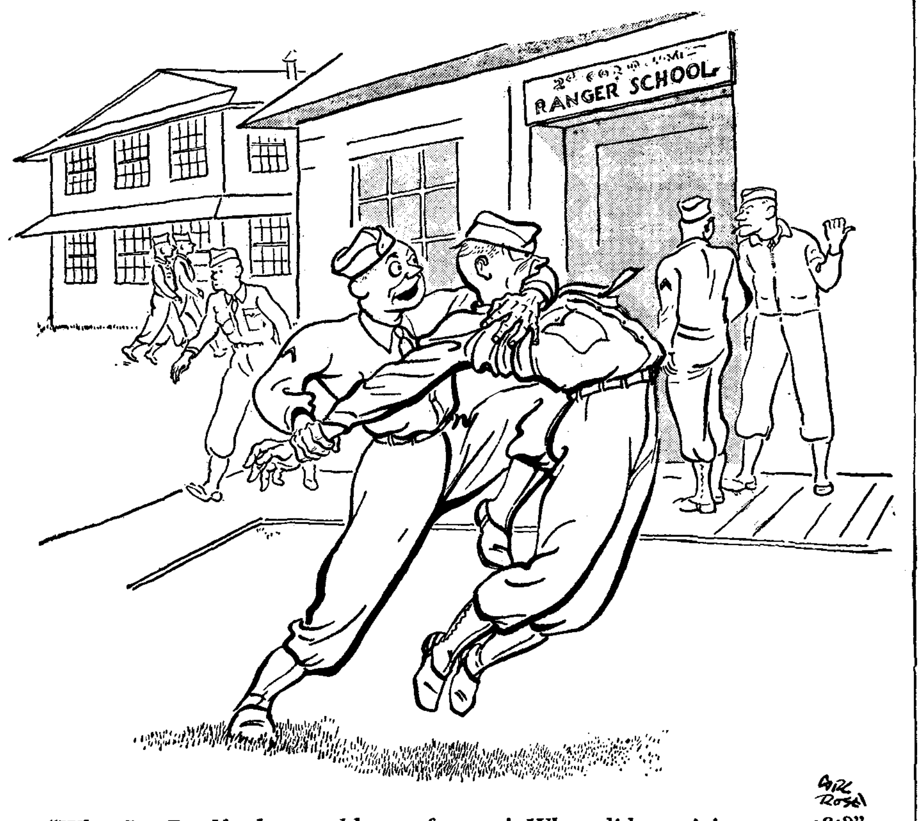
INGENIOUS PEOPLE

A restaurateur of Cleveland devised a special "hang-over" breakfast. It consists of "jumbo orange juice, coffee, toast, aspirin and sympathy."

To meet the labor lack, a bowling alley proprietor constructed alleys in which the pit of one lane was even with the approach of the next. Two bowlers who played together could thus set up the pins for each other.

A Seattle peddler made his first call offering signs marked "No peddlers or agents." If he didn't make a sale, he returned shortly with household gadgets.

W. E. FARBSTEIN



"Why, Joe Bradford, you old son of a gun! When did you join our outfit?"

COLLIER'S CARL ROSE

Citation to the American Secretary . . . for her dependable, loyal, and efficient services in time of war, which are hereby recognized with grateful affection by her employers.

We cannot all serve our country in high or dangerous or romantic places. And in a time when many offer their lives, the routine of office work may well seem humdrum.

Yet how vital it is . . . how important the endless grind of keeping things going! We venture to speak for all American industry in paying tribute and acknowledging our debt to the unsung millions of office workers whose daily jobs have been done so faithfully and so well.

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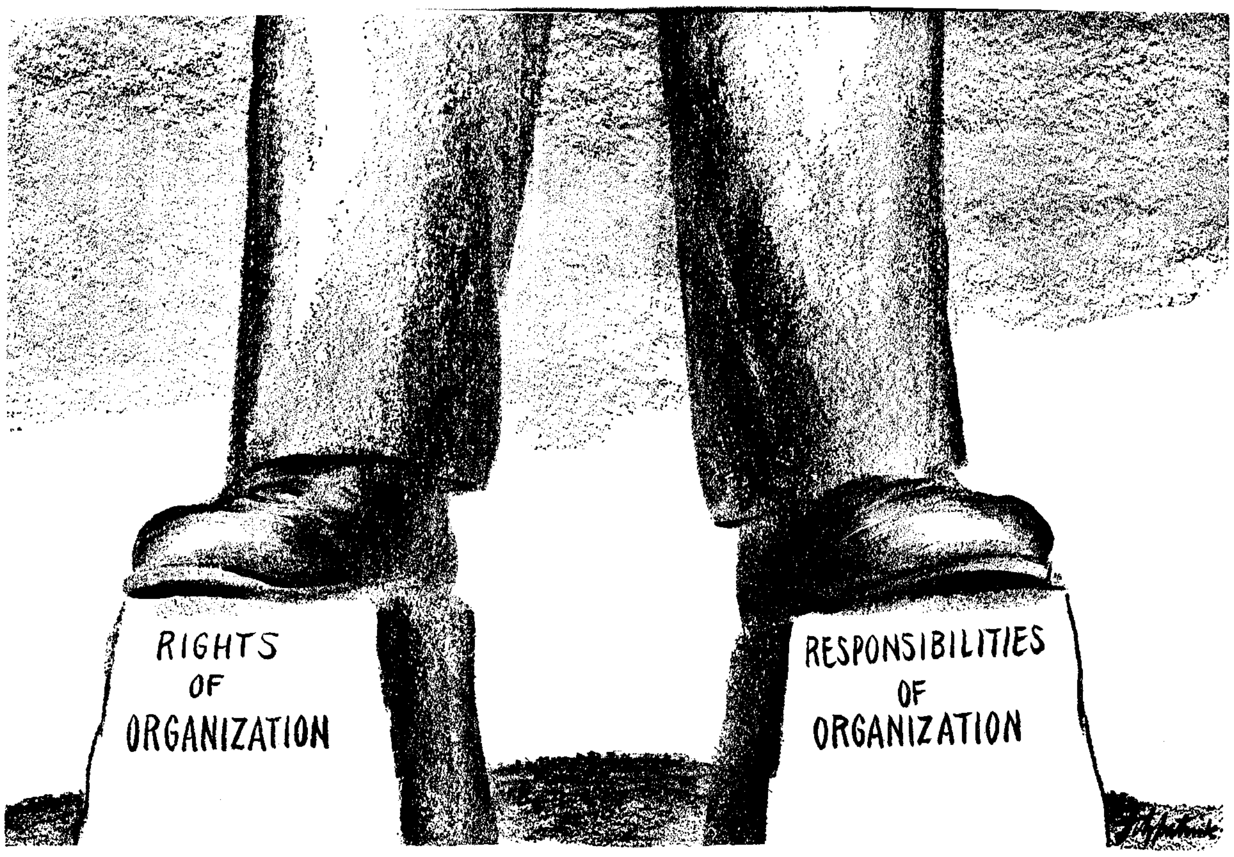

LABOR COMES OF AGE

JOHN L. LEWIS' recent head-on collision with the White House aroused a variety of passions all around the United States—all around the United Nations, indeed. We think, though, that this is the sensible way to look at the whole episode, and at any others like it that may occur:

Organized labor has come of age in this country. Time was when it was regarded by liberals as a pathetic but deserving infant that should be coddled and nursed to adolescence, and by conservatives as a sinister little brat that ought to be strangled before it got any bigger. The liberal view won out, and organized labor in the United States is long past adolescence now.

How it got that way doesn't much matter, or who helped it to grow up. You can blame the aggressiveness and ruthlessness of labor leaders like Lewis if you wish, or the New Deal's labor lovers if that makes you feel any better, or evolution if you like to regard yourself as a scientific thinker.

What does matter is that labor is now full-grown in this country, and that it is time for it to take on the *responsibilities* of adulthood as well as the privileges.

Up to now, it has enjoyed mainly the privileges—plus. The National Labor Relations Act has given it a lot of these, and sundry Supreme Court decisions have given it a lot more. Accordingly, various labor leaders of the less scrupulous type have been stepping high, wide and unhandsome as regards racketeering, intimidation of workers and employers, feather-bedding, freezing new materials and processes off the market, fighting for power to the injury of the consuming public, and pushing up various war costs to unconscionable heights.

As long-time believers in the necessity of labor unions and collective bargaining, we also believe that the time has come for labor to realize that it is a grown man now, and to take to acting like one.

It can do that by co-operating in the framing of legislation making labor accountable to the law, just as business concerns and private citizens are accountable.

Such legislation would include laws requiring labor organizations to publish honestly compiled financial statements at regular intervals, to hold rea elections periodically, to abstain from jurisdictiona strikes, to consent to cool-off and talk-it-over periods before starting any strike, sitdown or slowdown, to drop feather-bedding practices, perhaps even to forgo the luxury of electing men who are known criminals, Communists, Fascists or Nazis to union offices.

If labor doesn't help to make these adjustme and any others that may be needed, we must fea that American public opinion will shove a set of fa more drastic reforms down labor's throat. American public opinion can—and for better or for worse habitually does—do just that to any bloc or faction that overtaxes its patience.

Hold the Timber Line

> Experts have estimated that another war twenty-five years from now will see the United States without wood for war.
> —*Marjorie Kinnan Rawlings, Collier's, May 8, 1943*

THE quotation above is from Trees for Tomorrow, by Marjorie Kinnan Rawlings, noted Florida writer, in a recent Collier's. We hope the experts mentioned by Mrs. Rawlings are overpessimistic, but we're not sure of it.

As you probably remember if you read the article, Mrs. Rawlings painted a depressing picture of ruthless waste of prime timber in our deep Southeast—a process which has been stepped up enormously by the demands of the war industries in the last year and a half.

Not all big-timber or paper companies "mine" timber, by any means, or all farmers. Many have taken to heart the conservation agitation of the last 40 or 50 years and follow fixed policies of farming trees as crops which can be kept coming in year after year, instead of stripping timberlands as miners necessarily strip coal seams or mineral deposits. The CCC, too, for several years before the war, did invaluable work in reforesting denuded timber areas and spreading the gospel of timber conservation and cultivation.

From Mrs. Rawlings' report, as well as from plenty of other available facts of tree life in America, it is evident that we have only made a good beginning. We should keep up the good work and extend it throughout the country. And we should go righ ahead with it now, in spite of the protests of those who say that wartime is no time to count the cos of anything.

It looks to us as if Mrs. Rawlings is on the righ track when she suggests that Congress enact laws decreeing a national system of controlled timbe cutting, tailored to the different needs of different regions. Our German foes have been practicing timber conservation for something like 1,000 years Thereby they have saved their country from ruinous floods, rapid soil erosion, dust bowls, and the other evils that come from destruction of a nation's timber Surely we can exhibit as much prudence as the Germans in a matter like this.

Supreme Court Comes to Order

THE Supreme Court did itself proud, we think, when it stepped back the other day onto the Bill of Rights reservation in the assorted Jehovah's Witnesses cases. We refer to the June 8, 1942, decision holding that it was constitutional for towns to charge license fees to persons who peddle religious literature.

That ruling lasted less than a year. The Supreme Court has now reversed itself and holds that such measures are unconstitutional. In some forceful language uttered by Chief Justice Stone and Associate Justice Douglas (Frankfurter, Jackson, Reed and Roberts dissenting), the Court says these license laws plainly outrage the Bill of Rights' guaranty of religious freedom.

Jehovah's Witnesses are a religious group who entertain unpopular views. It is a great temptation to town lawmakers to try to curb their activities with devices like those the Supreme Court has now outlawed. The trouble is, though, that if the law undertakes to put such dampers on one sect it must, to be consistent, go on and try to suppress all other religious minorities—and that will be the end of religious liberty in this country.

We think congratulations and applause are due the Supreme Court—and also the American Newspaper Publishers' Association, the American Civi Liberties Union, and the General Conference o Seventh Day Adventists, all of which went to bat in the fight for reconsideration of these cases.

GOLD STRIKE IN THE
[illegible]

1. No, sir—it's prospecting at Feather River, California!

"Meet P. W. Gallagher," writes a foot-loose friend of ours, "and meet an honest-to-gosh old-time prospector. He's spent most of his life panning for gold out among the rugged hills of the Feather River. So I asked him to teach me.

2. "*We picked a place* and set to work. *Work* is *right!* First you pick-axe some gravel loose. Then you put it in a flat pan, and rock it back and forth in the water gradually letting the light stuff wash away.

3. "*99 times out of 100* nothing happens and you'd cheerfully give up gold-hunting for just one cool Canadian Club and soda! But then sometimes you make a strike like this one of P. W.'s. That's $18 worth of gold he's holding there in his hand!

4. "P. W. *told me* more than $5,000,000 in gold had been taken from the creek where we were working... but I couldn't pan enough to fill a tooth. After several hours, I tried fishing for trout instead of gold.

5. "I *caught one* pronto—and no trout ever tasted better, thanks to a Canadian Club highball. I asked P.W. how he liked my 'liquid gold.' 'Why, son,' he said, 'that whisky has been a favorite here since the nineties.' "

Why have so many Americans switched to Canadian Club lately? Because of its unique, delightful flavor. No other whisky in all the world tastes like Canadian Club. It's *light* as Scotch—*rich* as rye—*satisfying* as bourbon; and you can stick with it all evening long—in cocktails before dinner and tall ones after.

That's why Canadian Club is the favorite imported whisky in the United States.

The distillery is now making war alcohol instead of whisky; so the available supply of Canadian Club is on quota for the duration.

Also, railways must give war materials and food the right of way and you may sometimes find your dealer temporarily out of stock.

Many Canadian Club fans are voluntarily "rationing themselves"—by making two bottles go the length of three.

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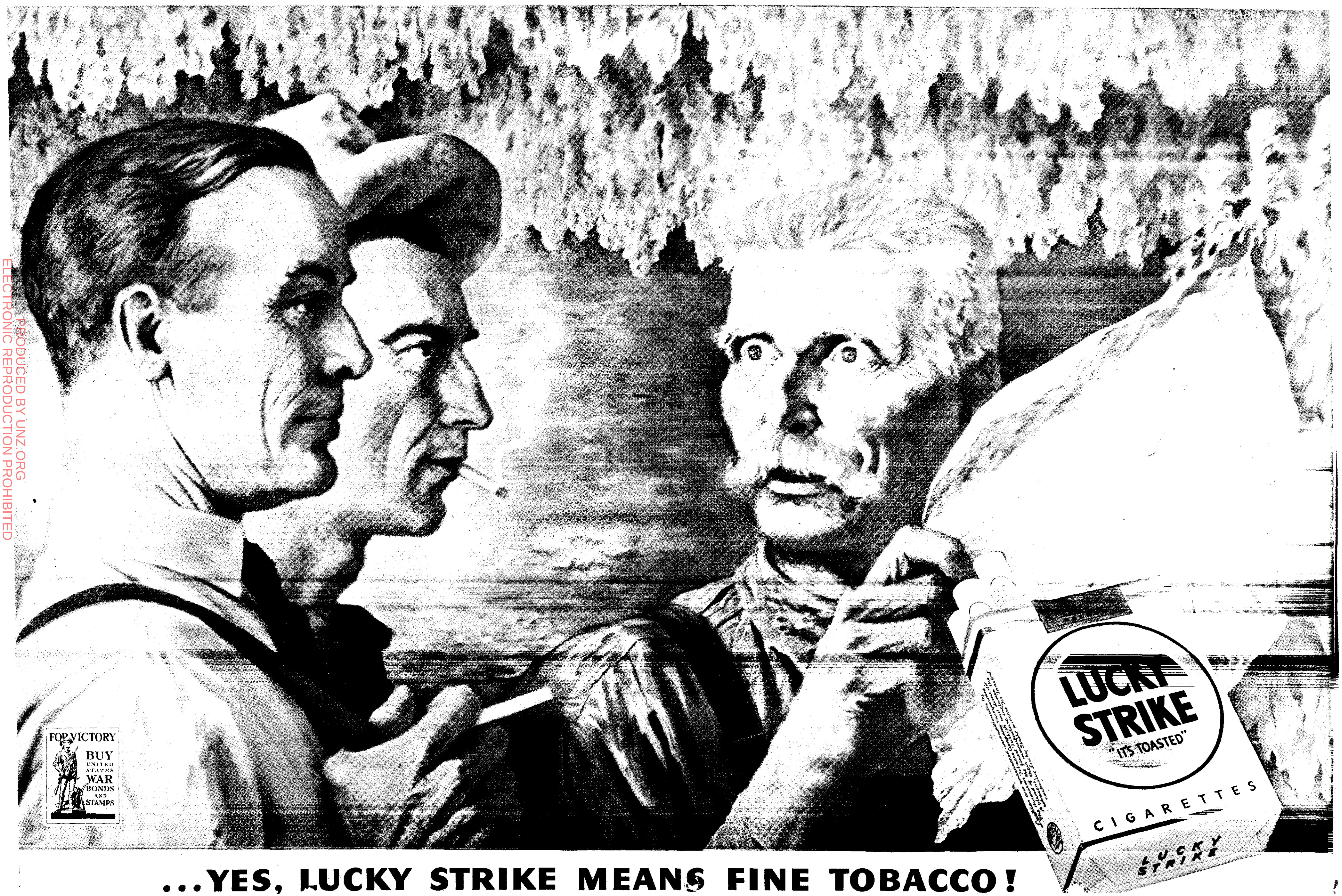
Blended Canadian Whisky. 90.4 proof

LUCKY STRIKE MEANS FINE TOBACCO!

"Tobacco Talk." Painted from life in the tobacco country by James Chapin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